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By ARCHIBALD McLEAN

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Epoch Makers of Modern Missions

By

ARCHIBALD McLEAN

President of the Foreign Christian Missionary Society and author of "Missionary Addresses," "Hand-Book of Foreign Missions," "A Circuit of The Globe," and "Where the Book Speaks"

The Foreign Christian Missionary Society
Cincinnati

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To

President Charles T. Paul,
and Dr. Harry C. Hurd,
both of the College of Missions,
Indianapolis, Indiana

Foreword

THIS book grew out of a course of lectures delivered before the teachers and students of the College of Missions of the Christian Woman's Board of Missions, in the spring of 1912. Those who heard the lectures requested that they be published for their benefit and for the benefit of others who might care to read them. It has taken the spare hours of several months to prepare the lectures for the press. Prof. B. C. Deweese of Transylvania University did me the honour to read the manuscript. I am indebted to him for corrections and suggestions. I am under obligation to Charles T. Paul, President of the College of Missions, for the title.

ARCHIBALD MCLEAN.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

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I

HENRY MARTYN

HENRY MARTYN has been called "the only heroic name which adorns the annals of the Church of England from the days of Elizabeth to our own." The Church of England has many great names, but none of them, not Cranmer, nor Hooker, nor Patteson, nor Hannington, does she honour as she honours Henry Martyn. His memory is kept green by a special annual service in the Cathedral church of the county in which he was born. The anniversary of his death is devoted to the contemplation of his character and achievements. It is not claimed that this unique distinction is owing to his intellectual preëminence; it was not because his religion was of the most enlightened or attractive type; nor was it because of his rare heroism. The reason assigned is that he, more than others, has translated for us into action the precepts, as he has adapted to the changed circumstances of these latter days the example of our Lord. It is not the dying for a faith that is so hard; it is the living up to it that is so difficult. And because Henry Martyn did that, he is held in everlasting honour and remembrance. To translate the Scriptures was a great work, but, it is held, to translate the life and character of Christ into the language of the present century is a still greater service. Henry Martyn resembled our Lord in these respects: His devotion to the will of God; his self-sacrifice in the service of humanity; in the contempt and persecution which he encountered, and the sorrows which he consequently endured.

Henry Martyn was born in Truro, February 18, 1781. His father was connected with the mines. His mother was deli-

cate and consumptive. She and all her children died of that disease. As a boy Henry was shy and unobtrusive. At school he avoided the boisterous games of the others. He was fond of the younger boys. He was not noted for studious habits. He often went to recite after having made little or no preparation. He seemed to have learned his lessons by intuition. His father was proud of him and determined to make a scholar of him. Having finished the Grammar School Henry entered Cambridge University. He applied himself to his studies with the utmost diligence. He did this partly to please his father, and partly to gratify a friend who took a deep interest in his welfare. He was known in the university as the man that had never lost an hour. He was so wrapped up in his studies that his mind was incapable of attending to anything else. He easily took first place in his class and won the highest honours the university could bestow. Speaking of his success he said, "I obtained my highest wishes, but was surprised to find that I had grasped a shadow."

Through the persuasion and example of his sister and the teaching and preaching of Charles Simeon, Henry Martyn became a Christian. In giving himself to the Lord he kept nothing back. To be nothing, to have nothing, to ask for nothing but what God gives: this was ideal. Before his conversion his ambition was to be a lawyer, chiefly because he could not consent to be poor for Christ's sake. "The thought that I must be unceasingly employed in the same kind of work, amongst poor, ignorant people, is what my proud spirit revolts at. To be obliged to submit to a thousand uncomfortable things that must happen to me, whether as a missionary or as a minister, is what the flesh cannot endure." Later on he said, "I had rather be a preacher of the Gospel among the poor, and to the poor, so as to be understood by them, than to be anything else upon earth." While he was a student in the university he had a hot temper and a sharp tongue. It is on record that on one occasion a fit of passion seized him at

table, and he hastily flung a knife at one of his companions who had offended him in some way. He said that while at home on vacation the consummate selfishness and exquisite irritability of his mind were displayed in rage, malice, and envy, in pride and vainglory and contempt of all; in the harshest language to his sister and even to his father, if he happened to differ from his mind and will. By the grace of God he was enabled to tame his tongue and to conquer his temper.

Two things led Henry Martyn to become a missionary. One was the reading of the "Life of David Brainerd." The two had much in common. Martyn read, "I have no comfort of any kind but what I have in God. I live in the most lonesome wilderness, and have but one person to converse with that can speak English, an Indian. I have no fellow-Christian to whom I can unbosom myself. I live poorly with regard to the comforts of this life. Most of my diet consists of boiled corn. I lodge on a bundle of straw, my labour is hard and difficult, and I have little appearance of success to comfort me." To young Martyn that was like fire on tinder. That was language that he could understand. That was a trumpet-call to devote his life in the same way. The other consideration was the statement of Charles Simeon that in all India God had but one witness, William Carey. The infinite need of the field led Henry Martyn to say, "Here am I, send me."

Few young men have given up so much for Christ's sake. He was the pride of his university, and the university was a veritable paradise. When Duff visited Cambridge and expressed his surprise that no regular graduate had offered himself for the field, one of the professors called his attention to the exceeding beauty of the spot, to the loveliness of the grounds and their adornments; to the flowers and trees; to the exquisite order in which all things were kept. "All this," he said, "tended to produce an intensely refined and luxurious state of mind, with corresponding tastes, from which it would be difficult to wean one to become an exile to distant shores

teeming with the abominations of heathenism." In Cambridge there was everything that could contribute to the ease and comfort of life. Whatever could pamper the appetite and administer fuel to sloth and indolence was to be found in abundance. Martyn might have remained there and won such fame as a scholar that he would rank with Bacon and Barrow, with Newton and Milton, with Dryden and Cowley. He was fitted to fill and adorn any sphere. He gave up all without a sigh of regret. His pride of genius, his intellectual ambition, his love of praise, gave place to the determination to know nothing save the Crucified One. He said, "I see no business in life but the work of Christ; neither do I desire any employment to all eternity but His service."

He did not wait to begin work till a call came from some non-Christian land. Immediately after his conversion he began to work among his associates. He sought to win them to Christ. He was ordained to the ministry and became the curate of Charles Simeon in Holy Trinity Church, Cambridge. He had the oversight of the parish of Lolworth, a village near the university. In his preaching he sought a simple, spiritual exhibition of profitable truth. His aim was to break away from his jejune academic style, and present his message in such an attractive form that the people would listen and remember. He was not eloquent. He spoke with solemn earnestness, and as a dying man to dying men. He was fearless in preaching truth however disagreeable to the luxurious and vicious of his time. He mingled freely with the people. It was his endeavour in season and out of season, to press the claims of Christ home to the hearts and consciences of all with whom he had to do. His experiences in this field were invaluable. They prepared him for his work on board ship and on the field.

Henry Martyn went to India, not under the auspices of any missionary society, but as a chaplain to the troops and civil servants of the East India Company. He preferred to go as a missionary, but the way was not open. Speaking of his ap-

pointment he said, "What am I, or what is my father's house, that I should be made willing, and what am I that I should be so happy and honoured?" He asked his friends to pray for his soul, that he might be kept faithful to death. He urged them to pray for the people of India, that, whether he lived or died, Christ might be magnified by the ingathering of multitudes to Himself.

He was nine months going from England to India. As his ship was the only one in the fleet with a chaplain on board she was called the praying ship. In addition to the crew there was a large company of soldiers and convicts on board. On the deck the young chaplain proclaimed the importance of eternal things. The captain was not a religious man and had no relish for religious exercises. He would permit only one service on Sunday and denied permission to preach to the convicts. The services on deck were conducted in the face of many discouragements. The captain and the officers were in the cabin indulging in boisterous mirth over the bottle. Dozens of men were asleep along the decks. Some of the men were lolling over the hand-rail to listen. Here and there faces were attentive as he spoke. He was grieved, shocked, disappointed. He contrasted the services on board ship with those at home. "Here there is scarcely one that encourages me with an attentive hearing, and none at all who strengthens my hand by a kind word on the subject. I feel no despondency, but am contented to go on to the end of life, testifying, according to the best of my abilities, as long as people will stay to hear me." Because of the hostility of the captain most of his work was done between decks among the soldiers and their families and others going to the Cape. He read to them, prayed with and for them, and spoke to them about their spiritual interests. He nursed the sick and supplied their needs; he ministered to the dying. He met with little encouragement. The Gospel was rejected. The officers regarded the pale-faced evangelist with contempt. The soldiers scoffed at him and ridiculed his mes-

sage. Nevertheless, he discharged his duties with utmost fidelity. He rebuked the sins of all. He reproved profanity and drunkenness and other sins. He was concerned about the salvation of those on the ship and did all in his power on their behalf. His ministrations between decks were continued daily, amid the indifference and even opposition of all save a few. Of all on board there were only five to join with him in daily worship. His Journal tells of his unwearied efforts, of his watchful prayerfulness, and of his longing for the spread of Christ's kingdom. His motto on the voyage was, "To believe, to suffer and to love." While ministering to the spiritual needs of the ship he worked on Hindustani, Bengali, and Portuguese. He read Hooker, Baxter, Edwards, Augustine, Ambrose, Leighton, Flavel. He was preparing himself for the work to which he had devoted his life.

The ship touched at Bahia, in Brazil. Martyn was struck with the beauty of the scenery and dispirited at what he saw in the churches and with the priests. In the churches there was no appearance of attention excepting in one poor African woman, who was crossing herself repeatedly, with an expression of utmost contrition in her countenance. He confuted the priests from the Word of God. They had nothing to reply, but did not seem to be disconcerted. He found a quiet place and sang —

"O'er those gloomy hills of darkness
Look, my soul; be still and gaze;
All the promises do travail
To a glorious day of grace:
Blessed jubilee!
Let the glorious morning dawn.

"Let the Indian, let the Negro,
Let the rude barbarian see
That divine and glorious conquest
Once obtained on Calvary;
Let the Gospel
Loud resound from pole to pole."

On reaching the Cape the soldiers were landed to fight the Dutch. There Martyn nearly lost his life. A drunken soldier would not believe that he was an Englishman, and was about to shoot him. On the 22d of April, 1806, the ship dropped anchor before Madras. The treatment of the officers was as rude at the end of the voyage as it had been at the beginning. His solemnity was satirized; his burning desire to do them good was apparently thrown away upon hard impenitent hearts. "Yet I desire to take the ridicule of men with all meekness and charity, looking forward to another world for approbation and reward." He knew his life would be short, and that he must make the most of the time. His faith was strengthened by the promises of God as to the conversion of the nations. He kept repeating to himself the words, "I have set watchmen upon thy walls, O Jerusalem, which shall never hold their peace day nor night. Ye that make mention of the Lord, keep not silence, and give Him no rest, till He establish, and till He make Jerusalem a praise in the earth." As he gazed at the dusky forms in white turbans he said, "Oh, if I live, let me have come hither to some purpose."

Martyn's first home in India was in Aldeen, a place about a dozen miles from Calcutta. He took up his abode in a pagoda. There he sat at his translations; prepared his sermons; and sang the songs of Zion. He rejoiced that the place where devils were once worshipped had become a Christian oratory. His friends urged him to remain in the city permanently. They recognized his intellectual ability. But the sacred fire of missionary enthusiasm flamed up in his soul. He counted all things but loss that he might win the people of India to Christ. "To be prevented from going to the heathen would almost break my heart." He said, "I feel pressed in spirit to do something for God. Everybody is diligent, but I am idle; all employed in their proper work, but I am tossed in uncertainty; I want nothing but grace; I want to be perfectly holy, and to save myself and those that hear me. I have hitherto lived to

little purpose, more like a clod than a servant of God; now let me burn out for God." While reproaching himself as an idler he was perhaps the busiest man in India. He did not lose a day in commending his Master to the people. He seized every opportunity of doing good. Soon after entering India he saw a woman climbing to her place on the funeral pyre. He rushed forward and tried to save her. But he could not. The worship of devils which he saw every day and heard every night made him feel that he was standing in the neighbourhood of hell. At the same time he rejoiced more and more that God had sent him to that country. "Through His mercy I enjoy excellent health, and I feel little doubt of seeing some of these poor people turning to God from idols, which hope is the health of my soul."

From Aldeen he was ordered to Dinapore, a city many miles up the Ganges. He went by boat. He sought to do good on the way. He rose early and landed at the nearest point. Sometimes he took his gun and provided game for the table. It was his custom to walk along the banks and through the villages and speak to the people of the true God. He distributed tracts among such as could read. Then he returned to the boat for a long day of close application to the translation of the Scriptures. He was upborne by the assurance that friends were praying for him. "How happy am I when, in preparing for the work of declaring His glory among the Gentiles, I think that many of the Lord's saints have this day been remembering their unworthy friend. I feel as if I could never be tired with prayer." Busy as he was he felt a sense of blood-guiltiness. He was fearful that some would perish because of his failure to do his part. He added Persian to his other studies that he might reach a wider circle. He applied himself with all diligence to get the word of God into the language of the natives, and to make himself better qualified to preach. He blames himself for the lack of capacity and for the consequent lack of success. He was pressed in spirit as Paul in his day. He

said, "What a wretched life shall I lead if I do not exert myself from morning till night in a place where, through whole territories, I seem to be the only light."

The English people in Dinapore objected to his words. They criticized his methods, and openly expressed opposition to his zeal. But Martyn was not a man to give place to the enemies of the Lord. He said, "Let me labour for fifty years, amidst scorn and without seeing one soul converted, still it shall not be worse for my soul in eternity, nor even worse for it in time. Though the heathen rage and the English people imagine a vain thing, the Lord Jesus who controls all events is my Friend, my Master, my God, my All. On this Rock of Ages, on which I feel my foot to rest, my head is lifted up above mine enemies round about me, and I sing, yea, I will sing praises unto the Lord."

He opened five schools in Dinapore and supported them out of his own pocket. He did everything in his power for the English residents and for the native population. As soon as he could stammer out a few sentences in the language of the country he began to preach. He left no stone unturned. Knowing that his day of work was far spent, and that the night was at hand, this busiest of Christians became busier still. He devoted the whole morning to Sanskrit; the afternoon to the Behar dialects; and through the night, almost till the break of day, he would toil at his translation of the Parables into the vernacular. "I fag as hard as ever we did for our degrees at Cambridge. Such a week of labour I never passed, not excepting even the last week before going into the Senate House. . . . The heat is terrible, often at 98°; the nights are insupportable." His unselfish and Christlike work was opposed and disparaged. The Europeans held aloof. Sometimes not a single European attended the services. The hostility of the officers and civilians became scorn when they saw his efforts to teach and preach to the natives. Many actually resented the preaching of Christ to the people as both politically dangerous

and socially an insult to the ruling race. The natives were shy and suspicious. This made the work up-hill and difficult. He was thankful when a few native women came to hear him expound the Word of God. He wrote, "Here every man I meet is an enemy; being an enemy to God, he is an enemy to me also on that account; but he is an enemy to me too, because I am an Englishman." He was distrusted and hated by the very people for whom he was giving his life. He wrote to some friends in Aldeen, "I stand alone; not one voice is heard saying, 'I wish you good luck in the name of the Lord.'" Even so he did not bate a jot of heart or hope. He kept right on with his work. He was not left without some evidences that his labour was not wholly in vain in the Lord. He was greatly cheered when an officer, who had always treated him with the kindness of a father, became a decided Christian. He found joy when a few of the men came to read the Bible with him.

He was urged to give up his work in the interior and become the minister of the Church of the Presidency. The position would have been considered attractive by most men. Its acceptance meant an end of all opposition and persecution and a dignified and useful career. But Martyn instantly rejected any proposition which would hinder his great mission to the poor-benighted people of India. He cared nothing for publicity or fame: he preferred to remain where he was. Thus he wrote, "The precious Word is now my only study in the work of translation. Though in a manner buried to the world—neither seeing nor seen by Europeans—the time flows on here with great rapidity: it seems as if life would be gone before anything is done or even before anything is begun. I sometimes rejoice that I am not twenty-seven years of age; and that, unless God should order it otherwise, I may double the number in constant and successful labour." His heart's desire was that he might do all his work as the angels did theirs. He wished to be ready to leave that delightful solitude or to remain

in it; to go out or to go in; to stay or depart, just as the Lord should direct.

He was ordered to leave Dinapore and go to Cawnpore. He was as diligent in Cawnpore as he had been elsewhere. He rebuked the worldliness and other sins of the Europeans. He instructed the native women. He consoled the sick and troubled. The natives received him with little attention. His public utterances were met with derision, shouts, and hisses. He gathered the beggars and fakirs and the offscourings of the place and gave them a dole of bread or money and then preached to them. These devotees varied in age and appearance; they were young and old, male and female, bloated and wizened, tall and short, athletic and feeble; some clothed with abominable rags; some nearly without clothes; some plastered with mud and cow-dung; others with matted, uncombed locks streaming down to their heels; others with heads bald and scabby, every countenance being hard and fixed, as it were, by the continual indulgence of bad passions, the features having become exaggerated, and the lips blackened with tobacco, or blood-red with the juice of the henna. He ministered to all classes of the community. He continued his translation till he completed the New Testament in Hindustani, the Book of Common Prayer, and the Parables in the vernacular. It was plain to his friends that his strength was well-nigh exhausted, and that he must have a change of scenes and work if his valuable life was to be prolonged.

Having obtained sick leave, he left Cawnpore for Calcutta. His purpose was to go on to Persia and Arabia. He wished to regain his health and to give the Mohammedans of these two countries the Word of God in their own tongues. He had unlimited faith in the Scriptures as a missionary agency. He believed the promise, "My word shall not return unto Me void; it shall accomplish that which I please, and prosper in the thing whereto I sent it." On the way to Bombay the ship on which he took passage touched at Colombo and Goa.

Leaving Bombay he sailed to Muscat. Thence he passed to Shiraz. He met the religion of Persia at its very seat and centre. He undertook a translation of the New Testament into Persian. Before he had been in Shiraz two months he became the talk of the town. He carried on his work of translation and disputed daily with the learned Mohammedans of the city and neighbourhood. He easily defeated the Mollahs and disclosed the heresies of Mohammedanism. So alarming were the inroads made by Henry Martyn upon the professed wisdom of Islam that a work was prepared and issued in Arabic in its defense. The champions of Mohammedanism saw that their system was in danger, and roused themselves to do their best.

After a stay of ten months in Shiraz, Martyn began a wearisome journey to Tabriz to obtain the necessary introduction from the British ambassador before presenting his New Testament to the king. This journey was most distressing to a man in his condition. There were storms of rain and hail alternating with fierce heat. For days there was no food, and rarely any adequate shelter. The people were unfriendly and inhospitable. On reaching Tabriz he was kindly received and cared for by the ambassador. While Martyn was lying ill the representative of the crown presented the New Testament to the king. He had said, "If I live to complete the Persian New Testament, my life after that will be of less importance. But whether life or death be mine, may Christ be magnified in me. If He has work for me to do, I cannot die." He was spared to finish this work and to translate the Psalms. The work he had in his heart to do for Arabia he was not permitted to accomplish.

His strength failing, it was decided that he should go on to Constantinople. This journey of thirteen hundred miles was most trying to one as feeble and sick as he was. At the first halting place he had to content himself with a stable. At the next he was crowded with his baggage into a wash-house. He

beguiled the long hours of the night by repeating a Psalm or indulging in speculation on the eighth conjugation of the Arabic verb. On the way he was gladdened with a sight of Ararat lifting its serried peaks high against the sky. He thought of Noah and of the place when the Lord told him that while the earth remaineth there would be summer and winter, day and night, heat and cold. He had interesting conversation with the Armenian monks in their monastery. As he advanced he learned that the plague was in Constantinople, and that thousands were dying every day. He was told that the people of Tocat were flying from their town. Meanwhile, fever seized the emaciated teacher. Sleepless and shaking with ague he soon found that progress was impossible. His Tartar servant took advantage of his helplessness and insisted that he should go on. Reaching a village he wished for a room where he might be alone. "Why should he be alone?" was the insulting inquiry. He was thrust into a stable where a fire was burning. He begged that the fire might be put out, or that he might be laid on the ground outside. Neither request was granted. His servant thought he was delirious and paid no heed to what he said. At last he pushed his head among the luggage and lodged it on the damp ground and slept. Another day he was hurried on to Tocat where on October 16, 1812, he breathed his last. The immediate cause of his death is unknown. Shortly before his spirit went to God who gave it he wrote, "No horses being to be had, I had an unexpected repose. I sat in the orchard, and thought with sweet comfort and peacé of my God, in solitude, my Company, my Friend and Comforter. Oh, when shall time give place to eternity! When shall appear that new heaven and new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness! There, there shall nowise enter in anything that defileth; none of the wickedness which has made men worse than wild beasts—none of those corruptions which add still more to the miseries of mortality, shall be seen or heard any more." An obelisk was placed over his grave. On

it the name of Henry Martyn is written in English, Armenian, Persian, and Turkish. There is the inscription that he was one who was known in the East as a man of God.

There were some qualities in Henry Martyn that deserve special mention.

1. His devotion. His wish was that his whole soul might be swallowed up in the will of God. "As for self, contemptible self, I feel myself saying, 'Let it be forgotten forever.'" He solemnly renounced the world, and the comforts, even the lawful comforts of it, that he might be the servant of God entirely. "I could not wish to exist, unless I hoped to live entirely for God." "Had I ten thousand lives, my calm judgment, unruffled by dangers, testified that they ought all to be devoted to Christ." "I feel no wish to live except to be employed in the work in which Christ died." "I longed to be ten thousand times more devoted to Him than I had been, and to pass the remainder of my days in humble laborious exertions in the cause of Christ." He tells us that his soul panted after holiness, and that nothing appeared at all desirable to him for a moment, but God. He wanted to feel that he had nothing on earth to do, but to work for God, and as having no comfort to expect but from communion with Him. "I cannot live one happy hour without more or less communion with God. What is this world, what is religious company, what is anything to me without God? They become a bustle and a crowd when I lose sight of Him." He longed to escape from the crowd and to walk sweetly alone with God. "Oh, that I could begin everything with God, prosecute it in the presence of God, and then after the conclusion return from men, to be in secret with my God!" "If I could not be made holy, I would not wish to exist; I cannot conceive any pleasure in the universe, without having the soul restored to order and conformity to the blessed God." He found it delightful to think of labouring ardently for God and heathen souls, unknown and unnoticed by the creature. He felt that all earthly connections were un-

important. "I am for God only." "Oh, my God, there is naught upon earth that I care for but Thee and Thine!" His business on earth was the setting up of Christ's kingdom in the hearts of men. He desired to labour in that with a mind simply directed to Jesus. In so doing he would walk steadily with God. He was willing to be despised and forgotten, so God's purposes were accomplished respecting the setting up of His kingdom in the world. He says that praise was exceedingly distasteful to him, because he was slow to render back to God the glory which belongs to Him. Praise generally produced pride, and pride presently set him far from God. He agonized to be a holy man. He prayed that he might live as if he did not have a friend in the world, as one entirely set apart for God.

2. His industry. It is said of him that he never knew an idle moment. Even on board ship he jealously guarded his time for correspondence that he might complete his translation of the New Testament into Hindustani, Persian, and Arabic at least. He would rise before the dawn that he might have the privilege of addressing the sick soldiers in the hospital before resuming his fatiguing journey. He would wait for an hour or more to win the attention of a solitary Brahmin, who regarded him with deep curiosity as being the first Englishman he had met who cared anything for religion. By his unwearied industry he gave one-fourth of the population of the globe portions of the Holy Scriptures in their own tongue. In view of the shortness of his life this was a great achievement. He could say of his work, as Paul did, "This one thing I do." He was always at it. On board ship he conversed with the officers, the crew, the soldiers, and the sailors, and the convicts. He had a word in season for each. He rebuked; he encouraged; he exhorted with all long-suffering and doctrine. He did not lose a day on reaching India before he began to testify on behalf of the Master to the people. He sought to win his servants and the pundits and munshis

who helped him in his work of translation. His soul never rested.

3. His prayerfulness. Henry Martyn was preëminently a man of prayer. Things did not go well with him if prayer was interfered with in any way. In his Journal he refers again and again to prayer. There is no other topic upon which he dwells so constantly. A few citations will suffice to show what a large place prayer had in his thought and life. "As I found myself about the middle of the day full of pride and formality I sought relief in prayer." He tells us that he prayed generally four times a day at least. "I could live forever in prayer." "In morning prayer I pleaded again and again that I might be heedful to my spirit during the day; that I might walk alone with God; that I might prepare myself for the enemy, not with the detestable anxiety of approving myself unto men, but with the sole wish of doing the will of God." "Before breakfast I continued about an hour and a half in a prayer of humiliation." "I passed an hour in prayer at one time with much delight, especially in the work of intercession." "At dinner I lifted up my heart with some success, and in prayer in my rooms afterwards." "After an hour spent in prayer the Lord mercifully assisted me, and the sense of danger and blasphemous impiety melted me into tears." "Let no change of plan distract my mind from being constantly in prayer to my God." "I determined with myself, if nothing prevented, to devote to-morrow to prayer; the prospect sweetened my soul a little." "After supper I found great comfort in approaching to God in prayer, and a sweet return of precious thoughts of eternity. Oh, why am I not more a man of prayer?" "After dinner I sought to solemnize my mind for prayer, and passed half an hour in the exercise." "Nothing can make up for the want of stated prayer." "Passed much of the earlier part of the morning in prayer. After dinner again in prayer." "Found the presence of God again, both before and after dinner, in prayer." "I continued a

long time in prayer to God." "I passed the time, about three hours, in reading and prayer." "I ought to be hourly considering how eminently I should be a man of prayer, thought, and heavenly-mindedness." "After praying nearly two hours, my heart seemed to be at last really poor and broken." "In the evening at prayer my soul panted after God." "If there be anything I do, if there be anything I leave undone, let me be perfect in prayer." "From nine to three my soul found the especial presence of God, in four successive seasons of prayer." "After all, whatever God may appoint, prayer is the great thing." "Spent the afternoon chiefly in prayer."

4. His courage. It was said of him by one who knew him well, "I can answer for his being as brave as he was learned and good." On board ship he was told that the men would not attend if he preached so much on hell. The text of his next sermon was, "The wicked shall be cast into hell, and the nations that forget God." Soon after he spoke from the text, "As I live," saith the Lord, "I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked." Speaking of his experience as a chaplain he said, "My disdainful and abandoned countrymen among the military; they are impudent children and stiff-hearted, and will receive, I fear, my ministrations, as all the others have done, with scorn." It was even so. Referring to the men under his charge he said, "A more wicked set of men were, I suppose, never seen." He rose while it was yet dark that he might preach to the soldiers. His self-denial commanded no respect. He went away from the service amid the sneers and titters of the men for whom he would gladly have given his life. He said, "It is extraordinary that I seldom meet with contempt on account of religion except from Englishmen, and from them invariably." Some of the chaplains opposed his teaching. One declared that he would not enter the church till it was purged of the errors Martyn was said to have propagated. In Persia he was stoned on the public streets. He was

struck in the back by a stone as large as his hand. Like his Master he trod the wine-press alone. But none of these things moved him. He guided his course by the starlight of duty and the compass of truth. He was, so it has been said, not less a warrior than Gordon, fighting with desperate valour against the foes of God and his Christ; and it was his destiny also, alone in the land of fierce enemies, under a blue Oriental sky, to fall at his flagstaff, loyal and true till death.

5. His humility. He did not think of himself more highly than he ought to think. He was constantly condemning himself for sins and failures. He said, "Whatever the world may say, or I may think of myself, I am a poor, wretched, sinful, contemptible worm." "My soul might almost burst with astonishment at its own wickedness." "I am weary of myself and my own sinfulness, and appear exceedingly odious even to myself, how much more to a holy God. Lord, pity and save; vile and contemptible is Thy sinful creature, even as a beast before Thee." He spoke of himself as "utterly unclean," as "atheistical and blind"; he laments his "cursed unbelief and pride." "An occasion, the slightest possible, showed me that I was proud, impatient, and peevish." "Pride has spread over my whole heart, and swallowed up my whole spirit." "Wretched, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from this never-ceasing self-complacency, this accursed pride!" "I feel myself more radically corrupt every day." "My soul afflicted and solemn at the sense of my exceeding sinfulness." "For all the impurity and iniquity and indolence of my heart, the Lord, I fear, hideth His face." "I feel Satan so near; I began to pray aloud, as a dying wretch on the brink of ruin, and pleaded with a God of truth His own declarations and promises." He speaks of being disposed, in his most serious moments, through mere habit, to a cynic flippancy. He says his solemn tone of mind degenerated into formality and stupidity. He was, so he says, betrayed into "excessive levity." "My self-ignorance is truly deplorable. I have been forgetful

of my own vileness and poverty." He speaks of a great want of spirituality. Carelessness, levity and vanity occupied his mind. "It is a mercy of God, instead of giving me up to a reprobate mind, convinces me of the dreadful corruption of my heart." He groans over his vileness and desperate wickedness. "My sins appeared more in number than the hairs of my head. I remember with horror the multitude I have been guilty of this holy day; how many proud and vain thoughts, how much forgetfulness of God and want of every grace appeared in the course of it." "I was plagued with the workings of an evil, selfish, dissipated, discontented heart." "What is it which bewitches me to be governed by such trifles, so that so much of my mind is given to things about which I care nothing, and so little to God, whose loving kindness is better than life?" "How many tempers like the devil have I! particularly pride, thinking well of myself, in spite of the clearest convictions of reason and experience; and such petulance; it is well if God through His mercy break my proud self-will by contradiction. I am constrained to acknowledge the greatness of His patience with such a wretched creature." He compared himself with other men, with Fletcher, with Brainerd, with Vanderkemp, with Whitefield, and always to his own disadvantage. "Why cannot I be a man of prayer like Fletcher?" Referring to Vanderkemp, he said, "In heaven I shall think myself well off, if I obtain but the lowest seat among such, though now I am fond of giving myself a high one." Contrasting himself with Whitefield, he said, "I am destitute of the energy, promptness, activity, and holy forwardness which characterized that eminent servant of God." He lamented his indolence. "Was filled with shame and self-abhorrence, and sense of guilt, at having wasted time in bed, notwithstanding the dictates of conscience." "I was grieved at my waste of time, and want of communion with God, and general unprofitableness." "I have never laboured as I ought; no, not in any degree, either in public or in private."

"At night my soul was much distressed at my unfaithfulness and indolence in ministerial duties, and saw the necessity of more earnestness, both in labour and prayer, if I would not have more blood-guiltiness upon my soul." This is the language of a man who never lost an hour. While reproaching himself for wasting time in unnecessary sleep his friends felt that the words of the Scripture were applicable to him, "The zeal of Thine house hath eaten me up." The man who prayed more than any other man of his time said, "I am not a man of prayer; this is a lamentable defect." The man who desired to live solely to the glory of God said, "Alas! how little do I know of experimental religion!" His inmost feeling found expression in the words, "I now hoped that in answer to my prayer, I should now and ever take my place among the most worthless of the creatures of God, and feel among my brethren as one who was not worthy to be trodden under foot." He felt that daily he deserved destruction.

6. His cheerfulness. Because he condemned himself so unsparingly it does not follow that he was stern and morose. On the contrary he was remarkable for his cheerfulness. When his tasks were done he found delight in playing with children. On the way from Calcutta to Bombay, though broken in health, he was a lively talker. He was a genial companion and even a merry comrade. One of his acquaintances speaks of him as "one of the mildest, cheerfulest men I ever saw. He talks on all subjects, sacred and profane." He did not hesitate to rebuke any who took the name of the Lord in vain, but his good sense and great learning gave delight to any company and his constant cheerfulness added hilarity. He was not a monk. He did not go about with his head hanging down like a bulrush. He was at once a scholar, a saint, and a man. Religion ennobled his character. He said, "Since I have known God in a saving manner, painting, poetry and music have had charms unknown to me before. I have received what I suppose is a taste for them, for religion has refined my mind and

made it sensible of impressions from the sublime and the beautiful." Not only so, but he dwelt much on the exceeding great and precious promises of the Lord. These cheered and charmed him amid all his trying experiences.

Henry Martyn was distressed because he did not accomplish more. He said, "Four years have I been in the ministry, and I am not sure that I have been the means of converting four souls from the error of their ways. Why is this? The fault must be in myself." Some others have spoken of the apparent failure of his life. But it was not so. He did a great work. He died at the age of thirty-one. Dying at an age when most men are beginning their careers he accomplished more than most men who live to a good old age. His translations prepared the way for those who came after him. His life of devotion and self-sacrifice could not fail to bear abundant fruit. His Journal is one of the great spiritual autobiographies of the race. It has been classed with Augustine's "Confessions" and with Bunyan's "Grace Abounding." Henry Martyn has touched the lives of tens of thousands of youthful spirits and for good. Charles Simeon had his picture in his study. He used to say, "There is that blessed man looking down on me and saying, 'Be earnest; don't trifle.'" And bowing to the picture he said, "I won't trifle; I will be earnest." That picture has said the same thing to every generation of Cambridge students since. Hundreds have been led to give their lives to missions because of what Henry Martyn wrote and suffered. No man of his age lived to such good purpose and did so much for God and humanity. In no other calling could he have wrought so effectively and won such renown.

The greatest of all missionaries said of himself, "I have been crucified with Christ; and it is no longer I that live, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh I live in faith, the faith which is in the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself up for me." Henry Martyn could have used those words to express his relation to his Lord.

His life was completely dominated by the Spirit of Jesus Christ.

Macaulay's epitaph will close this sketch:

> "Here Martyn lies. In manhood's early bloom
> The Christian hero finds a pagan tomb.
> Religion sorrowing o'er her favourite son
> Points to the glorious trophies that he won.
> Eternal trophies! Not with carnage red;
> Not stained with tears by hapless captives shed,
> But trophies of the Cross. For that dear Name,
> Through every form of danger, death, and shame,
> Onward he journeyed to a happier shore,
> Where danger, death, and shame assault no more."

II

ADONIRAM JUDSON

Jesus Christ's Man

ADONIRAM JUDSON was born in Malden, Mass., August 9, 1788. He learned to read by the time he was three years old. At the age of four he gathered the children about him and preached to them. His favourite hymn was "Go, Preach My Gospel, Saith the Lord." Before he was ten he gained a reputation for scholarship. He excelled in arithmetic. He earned his first dollar by solving a difficult problem. He was noted for his proficiency in Latin. His schoolmates dubbed him "Old Virgil dug up." He entered Providence College in 1804, and was graduated three years later. He was a hard student. He never failed nor even hesitated in a recitation. He won the highest honours in his class. In his childhood and youth he gave promise of attaining the highest eminence. His father felt that he would become a great man, and stimulated his ambition to the utmost. His son painted the future in the brightest colours. He would be a poet, an orator, a statesman; but whatever his calling he would be first and foremost in it.

In his college course he became skeptical. At that time French infidelity swept over the land like a flood. College students were proud to call themselves after noted French infidels. Judson had a college-mate who was talented, witty, amiable and exceedingly agreeable in manners, but a confirmed Deist. A warm friendship sprang up between them. Judson became as great an unbeliever as his friend. He left home and went out to see the world. For a time he plunged into various

excesses. He associated with persons who did him no good. Stopping for a night at an inn he was told that one of the guests was dying. He shuddered at the thought, but tried to forget it. In the morning he learned that it was his skeptical college friend that was dead. That sobered him—it arrested him in his wild career.

After leaving college he taught school in Plymouth for a year. He published two text-books; the "Elements of English Grammar" and the "Young Ladies' Arithmetic." At the age of twenty he became a Christian. His conversion was followed by a determination to give his life to the ministry. He lived with the thought of eternity in his mind. He asked concerning everything, "Is it pleasing to God?" He was as enthusiastic and thoroughgoing as a Christian as he had been as a student. He was led to think of missions by reading a sermon entitled, "The Star in the East." For several days he was unable to attend to his studies. He was amazed at his past stupidity. His excitement was such as to enable him to break the strong ties that bound him to home and country. "Go ye into all the world" was presented to his mind with such clearness and power that he resolved to obey. At this juncture he was brought in contact with a number of young men from Williams College of like aspirations. He did not resolve to go abroad because he could not find suitable employment at home. He was offered work in the college in which he was educated. Dr. Griffin proposed him as his colleague in the largest church in Boston. "And you will be so near home," his mother said. "No, I shall never live in Boston. I have much farther than that to go." The hopes of his proud father were overthrown; his mother and sisters shed regretful tears. He knew what was before him. He had counted the cost. He was going to live in a trying climate, exposed to every kind of want and distress, to degradation, insult, persecution, and perhaps a violent death. But none of these things moved him. In the spring and glory of his being he went forth from ease and quiet happiness to

suffer whatever might befall him in the work to which the Lord had called him.

As there was no Missionary Society in America at that time, Judson proposed to enlist under the London Missionary Society, and wrote to inquire if his services would be accepted. While he was waiting for an answer he and his associates made their desires known to their teachers in Andover Seminary and to several ministers in the vicinity. They asked if they ought to renounce the object of missions as either visionary or impracticable; if not, might they expect patronage and support from a Missionary Society in this country, or must they commit themselves to the direction of a European Society. Their action led to the formation of the American Board. The new organization did not feel able to support a missionary enterprise alone, and wished to coöperate with the London Missionary Society. They sent Judson to England to learn if this could be done. The ship in which he sailed was captured by a French privateer and Judson was kept a prisoner in France for a season. While he chafed over his imprisonment he learned some things that were of great value to him afterwards. He regarded his detention as a necessary part of his preparation for the duties which afterwards devolved on him. He was well received in London, but the English brethren did not think it practicable to join hands with the American Board in the maintenance and management of the same mission. At the time of this embassy Judson's appearance was extremely youthful. He was small but graceful in person. His voice was that of a trumpet. One who heard him said: "If his faith is proportionate to his voice he will drive the devil from all India."

Before leaving for the field, Mr. Judson and Miss Ann Hasseltine were married. On the 7th of February, 1812, Mr. and Mrs. Judson and Mr. and Mrs. Newell sailed for Calcutta. Judson was born and bred a Congregationalist. He knew that the Baptists were at work in India. He was going out to institute a Congregational form of church life, and he would have

to explain the difference to the natives. He determined to investigate the question of baptism. He came to the conclusion that faith should precede baptism, and that only immersion is baptism. It was after a great struggle that he yielded. He knew that his friends in America would be disappointed. His parents would be sorely grieved. If he should go forward in obedience to his convictions he would separate himself from his companions. Besides, to whom could he look for support? The Baptists were a feeble and despised folk. They had no missionary organization and no prospect of one. It was suggested that he hold his convictions in secret and go on. But prompt and straightforward obedience to Christ was the keynote of his life. On his arrival in India he and his wife were baptized by William Carey. He wrote to the Baptists in America that if they would form a society for the support of a mission in those parts he would be ready to consider himself their missionary. This led to the organization of the Baptist Society for the propagation of the Gospel in India and other foreign parts.

The year of his arrival America and England were at war. On this account Americans were not welcomed in India. Moreover, the East India Company feared that missionary work would cause an uprising on the part of the people. It was said that every missionary would have to be backed by a gunboat. Judson was told that he must return at once to America. He asked permission to work in some other part of India. Permission was refused. He asked leave to settle in the Isle of France. He was told he might do so, but the government would not give him a passport. While he was waiting for a passage he was told to go on board a ship bound for England. Subsequently he was permitted to go to the Isle of France. Not finding that place suitable, he left it for Madras. His purpose was to go to Pulo Penang. There was no ship ready to go to Pulo Penang, but there was one going to Rangoon in Burma. He was given his choice to go to Ran-

goon or to go home. Accordingly he took ship to Rangoon. He reached that place on July 17, 1813. He took possession of the mission house left vacant by Felix Carey. Judson did not wish to go to Burma. His desire was to be under the British flag. But God guided him to Burma. The experiences of Mr. and Mrs. Judson in reaching Burma and their settlement in the deserted mission house were the most painful through which they had ever passed. They were sustained by the gracious presence of God.

Burma is four times as large as New England. The land was full of darkness, idolatry and cruelty. The hilltops were crowned with temples and pagodas. Under every green tree and along every highway were the emblems of a false faith. A savage king whose will was law was at the head of affairs. Over every province was a governor who was popularly known as an "Eater." Buddhism was the religion of the people. Buddhism is atheistic—it cannot be properly called a religion. Nothing is real in the past, present, or future; all that we behold is an illusion.

> "Lo, as the wind is, so is mortal life,
> A moan, a sigh, a sob, a storm, a strife."

Rangoon was then a city of about 10,000 inhabitants. It is situated near the mouth of the Irrawaddy River. Its appearance was mean and uninviting. There was almost no drainage. Among the discomforts were rats, mice, snakes, flies, mosquitoes, scorpions, centipedes, cobras, and tigers. The Burmans were not allowed to eat cattle or sheep unless they died a natural death. The missionaries were alone. There was no society with which they could mingle; there were no Christian friends with whom they could worship or take counsel.

Judson's purpose was to undermine and overthrow an ancient faith. He felt sure that there were those who had been so schooled by the providence of God that, if he could once get

to them, they would at once cry out, "That is just what I want." The agent that he proposed to use was the Gospel. No system could be more diametrically opposed to Buddhism, which teaches that there is no God to save, no soul to be saved, and no sin to be saved from. Judson did not propose to teach astronomy, geography or geology. He did not believe that Christianity would follow in the wake of civilization. He did not propose to open schools and deal with the children because the mature were hopeless. He was a preacher of the Gospel and not a school-teacher or a maker of school-books.

There were two channels through which he would reach the Burman heart and conscience. These channels were the eye and ear. The Burmans were a reading people. They asked him, "Where are your sacred books?" He prepared tracts and portions of the Bible. The attention of the first serious Burman inquirer was caught by two little writings that fell into his hands. But more important than the translation and distribution of tracts, catechisms and portions of the Scripture was the oral preaching of the Gospel. For this he had rare aptitude, and in it he won his most signal triumphs. While engaged in literary work he was always pining for the opportunity of imparting the message of salvation with the living voice. "I long to see the whole New Testament complete, for I will then be able to devote all my time to preaching the Gospel."

A little chapel was built by the roadside. There Judson sat almost every day saying to those that passed by, "Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters." He often had an audience of a hundred, but mostly the preaching was done to individuals. It was a sort of spiritual buttonholing. One would engage in an encounter with the missionary and the others would look on. Often they would cry out with delight as the man of God would put his antagonist to rout and tear his arguments and objections to tatters. Seven years after he left home he baptized his first Burman convert. Moung Ing

was thirty-five years old, no family, middling abilities, quite poor, and obliged to work for his living. The baptism took place in a large pond, the bank of which is graced with an enormous image of Buddha. Judson and his wife sat down at the Lord's table with a Burman Christian, and their joy was such as those at home were unable to conceive. This one was soon followed by others. The converts met of their own accord for prayer. This greatly cheered the heart of the missionary.

Dark clouds began to gather about the mission. There was imminent danger of confiscation of property, imprisonment, torture and death in its most shocking forms. Ominous threats were heard on all sides. The work was conducted on sufferance. The viceroy was at liberty to stop it at any moment. The people were not free to accept the Gospel. It was at their peril they did so. It was told that Judson's teacher was likely to become an apostate. The viceroy said, "Inquire farther." These words caused the attendants at the chapel to scatter like chaff before the storm. Judson decided to go to Ava and lay his business before the emperor. If he favoured, no one else would dare to touch a hair of their heads. Colman, another missionary, went with him to "the golden feet" and to see "the golden face." They saw the emperor and presented their petition in which they sought permission to preach in Burma, and for those who were pleased with the preaching and who wished to be guided by it to listen to it without government molestation. The sovereign of land and sea read the petition. He took a tract and read two sentences. These asserted that there is one eternal God, and that beside Him there is no God. Having read that much, he dashed the tract to the ground. A copy of the Bible was offered him, but he refused to notice it. The mission to the emperor was a total failure.

Judson returned to Rangoon utterly disheartened. Any Burman who would renounce Buddhism would incur the dis-

pleasure of his sovereign. It was thought wise to leave Rangoon for Chittagong. That was British territory, and the people would be free to confess their faith in Christ. But the converts were firm. They expressed their willingness to suffer persecution, and even death, rather than deny their Lord. They begged the missionary not to leave them. "Stay, at least, until a little church of ten is collected, and a native teacher is set over it, and then, if you must go, we will not say nay. In that case we shall not be concerned. The religion will spread itself. The emperor cannot stop it." The bold stand taken by the converts prevailed upon the missionaries to remain at Rangoon. In that dark period seven were added to the little group. Among these were Judson's skeptical teacher and the first Burman woman. The three had grown to ten. Soon after the number was eighteen.

Quite unexpectedly Dr. Price, a medical missionary, was invited to the capital to show his skill. Judson went with him. The emperor received him graciously and promised him a piece of land for a mission station. He told Judson not to return to Rangoon. "Let both stay here. Let him bring his wife. If one goes, the other will be lonely." Judson wished to live to complete the translation of the New Testament and to see a little church in Ava. He went to Rangoon for Mrs. Judson. They arrived in Ava January 23, 1824. He had been invited by the king to live in the capital. He had received a plot of ground upon which to build a home. Many persons of high rank seemed kindly disposed. Dr. Price was winning golden opinions by his medical skill. Judson preached in Burmese in Dr. Price's house every morning, and conducted worship every evening. The outlook now seemed bright. All at once, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, the change came, and their hopes were cut off like a spider's web.

War broke out between Burma and England. Suspicion fell on all white foreigners in Ava. The Americans were known to have financial dealings with the British merchants. The

Burmese did not make nice distinctions between the two nations. All foreigners were considered spies and were arrested, fettered, and thrust into the death prison. There they were kept eleven months. Judson wore three pairs of fetters for nine months, and five pairs for two months. The five pairs weighed fourteen pounds. At night his feet were tied together; a bamboo pole was placed between them and fastened four feet from the floor. The position was too painful for sleep, but not painful enough to cause death. The prison was a loathsome place. It was forty feet by thirty. Nearly a hundred persons of both sexes were in it at the time. There was no ventilation except through the chinks of the boards. The burning rays of a tropical sun poured down upon the roof. The prison had never been washed or even swept since it was built. The fetid odours were pronounced and permanent. The very walls and floors were saturated with them. The floor was strewed with castaway animal and vegetable stuff. The prisoners never bathed. With the mercury at 100 degrees the stenches can be more easily imagined than described. Each day they heard the executioners grinding their knives and saw them coming in to select the victims who were to be beheaded. They did not know but that their turn might come at any time. It was reported that the white prisoners were to be burned together as a sacrifice, or buried in front of the army to insure victory. After eleven months in prison in Ava, Judson and his white friends were sent to another prison in Oungpen-la, ten miles distant. The governor had instructions to execute them. Instead of obeying his orders he put them out of sight. The sand and gravel were like burning coals under Judson's feet as he marched from one prison to the other. Soon they were destitute of skin. The unfeeling drivers goaded him on. The man who was tied to him allowed him to lean on his shoulder as long as he was able to help him. A Burman servant gave him his head-dress. He tore it in two and wrapped it about his feet. The servant car-

ried as much of his weight as he could. Had it not been for this assistance Judson would have died on the way. In this prison he wore one pair of fetters for six months. At night he was made secure as in Ava. The mosquitoes settled by the thousand on his bare and bleeding feet. He was unable to drive them off. His cries caused the guard to lower the bamboo pole, thus enabling him to keep the mosquitoes at bay. While in this prison it was reported that the white men were to be executed the next morning. Judson thought of Burma rather than himself. He knew the English would conquer and that the way would be opened for the heralds of the cross. He prayed and waited till the hour passed. In the morning the jailer came and chucking them under the chin told them he could not spare his beloved children yet, after he had taken so much trouble to secure them such fitting ornaments. For two months Judson was a prisoner at large, and for nearly two months more, though released from prison, he was detained in Ava. The affairs of the government became desperate. The British troops were making steady advances towards the capital. Dr. Price was dispatched to negotiate a peace. Judson was sent with him. It was his privilege to secure the release of the last prisoner. As soon as he could he returned to Rangoon. He had been absent two years and three months.

It was given to Judson as it was to Paul to suffer for Christ. No man of his age endured so much. His nature was exceedingly sensitive to discomfort. He had a passion for cleanliness, neatness, and order. He was possessed with an innate refinement. For many months he had to associate with the basest criminals. His ears were filled with their filthy and blasphemous jests. He had to look on their repulsive features. He saw the prisoners tortured with cord and mallet, and heard their shrieks of anguish. The prison was alive with vermin. He thought of his wife with no one to protect her or befriend her. She was constantly exposed to insult and annoyance.

In her loneliness and sorrow she gave birth to a child. While nursing her girls through a siege of smallpox she took the disease; later she took the spotted fever. His mind was in suspense all the time. He did not know what the future had in store for him.

All the while he was thinking of Burma and what he would do in case he was set at liberty. "It is possible that my life may be spared; if so, with what ardour and gratitude I shall pursue my work; and if not, His will be done; the door will be opened for others who will do the work better." After his release he felt the same. "I feel a strong desire henceforward to know nothing among this people but Jesus Christ and Him crucified; and under an abiding sense of the comparative worthlessness of all worldly things, to avoid every secular occupation, and all literary and scientific pursuits, and devote the remainder of my days to the simple declaration of the all-precious truths of the Gospel of our great God and Saviour Jesus Christ."

It was thought advisable to leave Rangoon and to settle under the British flag. It was expected that Amherst would be the capital city of British Burma. Accordingly the missionaries removed to Amherst. Soon after the work began Judson refused $3,000 a year if he would serve as an interpreter. He had no time and no inclination to make money. He was urged to assist the British officials while they were forming treaties with the Burmans. He was led to see that his services could be made widely and permanently useful to the cause of missions in Burma. It was this consideration alone that led him to accept the position offered him. While he was absent in Ava his wife died and was buried under a hopia tree in Amherst. On his return to his work the mission was removed to Maulmain. That became the centre of his work as long as he lived.

After an absence of eighteen years he was invited home. His health was good, and he declined. "I expect soon to

witness, yea, to enjoy, a glory in comparison to which all on earth is but a shadow. With that anticipation I content myself, assured that we shall not then regret any instance of self-denial or suffering endured for the Lord of life and glory." When his close confinement to the work of translation necessitated a change of air and scene, it was his custom to make a tour among the wild Karen tribes that occupied the jungle back of Maulmain. Preaching refreshed and invigorated him. It did him good like medicine.

For a time he was inclined to monkish austerities. He had a grave dug, and would sit at the verge of it and look into it, imagining how each feature and limb would appear days, months, and years after he had lain there. He denied his social instincts. He cut himself off from association with the British officials and civilians. He wrote to a missionary family, "I hope you will pray for me, for you have not such inveterate habits to struggle with as I have contracted through a long course of religious sinning." His marriage to Mrs. Boardman was followed by much domestic happiness, and gradually that nightmare passed away.

At the close of thirty-two years of service he decided to visit America. That was necessary to preserve the life of Mrs. Judson. It was a great trial to leave the church and people. He did not know till then how much he loved them, or how much they loved him. As he wished to continue his literary work, he arranged to take two assistants with him. He did not want to visit and speak to conventions and churches. He felt it his duty to hoard the remnant of his lungs and breath for the country where they were most needed. He said that, in order to become an acceptable and eloquent preacher, in a foreign language, he had deliberately burned his ships. For thirty-two years he had scarcely entered an English pulpit or made a speech in that language. He requested that he might be put in some quiet corner where he could work undisturbed and unknown.

On reaching the Isle of France, Mrs. Judson was so much better that it was decided that he would go back and she would continue her journey alone. The assistants were sent back. In the prospect of separation Mrs. Judson wrote those memorable lines:

"We part on this green islet, love —
Thou for the Eastern main,
I for the setting sun, love,
Oh, when to meet again!

"The music of thy daughter's voice
Thou'lt miss for many a year;
And the merry shout of thine elder boys
Thou'lt list in vain to hear.

"My tears fall fast for thee, love;
How can I say farewell?
But go; thy God be with thee, love,
Thy heart's deep grief to quell.

"Then gird thine armour on, love,
Nor faint thou by the way,
Till Buddh shall fall, and Burma's sons
Shall own Messiah's sway."

But as Mrs. Judson grew worse he determined to go with her. She died at St. Helena and was buried there. Her husband took the children and started to Boston. As he approached his native land he was anxious to know where he could find suitable lodgings. He little dreamed that thousands of homes would consider it an honour to entertain him, and that his progress through the country would resemble a triumphal march. He was poorly prepared for such a reception as awaited him. His health was delicate. His voice was so weak that he could speak only in a whisper. His heart was full of sorrow. He found it exceedingly distasteful to be publicly harangued and

eulogized. He disappointed audiences by preaching Christ rather than reciting his own experiences. When a friend intimated that the people wanted a story, he said, "I gave them a story, the most thrilling one that can be conceived of." "But they wanted something different from a man from the antipodes." "Then I am glad to say that a man from the antipodes has nothing better to tell than the wondrous story of Jesus' dying love. My business is to preach the Gospel of Christ, and when I speak at all, I dare not trifle with my commission. When I looked upon those people to-day, and remembered where I should next meet them, how could I stand up and furnish food to vain curiosity—tickle their fancies with amusing stories, however decently strung upon a thread of religion? That is not what Christ meant by preaching the Gospel. And then, how could I hereafter meet the fearful charge, 'I gave you an opportunity to tell of Me—you spent it in describing your own adventures'?" The one theme that he presented over and over again was this, "Pleasing Jesus." To one audience he was introduced as Jesus Christ's man. The speaker said that he went out amid the sneers of the thoughtless and with the reluctant consent of his brethren. The mightiest empire the world ever saw forbade him to preach on her soil and peremptorily ordered him from her shores. That same government called him to her assistance. He had been thrust into a loathsome prison and loaded with chains. He suffered more for Christ than any other man in modern times. Judson lived to be known and honoured and loved by all good men everywhere.

All the time he was at home his heart was in Burma, and he was anxious to be back among his converts and at his life-work. His longing was expressed in the lines:

"Oh, Burma! shrouded in the pall
Of error's dreadful night!
For wings—for wings once more to bear
To thy dark shores the light;

"To rear upon thy templed hills,
And by thy sunny streams,
The standard of the cross where now
The proud pagoda gleams.

"One prayer, my God! Thy will be done —
One only good I crave:
To finish well my work,—and rest
Within a Burman grave."

Before leaving America he was married to Miss Emily Chubbuck, a young woman whose pen name was Fanny Forrester. On reaching British Burma he resumed work in Maulmain. He was not satisfied with preaching on the outskirts of that dark land. His plan was to enter Burma proper again with the Gospel. For this purpose he and his family removed to Rangoon. There they lived in "Bat Castle." They had to contend against innumerable bats, cockroaches, beetles, spiders, lizards, rats, ants, mosquitoes, and bedbugs. There were no funds for the enlargement of the work. It was necessary for him to return to Maulmain. Speaking of the churches at home he said, "I thought they loved me, and they would scarcely have known it if I had died. All through our troubles I was comforted with the thought that the brethren were praying for me, and they have never once thought of us." He prayed for forgiveness for all who had deserted him in his time of need.

At the age of sixty he had premonitions that his work was done. He said, "I am not tired of my work, neither am I tired of the world, yet when Christ calls me home, I shall go with the gladness of a boy bounding away from school." His movements were those of a man of thirty rather than sixty. He was eager to live and work. He longed for the time when his whole business would be to preach and pray. He took a severe cold which did not yield to treatment. A sea voyage was proposed. He died after the ship had been out a few days. He had spoken of a burial at sea. To his mind there was a sense

of freedom and expansion about it. It seemed far pleasanter than the narrow and dark grave to which he had committed so many he loved. There could be no more fitting monument than the blue waves which visit every coast; for his warm sympathies went forth to the ends of the earth, and included the whole family of men.

Judson was a man of strong faith in God. It was seven years after he left America before he saw one convert. But that did not distress him. He said, "If any ask what success I meet with among the natives, tell them to look at Otaheite, where the missionaries laboured nearly twenty years, and, not meeting with the slightest success, began to be neglected by all the Christian world, and the very name of Otaheite began to be a shame to the cause of missions; and now the blessing begins to come. Tell them to look at Bengal, also, where Dr. Thomas had been labouring for seventeen years before the first convert, Krishna, was baptized. When a few converts are made, things move on; but it requires a much longer time than I have been here to make a first impression on a heathen people. If they ask again, what prospect of ultimate success is there? Tell them, As much as there is in an Almighty and faithful God, who will perform His promise, and no more. If that does not satisfy them, beg them to let me stay and try it, and to let you come, and to give us *bread;* or, if they are unwilling to risk their bread on such a forlorn hope as has nothing but the Word of God to sustain it, beg of them, at least, not to prevent others from giving us bread; and if we live some twenty or thirty years, they may hear from us again." Rangoon was a most filthy and wretched place. "However, if a ship was lying in the harbour, ready to convey me to any part of the world I should choose, and that, too, with the entire approbation of all my Christian friends, I would prefer dying to embarking." It was in this confident strain that he spoke to missionary applicants. He told them that they must not look for the least comfort except what they could find in one another

and in the work. Again he said, "I have no doubt that God is preparing the way for the conversion of Burma to His Son. Nor have I any doubt that we who are here now are in some degree contributing to this glorious event. This thought fills me with joy. I know not that I shall live to see a single convert; but, notwithstanding, I feel that I would not leave my present situation to be made a king." In those dark days, when there were no signs of fruit, he wrote:

"In joy or sorrow, health or pain,
Our course be onward still;
We sow on Burma's barren plain,
We reap on Zion's hill."

His faith was abundantly justified. Towards the close of his life he bore this testimony. "I never was deeply interested in any object, I never prayed sincerely and earnestly for anything, but it came; at some time—no matter how distant a day—somehow, in some shape, probably the last I should have desired—it came."

Again, his life was absolutely devoted to the Lord. He cared nothing for money except as a means of doing good. He had no ambition to hoard it for himself or for his family. He was allowed $2,600 for his services to the British government. He received presents amounting to $1,000 more. He turned both sums over to the mission. All his private property, the slow accumulations of many years of thrift, was given to the society. The love of money was nailed to the cross. The same was true of his love of fame. He destroyed all his correspondence, including a letter of thanks from the governor-general of India, and other papers of a similar kind. He wished his friends to have no materials out of which they could construct eulogies. He wished to do his work, and then to forget all about it, and to have others do the same. He insisted that his sister should destroy all his letters with the exception of three

or four, which she might keep as memorials. He did not take time to translate the literature of Burma. He might have won renown by doing that. He determined to know nothing save Jesus Christ and Him crucified. As a missionary he was unwilling to disperse his mental forces over the wide surface of literary and philosophical pursuits. He insisted on moving along the narrow and divinely appointed groove of unfolding the Word of God and meting it out to suit the wants of perishing men. He had one work on hand, and to it he devoted all his time and all his energies. He refused to attend the state dinners of the governor-general and other court functions. This was not because he was a sullen fanatic, but because he had given himself wholly to the Lord.

Moreover he was noted for his humility. He said, "I am a worm, and no man. It is a wonder that I am allowed to live as a missionary among the heathen, and receive an undeserved support from the dear people of God." He spoke of himself as "the weakest, the most unqualified, the most unworthy, and the most unsuccessful of men." "Mercies and judgments seem to be thrown away on me, and I am afraid that I shall never make much advance in the divine life. I had such a view and sense of my depravity this morning as made me ready to give up all for lost—not, I mean, as it regards my interest in Christ—there I feel strong—but as regards my attainments in holiness, while remaining in this state of sin." "In myself I am absolute nothingness; and when through grace I get a glimpse of divine things, I tremble lest the next moment will sweep it all away." "I can do little more than beg my younger brethren and sisters not to live as I have done, until the Ethiopian becomes so black that his skin cannot be changed." He spoke of his "entire unworthiness." "I know I am a miserable sinner in the sight of God, with no hope but in the blessed Saviour's merits." Speaking of the answers to his prayers, he said, "And yet I have always had so little faith! May God forgive me, and, while He condescends to use me as

His instrument, wipe the sin of unbelief from my heart." His strong language reminds one of Paul, who spoke of himself as less than the least of all saints, and as chief of sinners.

Judson's life in the main was a joyous one. He had his trials. These were neither few nor small. He suffered from hunger, thirst, filth, disease. On one voyage he almost starved. Slow fever set in. He begged for a place on shore to die. Some English officers came to his rescue and ministered to his necessities. "The white face of an Englishman never looked to me so beautiful, so like my conception of what angel faces are, as when these strangers entered my cabin." They found him haggard, unshorn, dirty, and so weak that it was with difficulty he could support his own weight. He buried two wives and several children in different parts of the world. The apathy of the churches at home tried his soul. "It is most distressing to find, when we are almost worn out, and are sinking one after another into the grave, that many of our brethren in Christ at home are just as hard and immovable as rocks; just as cold and repulsive as the mountains of ice in the polar seas." He said his hand was nearly shaken off and his hair shorn off for mementoes by Christians who would have allowed missions to die. He prayed the Lord to forgive their indifference and inaction; to hold back the curse of Meroz. His sufferings in prison were without a parallel in modern history. He was disposed to look on the bright side of things. The sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us. "What a privilege to be allowed to serve Him in such interesting circumstances, and to suffer for Him! How great my obligation to spend and to be spent for Christ!" He was engaged in the noblest work on earth. "I regard the office of a missionary as a most glorious occupation, because the *faithful* missionary is engaged in a work which is like that of the Lord Jesus Christ." "Great is our privilege, precious our opportunity, to coöperate with the

Saviour in the blessed work of enlarging and establishing His kingdom throughout the world. Most precious the opportunity of becoming wise, in turning many to righteousness, and of shining at last as the brightness of the firmament forever and ever." Judson felt that every cup stirred by the hand of God becomes sweet to the believer. His conviction was that the will of God was always done, and His will is the wisest and the best. It is said of him that he lived in almost constant obedience to the apostolic injunction, "Rejoice evermore." Though he had many sorrows, he was hedged about with peculiar blessings. His joys far outnumbered his sorrows. To his wife he said, "Were there ever two persons in the world as happy as we are?" On his thirty-ninth birthday Byron wrote:

> "My days are in the yellow leaf,
> The fruits and flowers of love are gone;
> The worm, the canker, and the grief,
> Are mine alone."

On his death-bed Judson said, "No man ever left the world with more inviting prospects, with brighter hopes, or warmer feelings." He gave up all for the work, and he entered into the joy of his Lord. He received the hundredfold more that is promised.

Once some friends were repeating anecdotes of what different men in different ages regarded as the highest type of human happiness. He said, "Pooh, these men were not qualified to judge. I know of a much higher pleasure than that. What do you think of floating down the Irrawaddy, on a cool moonlight evening, with your wife by your side and your child in your arms, free—all free? But you cannot understand it either; it needs twenty-one months' experience in a Burman prison to understand that; but I never regret the twenty-one months when I recall that one delicious thrill. I

think I have a better appreciation of what heaven may be ever since."

Judson was peculiarly fortunate and happy in his home life. He was married three times. Each wife was a saint and heroine. Of the first Mrs. Judson Dr. Wayland said he did not remember ever to have met a more remarkable woman. She shared with her husband in all his toils and privations. Once he left home to be gone a few weeks. He was gone seven months. She did not hear a word from him, and did not know whether he was alive or not. Persecution broke out in his absence. The plague appeared. The other missionaries decided to leave for Calcutta. The last ship in the harbour was about to sail. She was importuned to go on board. She did so, but afterwards changed her mind and insisted on being put ashore. She said, "Mr. Judson may return, and he will be disappointed if he does not find me here." When her husband was arrested and thrust into prison her true nature manifested itself. She went to the jail almost every day and did what she could to alleviate the sufferings of the prisoners. She had a bamboo hut erected in which her husband could spend some hours every day. She sent food to the prison. She pleaded with the officials for the release of her husband. When the prisoners were removed by stealth to Oung-pen-la, she followed in an ox cart. She paid the jailers to treat her husband with as much consideration as possible. When his birthday came around she thought she would cook him something that would remind him of home. She concocted a mince pie of buffalo beef and plantains. He could be brave when his wife visited him in the prison, and bore taunts and insults for him: "and when she stood up, an enchantress, winning the hearts of high and low, making savage jailers, and scarcely less savage nobles, weep; or moved, protected by her dignity and sublimity of purpose, like a queen along the streets, his heart throbbed with admiration; and he was almost ready to thank God for the trials which had made

a character so intrinsically noble shine forth with such peculiar brightness. But in this simple, homelike act, this unpretending little effusion of a loving heart, there was something so touching, so unlike the part she had been acting, and yet so illustrative of what she really was, that he bowed his head upon his knees and the tears flowed down to the chains on his ankles. He thrust his carefully prepared dinner into the hand of his associate, and as fast as his fetters would permit, hurried to his own little shed." While her husband was in Ava serving as an interpreter for the British forces, this glorious woman breathed her last.

The second wife was Mrs. Boardman. She was pronounced the most finished and faultless specimen of American womanhood that had been seen in the East. She was a poet and translated many hymns into Burmese. She was an evangelist and travelled much with helpers and carried a knowledge of the Gospel far and near. She was a worthy successor of the first Mrs. Judson. She died on her way home. She is buried in St. Helena. That island is more dear to thousands of Christians because of her grave than because it was the scene of the exile of Napoleon. The third Mrs. Judson was Fanny Forrester. She was a writer of more than ordinary ability. She wrote after the birth of one of her children the lines:

"Ere last year's moon had left the sky,
A birdling sought my Indian nest,
And folded, oh, so lovingly!
Her tiny wings upon my breast.

"There's not in Ind a lovelier bird,
Broad earth owns not a happier nest;
O God, Thou hast a fountain stirred,
Whose waters never more shall rest.

"They pulse first caught its tiny stroke,
They blood its crimson hue from mine;
This life, which I have dared invoke,
Henceforth is parallel with mine.

"A silent awe is in my room;
I tremble with delicious fear;
The future with its light and gloom,
Time and eternity are here."

Judson lived to see much fruit. The success that rewarded his labours far exceeded his fondest hopes. He said, "I used to think, when first I contemplated a missionary life, that, if I should live to see the Bible translated and printed in some new language, and a church of a hundred members raised on heathen ground, I should anticipate death with the peaceful feelings of old Simeon." He translated the whole Bible and revised it most carefully. He prepared a grammar and many tracts. He spent several years on a dictionary, and had it almost ready for the printer when the end came. At the time of his death the native church had a membership of 7,000. There were sixty-three churches of Burmans and Karens. He had the oversight of 163 missionaries, native pastors and assistants. Men came from the borders of Siam, who said, "Sir, we hear there is an eternal hell. We are afraid of it. Do give us a writing that will tell us how to escape it." Others came from China, a journey of two or three months, saying, "Sir, we have seen a writing that tells of an eternal God. Are you the man that gives away such writings? If so, pray give us one, for we want to know the truth before we die." Others came from the interior of the country, asking, "Are you Jesus Christ's man? Give us a writing that tells us about Jesus Christ." His example stirred up Christians in other parts of the world. The Germans were led to work among the Jews. His influence has been felt in every part of Christendom. Being dead, he yet speaks. His record is on high.

III

WILLIAM CAREY

WILLIAM CAREY, the father of modern missions, was born in Paulerspury, England, in the year 1761. In that village his childhood was spent. His father was a schoolmaster. On this account he had some advantages that were not enjoyed by many of his playmates. He took naturally to books. Whatever he began he finished. No difficulties discouraged him. He was fond of drawing and painting as well as collecting birds and insects. He filled the house with specimens. On account of the poverty of his family he was apprenticed to a shoemaker at the age of fourteen. From that time he depended on his own efforts for support. His master dying after two years, he bought his time and started in business for himself. At the age of twenty he married. His parents belonged to the Established Church, but through the influence of a fellow worker he was led to attend a Dissenting Chapel. Under the stirring preaching there he was persuaded to give himself in love and trust to the Lord. He was baptized in the River Nen, October 5, 1783. Soon after his baptism he was invited to speak in public. For three years he ministered to the little church in Barton, walking six miles for that purpose Sunday morning and returning in the evening. Having no acquaintance with ministers, he said, "I was obliged to draw all from the Word of God." Because of the utter poverty of the people at Barton, he was obliged to move to Moulton. At that place his salary was never more than seventy-five dollars a year. He opened a school with a view to assist in earning a support for himself and family. In after years he used to say, "When I kept school, the boys kept

me." This resource proving inadequate, he resumed shoemaking, which he had discontinued for a time. With all his efforts his family were poorly fed and clothed. After two or three years spent in this way he was called to Leicester. Here his labours were greatly blessed in building up a church which had become corrupt and divided.

Carey was a born linguist. A friend loaned him a Latin grammar. In six weeks he mastered it and was able to read Latin easily. In an incredibly short time he acquired Dutch. He learned Greek and Hebrew without a teacher. Within seven years he read the Bible in six or seven tongues. He bought a French book. In three weeks he was able to read it with great satisfaction. His progress is all the more wonderful in view of the fact that it was only his spare hours that he devoted to his linguistic studies.

The reading of Cook's "Voyages" led Carey to think of the nations that are without hope because they are without God. As he worked at his bench he thought of these nations and resolved to do something for the betterment of their condition. He made a globe of leather to help him in teaching geography. As he would point out the different nations he would say to his pupils, "These are Christians; these are Mohammedans; and these are Pagans." As he uttered the word "Pagan" his lips quivered and his eyes filled with tears. That humble shoemaker's shop was the birthplace of modern missions. A man without a collegiate education was the agent the Lord selected to lead in this enterprise. Many years afterwards, in the English house of parliament, Wilberforce said that he did not know of a finer instance of the moral sublime than that a poor cobbler working in his stall should conceive the idea of converting the Hindus to Christ. "Why, Milton's planning his 'Paradise Lost' in his old age and blindness was nothing to it."

At a ministerial meeting he was attending, Carey proposed as a suitable topic of discussion this, "The duty of the Church

to attempt to send the Gospel to the heathen." The presiding officer heard the proposal with surprise and anger and said, "Young man, sit down; when it will please the Lord to convert the heathen, He will do it without your aid or mine." He sat down, but he could not refrain from pleading in public and in private on behalf of this cause which he had so much at heart. In time, others were convinced. The next year he preached the opening sermon to the conference. His sermon was based on Isaiah liv. 2–3. The main divisions were, "Expect great things from God;" "Attempt great things for God." A collection amounting to thirteen pounds, two shillings and six pence was taken up. One result of that sermon was the organization of a society for propagating the Gospel among the heathen. At that time Dr. Thomas, a young surgeon who had gone out under the East India Company, was in London seeking to secure funds to pay his way back and looking for a companion. He was appointed the first agent of the new society. Some one said, "There is a gold mine in India, but it seems as deep as the centre of the earth; who will go down and explore it for us?" Carey promptly replied, "I will go, but remember you must hold the ropes." He was appointed to go with Dr. Thomas to India.

At first, Mrs. Carey refused to go. The East India Company opposed his going and refused him a passage on any of their ships. When he reached India on a Danish ship they objected to his settling in any part of the country under their control. The society that sent him out was indifferent to his fate, and did not care very much what became of him. He was reduced to absolute destitution. In those years Carey was tried "as silver is tried." He took his family forty miles into the country thinking he could secure a piece of land and cultivate it. Very unexpectedly and very fortunately he was offered the superintendence of an indigo factory. This position afforded him a good living. At once he relieved the society of his support. He discharged his duties to his employer with

the utmost fidelity. His spare hours were devoted to gardening and to the study of the language. As he found time he went out into two hundred villages in his district and preached to the natives. "My manner of travelling is with two small boats; one serves me to lie down in, and the other for cooking my food. I carry all my furniture and food with me, namely: A chair, a table, a bed, and a lamp. I walk from village to village, but repair to my boat for lodging and eating." In one corner of the factory he had a printing-press. The natives thought this was his god, and when they saw him at work they thought he was performing his devotions.

The closing year of the century Marshman and Ward joined the mission. About that time Thomas and Carey deemed it wise to remove to Serampore, a Danish town, fifteen miles from Calcutta, and esteemed one of the healthiest places in India. For five years secular and religious work had been combined. Many of the people of India had been reached by the preaching and by the circulation of parts of the Bible and other religious works. But the way was now open for a long stride in advance, and for this a new centre was needed. As it was not possible to live and work in Calcutta, they made Serampore their home and the centre of their operations.

Seven years after the mission was opened, Carey baptized his first Hindu convert. His name was Krishna-Pal. The same day he baptized his own son, Felix. Krishna-Pal lived for twenty years to preach the Gospel with great ability and success. His baptism marked an epoch in the history of the work. Another event of capital importance was the publication of the Bible in Bengali. The news of this translation was received in England with great joy. One merchant collected a thousand pounds to show his sympathy. In Philadelphia five thousand dollars was raised and added to this sum. This was the beginning of the wonderful work done in Serampore. Before Carey's death 212,000 copies of the Scriptures in forty different languages were issued. The Word of God was thus

brought within the reach of 300,000,000 human beings. He and his associates did more to spread the knowledge of the Scriptures among the heathen than all the world besides.

The work he did as a translator of the Bible was only part of what he accomplished. He prepared grammars and lexicons in several languages. These were elaborate works. He was one of the foremost botanists and horticulturists of his age. He sought to serve his adopted country in these capacities. When the government founded a college in Fort William, Carey was selected as one of the teachers. He was the ablest living linguist and was chosen for that reason. He preached constantly. He was instant in season and out of season. Carey and Marshman and Ward earned and paid $250,000 to the treasury of the mission. They said, "Let us never think of our time, our gifts, our families, or even the clothes we wear as our own. Let us sanctify them all to God and His cause. Let us forever shut out the idea of laying up a dowry for ourselves and our children. Let us continually watch against the worldly spirit and cultivate a Christian indifference towards every indulgence. Rather, let us bear burdens as good soldiers of Jesus Christ; and endeavour in every state to be content."

He had his trials. His wife was insane for twelve years before her death. He lost a lovely boy five years of age. At first he was denounced by theologians, by traders, by politicians. He was said to be engaged in the maddest, most extravagant, the most unwarrantable project that ever entered the brain of a lunatic enthusiast. He was called a fool, a tinker, a schismatic. In India, he says, he was tolerated like a toad for a time, and then hunted like a beast. His great printing establishment was destroyed by fire. In an hour the labours of many years were consumed. The loss was estimated at seventy thousand rupees. Important manuscripts perished. It required twelve months of hard labour to replace what had been destroyed.

None of these things moved him. He was distressed, but not in despair. He did not bate a jot of heart or hope, but

still bore up and pressed right onward. He turned a deaf ear to ridicule and obloquy. Before his death, he won the confidence and esteem of all good men. He was a welcome guest and a trusted adviser in the vice-regal palace. The governor-general said that praise from such a man was greater honour than applause of courts and parliaments. Learned societies delighted to admit him to their fellowship. In honouring him they felt they were honouring themselves. His name was known by every scientist in Europe, and his labours received the unqualified approval of all who were qualified to decide upon their merits. In his last days the Metropolitan of India called and asked for his blessing. Duff called and asked for his counsel. When he died the flags were hung at half-mast. The burning of the printing-press was a gain rather than a loss. Sympathy was excited. Money was raised to replace what had been destroyed. The mission became more widely known. A mighty impetus was given to the work of Bible translation. His second marriage resulted in thirteen years of complete domestic happiness.

Carey was perfectly at home as a missionary, and rejoiced that God had honoured him by calling him to preach among the natives the unsearchable riches of Christ. He said, "If, like David, I am only an instrument of gathering materials, and another shall build the house, I trust my joy will be none the less." He rejoiced when his own sons turned to the Lord and engaged in the same work. When one of them gave himself for a short time to the service of the government he said, "Felix has dwindled into an ambassador."

It was said of William Carey that perhaps no man ever exerted a greater influence for good in a good cause. In a little more than forty years, Christendom was animated with the same spirit; thousands forsook all to follow his example; and the word of life had been translated into almost every tongue and carried into almost every corner of the earth. Robert Hall spoke of him as that extraordinary man who from the lowest

obscurity and poverty, without assistance, rose by dint of unrelenting industry to the highest honours in literature, became one of the first of Orientalists, the first of missionaries, and the instrument of diffusing more religion among his contemporaries than has fallen to the lot of any other individual since the Reformation; a man who united with the most profound and varied attainments the fervour of an evangelist, the piety of a saint, and the simplicity of a child. One biographer classed him with Chaucer, the father of English verse; with Wycliffe, the father of the Evangelical Reformation; with Hooker, the father of English prose; with Shakespeare, the father of English literature; with Bunyan, the father of English allegory; with Newton, the father of English science. He calls him the father of the Second Reformation, that of Foreign Missions.

Carey was as modest as he was great. While he was on his death-bed, Duff called. The young Scotchman had much to say of Dr. Carey's achievements. The dying man said, "Pray." After prayer Duff spoke his last words and turned to leave the room. The dying man called him back. He said to him, "You have been talking much about what Dr. Carey said and about what Dr. Carey did. Let me entreat you to say nothing more about Dr. Carey, but speak only about Dr. Carey's Saviour." The lesson went home and was never forgotten. He gave instructions that these lines be placed on his tomb:

> "A wretched, poor, and helpless worm,
> On Thy kind arms I fall."

This man who was sneered at as low-born and low-bred made all nations his beneficiaries. He did a work that will tell on ages and that will tell for God.

IV

CHRISTIAN FREDERICK SWARTZ

THIS illustrious man was born in Sonnenburg, in the Electorate of Brandenburg, October 8, 1726. His mother died in his infancy. In her last hours she told her husband and pastor that she had dedicated her child to the Lord, and bound them by a promise that they would encourage him to enter the ministry in case he showed any desire or aptitude in that direction. At the age of twenty he entered the University of Halle. There, under the influence of Schultz, a missionary from Madras, and Professor Franck, he declared his willingness to become a missionary, if he could obtain the consent of his father. After taking two or three days to consider the matter, his father not only gave his consent, but his blessing, and told him to forget his own people and his father's house, that he might win souls for Christ. As he was going to join the Danish mission on the east coast of India, he was ordained in Copenhagen. As that mission was aided by the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, he visited England on his way out. He was given a free passage on board the ship *Lynn*. He left England on the 12th of March, 1750, and reached India on the 17th of July. He settled at Tranquebar.

His first task was to learn Tamil, the language of the people among whom he was to labour. He threw his soul into his studies with so much energy that he was able to preach his first sermon within four months. He went about from place to place and talked much with the natives about the things pertaining to the kingdom of God. The next year he taught

a class of children. He soon became an expert in conversation. Because of his ability as a linguist and his aptitude in managing men he was given the oversight of all the schools and churches south of the Kavari River. Swartz was a born linguist. German was his mother tongue. He mastered English that he might preach to the British troops. He learned Greek and Hebrew for Biblical study. He understood Tamil thoroughly. He studied Portuguese that he might minister to the descendants of the early conquerors of that part of India. He learned Persian because it was the court language; and Hindustani because it was spoken by the Mohammedans; and Marathi at the request of the Raja of Tanjore. His knowledge of so many languages was a source of much power.

Swartz spent twelve years in Tranquebar. In those years he made many preaching tours into the country thereabout. At the request of the churches in Jaffna and Colombo he visited Ceylon. His services there were most acceptable and fruitful. He himself was cheered and pleased with his visit. During these years he was being prepared for a larger work. In May, 1762, he went on foot to Trichinopoly and Tanjore and began those labours that have immortalized his name. In Tanjore he was permitted to preach in the city and in the king's palace. He took occasion from questions the courtiers asked about worldly matters to speak to them about God and heaven. At Trichinopoly he was welcomed by the British officers and began his work among the soldiers of the garrison. The place contained at that time about 20,000 souls and had numerous mosques and pagodas. Here Swartz preached the Gospel to Mohammedans, Hindus, and the English residents and soldiers. He was most assiduous in his exertions among the people of the country. At the same time he won a wonderful influence over the English. His object was to reach the people of Tanjore as well as those of Trichinopoly. Tanjore was a beautiful little kingdom. It was called the garden of South

India on account of its fertility. It was, however, sadly mismanaged. The Raja was nominally despotic, but in reality a slave of the priests and his political advisers. There was not even the semblance of justice in the courts of law.

At his first conference with the Raja Swartz spoke freely against the folly of idolatry and proclaimed the truths of the Gospel. Soon after he returned to Trichinopoly, but the Raja sent after him, inviting him to return. He visited the place from time to time, until, in 1778, he made Tanjore his headquarters. The Raja said to him, "Padre, I have confidence in you, because you are indifferent to money." That was a prominent trait in his character. On his leaving his home he relinquished all claim upon his father's estate. He declined a bequest that was left him by an officer whom he had served. A valuable present was offered him by a native minister; he accepted a flower instead. Hyder Ali sent him some money. It would have been a breach of etiquette to return it; so he handed it over to his own government. He ministered to the sick and the dying during the siege of Madura; the money that was sent him on account of his services was given to support his schools and orphanage. When he was sent on political missions by the government he refused to receive anything beyond his travelling expenses. "Let the cause of Christ be my heir." That was one of his utterances.

He won the confidence of three most dissimilar parties—an oppressed people, a suspicious tyrant and the directors of the British Empire in the East. Hyder Ali said, "Do not send me any of your agents, for I do not trust their words or their treaties; but if you wish me to listen to your proposals send to me the missionary of whose character I have heard so much from every one; him will I trust and receive. Send me the *Christian*." Amidst the wars of the Carnatic the Nawab issued this order: "Permit the venerable Father Swartz to pass unhindered, and show him respect and kindness; for he is a holy man and means my government no harm." In the

time of famine the people would bring nothing into Tanjore because they had been plundered and deceived by the officers. The Raja said, "We all, you and I, have lost our credit; let us try if the inhabitants will trust Mr. Swartz." He was authorized to act as agent for the government. Within two days two thousand oxen were placed at his disposal, and eighty thousand measures of rice were brought in to the starving garrison. This was done on the simple promise of the missionary that they would be paid in due time. The British government had all faith in his integrity. The military and civil servants with whom he had to do became his friends. The Hindus would do anything for him. Every kind of favour was shown him. To crown all, the Raja made him the guardian of his son. On his death-bed he said to Swartz, "He is not my son but yours." Swartz did what he could for his protégé. The prince never became a Christian, but he never ceased to reverence his guardian. On the stone that marks the resting place of the great man the following lines were inscribed:

"Firm wast thou, humble and wise,
Honest, free from disguise;
Father of orphans, the widow's support,
Comfort in sorrow of every sort;
To the benighted dispenser of light,
Doing and pointing to that which is right.
Blessing to princes, to people, to me,
May I, my father, be worthy of thee,
Wisheth and prayeth thy Sarabojee."

His attention to political matters did not draw him away from his special work. He was a missionary to the last. Until his strength failed he was diligent in preaching, catechizing and attending to his flock. He was careful in training the catechists who gathered around him. He lived among the Christians like a father. He was loved and honoured by all, from the king to the humblest peasant. Nor was he less

feared because he was so loved. For he reproved without respect to situation and rank. He told all persons without distinction what they ought to do and what to avoid, to promote their temporal and eternal welfare. What other men could effect only by military force he effected by the marvellous influence which he had over all people. He was possessed with a devotion and a holy enthusiasm scarcely parallelled and never surpassed.

Bishop Heber said: "I used to suspect that, with many admirable qualities, there was too great a mixture of intrigue in his character; that he was too much of a political prophet; and that the veneration which the people paid him was purchased by some unwarrantable compromise with their prejudices. I find I was quite mistaken. He was really one of the most active and fearless, as he was one of the most successful missionaries who have appeared since the apostles. His converts were between six and seven thousand."

Swartz's influence was not dependent upon his wealth or upon his equipage or upon his position, but upon his own personality and upon the gospel which he preached and illustrated in his own life. One of his friends tells us how he lived. His dress was pretty well worn. It was foreign and old-fashioned. His income was two hundred and forty dollars a year. He had no other means of making a new establishment. He had a room in an old Hindu building; this was just large enough to hold his bed and himself, and in it few men could stand upright. A dish of rice and vegetables dressed after the manner of the natives was what he could always sit down to cheerfully. A piece of dimity dyed black and other materials of the same homely sort sufficed for an annual supply of clothing. Thus easily provided for as to temporalities, his only concern was to "do the work of an evangelist." He had a winning personality. He fascinated and charmed all with whom he came into contact. He could speak to Mohammedans and Hindus of Christ in such a way as to hold their respect and confi-

dence, while pointing out the errors and defects of their own faiths.

The East India Company erected a monument in his honour. The inscription states that his life was one continued effort to imitate the example of his blessed Master. He died in his seventy-second year. He spent nearly fifty years in India. He left it as his dying testimony that the work of a missionary "is the most honourable and blessed service in which any human being can be employed in this world."

V

ROBERT MORRISON

The Apostle of China

CHINA has been fitly called the Gibraltar of the non-Christian world. Several attempts have been made to make Christianity the religion of that nation. These attempts extended through a period of a thousand years. Partly on account of the conduct of the first missionaries, their work failed in great measure, and they were driven out. There were devout men who wished to enter China and to resume the work. Francis Xavier, as he lay dying of fever off the forbidden coasts of China, said, "Oh, rock, rock, when wilt thou open to my Lord?" It was no small thing for a young man to assault this grim fortress single-handed. That is what was done by the hero of this sketch.

Robert Morrison was born near Morpeth, England, January 5, 1782. His father was Scotch; his mother was English. Both were earnest and consistent Christians. When Robert was three years old the family moved from Morpeth to Newcastle-on-Tyne. Here his father became a manufacturer of lasts and boot-trees. At the proper age Robert was sent to school. For a time he was considered a dunce. He is ranked among the illustrious dunces of history. Afterwards he took delight in his studies and made rapid and satisfactory progress. At the same time he was carefully trained by his parents and pastor in Scriptural knowledge and in religious duty. He was encouraged to commit the Word of God to memory. On one occasion he recited the whole of the one hundred and nineteenth Psalm and other portions without a single error. At

the age of fourteen he left school and was bound as an apprentice to his father. He wrought at his tasks with great diligence.

For a short time he was led into evil courses by his companions. He became profane; once he was intoxicated. He saw whither he was going and stopped. When he was sixteen he separated himself from all evil and doubtful friends and gave himself wholly to the Lord. His conversion was a genuine work of grace. Ever after he made religion his first concern, and not a thing of fits and starts. He attended meetings for prayer; began a course of devotional reading, and even studied shorthand to facilitate his studies. He and another young man met almost daily for prayer and for religious conversation. He rented a little garden and often repaired to it for meditation and prayer. He had a Bible or some other book beside him as he worked. While labouring for twelve or fourteen hours a day he seldom failed to find time for one or two hours of reading and thinking. It was no uncommon thing for him to work at his books till one or two o'clock in the morning. The books at his command were the Bible, Romaine's Letters, Marshall on Sanctification, and Matthew Henry's Commentary.

At the age of nineteen he thought of entering the ministry. With that end in view he began to study Latin with the minister of Newcastle. He wrote, "I know not what may be the end; God only knows. It is my desire, if He please to spare me in the world, to serve in the Gospel of Christ as He shall give opportunity." When he entered Hoxton Academy, the theological seminary of the Independents, he had a fair knowledge of Latin, and the rudiments of Greek and Hebrew. He was not in the academy very long before he was led to consider his life-work. He wrote, "Jesus, I have given myself to Thy service. The question with me is, Where shall I serve? I learn from Thy word that it is Thy holy pleasure that the Gospel should be preached 'in all the world, for a witness to all nations.' And hence Thou hast given command-

ment to Thy servants unto 'the end of the world' to 'preach the Gospel to every creature,' promising them Thy presence. I consider 'the world' as 'the field' where Thy servants must labour. When I view the field, O Lord, my Master, I perceive that by far the greater part is entirely without labourers, or at best has but here and there one or two, whilst there are thousands crowded up in one corner. My desire is, O Lord, to engage where labourers are most wanted." His teachers spoke of the arduous nature of the work, and the special opportunities he had for great usefulness at home; they offered him the privilege of a training at one of the Scotch universities, and asked him to think and pray about the matter. He did so; but the more he thought and prayed the more he felt he should spend his life on the mission field. His family had opposed his entering the ministry; they were still more opposed to his becoming a missionary. He said, "If my father or other friends can give such reasons why I should not take this step as will satisfy my mind on a dying bed," he would desist. He thought of going to Timbuctoo in Africa. The London Missionary Society, to which he tendered his services, decided on China. His prayer was that "God would station him in that part of the field where the difficulties are the greatest, and to all human appearance the most insurmountable." His prayer was abundantly answered. After his acceptance by the Missionary Society, he went to London to farther equip himself for the service. He studied medicine and astronomy and Chinese. He found in the British Museum a manuscript containing a translation of the Bible into Mandarin. He discovered also a young Chinese scholar, and induced him to share his lodgings. In this way he made considerable progress in speaking and writing that difficult language.

On the eighth of January, 1807, young Morrison was ordained. Soon after he left England for China. At that time the East India Company did not allow missionaries to take passage on any of their ships. It was necessary for Morrison to

come to New York, and to take passage from New York to Canton. Nothing could have been more fortunate than his visit to America, as the sequel will show. In America he found friends who used their interest to the utmost in Washington on his behalf. James Madison, then Secretary of State, gave him a letter of introduction to the Consul in Canton, requesting him to do what he could to further the designs of the missionary. The ship-owner was amused at the thought of any man going to China on such an errand, and said, "And so, Mr. Morrison, you really expect you will make an impression on the idolatry of the great Chinese Empire?" The answer was, "No, sir, but I expect God will." Four days before his arrival, Morrison wrote in his journal: "Abraham! I would imitate thee in thy dependence on the promise when thou wentest forth not knowing whither the hand of God might lead thee. My present circumstances are not very dissimilar to Abraham's. But alas! I am full of anxious thought relative to my reception in Canton. Oh! that I could leave all wants in His hands who has 'determined the times before appointed and the bounds of our habitation.' O Jehovah! Unlike the household or national gods of the heathen, Thou art the God of the whole earth. The boundless universe—immensity itself is filled with Thy presence. Thou art my God! Undue solicitude, begone!" On the eighth of September, 1807, Morrison reached Macao. This is a memorable date in missionary annals.

The directors of the London Missionary Society were not in the dark as to the attitude of China to the missionary propaganda. Their hope was that he might be able to master the ordinary speech of the people, and so be able to compile a dictionary, and perhaps make a translation of the Scriptures for the benefit of all future missionaries. To accomplish this it was necessary first of all to get a footing on Chinese soil, and not hopelessly antagonize and offend the Chinese authorities. On going ashore Morrison presented his letters of introduction

to some leading Englishmen and Americans. They received him kindly, but spoke frankly to him of the obstacles in the way of the accomplishment of his mission. Except for purposes of trade, intercourse with English people was absolutely forbidden. The door to the Chinese mind and heart appeared to be closed and barred and bolted. The Chinese were forbidden to teach the language to any one under penalty of death. The Catholic missionaries at Macao, who were protected by the Portuguese, were ready to stir up the people against a Protestant missionary.

On removing to Canton, the American Consul gave him a cordial welcome and a room in his house. Morrison remained under the protection of the Consul as an American citizen. As an Englishman he did not dare to be known. One of the leading officials of the Company obtained a teacher for him, and he devoted himself to the study of the language. It was at this time that he said, "It is a hazardous but not a doubtful enterprize on which we enter, doubtful, I mean, whether we be right or wrong. We shall not have to reproach ourselves for having published the truth of the Gospel amongst ignorant, deluded, guilty men. The missionary of Jesus will have cause to reproach himself that he did not serve his Lord more fully, but not that he was a missionary."

His position was a trying one. On leaving the consulate, he lived in a basement that had been used as a wareroom. He studied, ate, and slept in it. For a time he adopted the dress, food and habits of the Chinese. He wore a queue, ate with chop-sticks, and allowed his nails to grow long. He found it difficult to get books. Those he did get cost him two or three times as much as they were worth. His servants cheated him in all his purchases. His expenses were very great. Moreover, he was in danger of being driven out of the country at any time. In that time of uncertainty and isolation, he wrote, "In my father's house and by my father's example, I was taught at morning, noon and night, to cast my care on God.

This has been, and still is, the way in which I seek peace to my troubled mind and comfort when disconsolate. I do not boast myself of to-morrow, or make myself unhappy about it. In the morning I seek the blessing of my God and His protection until noon; at noon I seek it until night; and when I seek for the body repose at night, into the Lord's hands I commend my spirit. If at any time I take a different course, I slight my own mercy and rob myself of that peace and joy which is to be experienced in believing prayer to God."

Meanwhile, his character and pursuits attracted the attention and secured the friendship of the leading foreigners in Canton. They aided his literary studies and his missionary aims. His application to his studies and his anxieties, together with the lack of sufficient air and exercise, so told upon his strength that he was unable to walk across the room. He denied himself nourishing food that he might reduce expenses. But encouraged by the friendship of the foreign residents, he kept right on with his work.

On account of the excitement in Canton caused by the approach of the French fleet, all English residents hurried off to Macao. Morrison went with them. He resolved to remove to Penang and there continue the study of the language till he could reënter China. While in Macao he made the acquaintance of an English family by the name of Morton, and soon after married the daughter. The day of his marriage he was offered a position as translator of Chinese for the East India Company at a salary of $2,500 a year. This position gave him the right to live in Canton or Macao. All thought of going to Penang was dismissed. His connection with the Company was of the greatest value to him. He was protected from the natives and from the Romanists. He had ample leisure to prosecute his literary studies. His salary enabled him to relieve the Society of his support. The Company rendered him invaluable assistance in the publication of his works. The directors considered it a visionary enterprise to convert the Chinese, and feared that

his efforts might be opposed to the commercial interests of the Company. But Morrison was prudent and unostentatious; his services were indispensable; and he won the esteem and confidence and admiration of all. He continued in that position for twenty-five years. God's hand was in the appointment. Humanly speaking, Morrison never could have done the great work he did without the protection and assistance of this rich and strong company.

As has been already intimated, public preaching was not permitted. On this account Morrison undertook to prepare works that would be helpful to his successors. From the time he began the study of Chinese, he looked forward to the preparation of a grammar, a dictionary, and a translation of the Bible. While working on the grammar and dictionary he translated and published The Acts. A little later he published the Gospel of Luke. He prepared a tract on the divine doctrine covering the redemption of the world. His publications did not escape the attention of the Chinese officials. They were reported at Peking. An imperial edict prohibited the teaching of Christianity to the Chinese. It was made a capital crime to publish works on the Christian religion in the language of the people. Morrison was cautious, but industrious and persistent. In 1812 the grammar was completed and sent to India to be printed. About this time the Company doubled his salary, made allowances for teachers, gave him a place at the public table, and other privileges. Having completed the grammar, Morrison gave himself with renewed enthusiasm to the Anglo-Chinese Dictionary. That was a colossal undertaking. It involved an acquaintance with Chinese literature such as no European had ever possessed. If he did not call his task herculean it was because, as Gladstone said of his work, "Hercules never undertook such a task." The dictionary was published in 1823. It was the work of sixteen years. In its preparation he consulted 10,000 Chinese volumes. It cost $60,000 to publish it. It made six volumes each as large

as a family Bible. There were 4,595 pages. The author became famous immediately. The company that refused him passage in any of their ships appropriated that large sum to publish this work.

The translation of the New Testament was finished in 1813. Several editions were called for. The British and Foreign Bible Society contributed $5,000 to assist in its publication. A merchant in his will gave $5,000 more. That was used in distributing this and other religious works. Having published the New Testament, he prepared a pamphlet in which he traced the history of the Old Testament. He gave special attention to the part relating to the creation, the deluge, the giving of the law, and the principal events in connection with the kingdom of Israel. He prepared also a selection of hymns to be used in public and private worship. He translated and published the morning and evening prayers from the Book of Common Prayer; also a series of translations from the Chinese classics, and a Chinese Primer. All the while he was working on the Old Testament.

Six years after Morrison began work, he was joined by Robert Milne and wife. Milne was worthy to be associated with the Apostle of China. He was a man of great ability and of kindred spirit. When he applied for an appointment the directors of the Society did not regard him as fully qualified. He was asked if he could go as a servant. He said, "Yes, sir, I am willing to go in any capacity; to be a hewer of wood and a drawer of water is too great an honour while the Lord's house is building." It was Milne who said that "to acquire Chinese is a work for men with bodies of brass, lungs of steel, heads of oak, hands of spring-steel, eyes of eagles, hearts of apostles, memories of angels, and lives of Methuselah." On reaching Macao, he was ordered to leave within eight days. He went to Canton and spent some time there studying the language.

When Milne was ready for service, it was decided that he

should visit the islands and countries within reach of Canton and distribute literature and prepare the way for permanent occupation of these fields as new workers were sent out. It was known that Chinese had emigrated to Java, to Siam, and to the Malay Peninsula. These would be more accessible than their brethren at home. Morrison and Milne decided to call their mission the Ultra-Ganges Institution. They wanted to find a quiet place where they could open a school to train evangelists and where they could set up a press and print such works as were needed by the mission. In course of time such a place was found in Malacca. There the Anglo-Chinese College was founded. There a great work was done. A monthly magazine in Chinese was published. Another school was opened at Singapore, but, owing to mismanagement, it failed. Places of worship were created as rapidly as possible.

Morrison and Milne were of one heart and one soul. Together they translated the Old Testament. By far the greater part was done by the senior missionary. Morrison did not claim that his work was perfect. He was willing that his translation should be to future translators what Wycliffe's and Tyndale's were to those who came after them. The Accepted Version was made by fifty-four men working under the auspices of a king. They had every facility they could desire. In China two men translated the Scriptures into one of the most difficult languages in the world. They had all sorts of difficulties and almost no assistance. Their hope was that the idols of China would fall before it, as Dagon fell before the ark of God.

While he was translating and publishing books, Morrison did not fail to do what he could to win the Chinese to Christ. As soon as he became a Christian he sought to turn his kindred and friends to the Lord. On reaching China he attempted to hold religious services in his own rooms. He invited a few English and Americans to attend. He was disappointed at the result. He found that residence in a heathen land fostered in-

difference to divine worship. He gathered his teachers and servants in an inner apartment and tried to make known to them the way of life and salvation. The doors were locked while the service lasted. Sometimes the persons listened to his discourses. But for a long time there were no signs of promise to encourage or reward his faith. The Chinese were joined to their idols and clung to them with dogged pertinacity. They regarded Confucius as infinitely superior to Christ, and their religions and customs superior to the religion and customs of the foreign barbarians. It was seven years before he had one convert. At his death there were only three. The visible results were few. To many they appear disappointing. Nevertheless, Morrison laid the foundations for all the success that has followed. He opened the door and made it possible for others to enter and remain.

He sought to assist the people in various ways. Thus he gathered three wild and unruly Chinese lads and tried to teach them. The lads enjoyed the proceedings more than the teacher. They were absolutely ungovernable, and ended by slitting his coat and tearing it from his back, and handling him so roughly that he was obliged to call for assistance. He did what he could for the poor and sick. He concerned himself about the blind, the lame, the leprous. He opened a dispensary and supplied the poor with advice and medicines, superintending it himself one or two hours daily. He purchased a Chinese medical library, with a complete assortment of Chinese medicines, and engaged a respectable Chinese physician to explain the properties of the different herbs he collected and sold. In a few months thousands of cases had been treated with gratifying success.

An interesting episode in Morrison's life was his visit to Peking. Some complications arising between the English and the Chinese, an embassy, headed by Lord Amherst, was sent to Peking to adjust matters. Morrison went with the embassy as secretary and interpreter. The expedition was a total fail-

ure. But Morrison saw much of the country and learned much about the people. In his journey from Canton to Peking he met no missionary or Protestant Christian.

Although he was prudent and careful not to antagonize the Chinese, he had many things to try his patience and to grieve his heart. Once his type-cutters were arrested. To prevent conviction they destroyed the type. The work had to be done over again and at great expense. Another time one workman took offense and to get revenge brought a sheet of the dictionary to a district magistrate. Policemen were sent to seize the printing materials and the Chinese who were helping. The English officials interfered and prevented the seizure. To quiet the authorities, Portuguese workmen were employed to cut the blocks for printing the dictionary. The Catholics at Macao were as virulent as the Chinese. The bishop issued an anathema against any who had intercourse with Morrison or received his books, or supplied him with Chinese books. When the Gospel of Luke was published the bishop ordered it burned as a heretical book. Morrison's child died. It was with difficulty that he could find a place to bury its body. Mrs. Morrison lost her health soon after marriage and became an invalid for life. It seemed necessary for her and the children to go to England. Almost as soon as she returned she died.

After an absence of sixteen years Morrison returned to England on furlough and remained two years. By this time he was a famous man. He was known and honoured by the leading scholars of the world. The directors of the Company treated him handsomely. He was admitted to an audience with the king, and presented him with a copy of the Chinese Bible. He visited Scotland, Ireland, and France. He was called upon for innumerable sermons and addresses. While at home he founded an institution in which young men might study the languages of nations before going out. This institution did not long survive his departure for China. He married a second time and resumed his labours in Canton and Macao.

On his return the gentlemen in the factory gave him a cordial welcome and subscribed $2,500 for the college in Malacca. He laboured with all the marvellous patience and assiduity of which he was capable. He began to prepare a commentary in Chinese on the whole Bible. He conducted public and private worship with as much frequency as he could induce either Europeans or Americans to attend. He executed commissions for missionaries at Penang, Singapore and Malacca. He bought printing materials and books; employed teachers and workmen, and kept all busy. In his spare hours he wrote a tract on Christian Devotedness, in which he strongly urged that all property and riches should be considered as belonging to God, and should be used in reference to Him. He wrote a work entitled the "Domestic Instructor," and prepared a series of Scripture lessons. In the midst of his work some one asked him if he was never tired. He said, "Yes, tired *in* the work, but not tired *of* it."

A writer in the *Quarterly Review* attacked his translation of the Bible and taunted him with being self-instructed. To this the great missionary replied, "What good scholar ever existed who was not in a great degree 'self-taught'? . . . But putting this aside, who was to instruct the modern missionaries in Sanscrit, or Chinese, or Otaheitean, but the individuals themselves? There had been 'regularly educated' civilians and commanders, and chaplains, too, in India, and commercial agents in China, long before the English missionaries were born; but had they learned or had they provided means to teach those languages? England had drunk Chinese tea, and raised millions of revenue from it, for a century; but England had not furnished one page, or established a single school to teach Chinese, till a 'self-instructed' English missionary did it." While here and there some criticized his work, and condemned the man, there were many who honoured and admired him. They testified in generous terms as to their appreciation.

After his return some of the officials of the Company were disposed to treat him with rudeness. A threat to resign brought them to terms. The relations of the Company to the English government having undergone a change, Morrison was for a time out of secular employment. On the arrival of Lord Napier to take charge of the factory, he offered Dr. Morrison a salary of $6,500 a year. He was to wear a uniform and the king's buttons. He accepted the offer, but he did not live long to enjoy it. He died on the first of August, 1834. His last sermon was on the words, "In my Father's house are many mansions." Shortly before the end came, he said, "There is now in Canton a state of Society, in respect of Chinese, totally different from what I found in 1807. Chinese scholars, missionary students, English presses and Chinese Scriptures, with public worship of God, have all grown up since that period. I have served my generation, and must—the Lord knows when—fall asleep." He lived to see missions established in many other parts of the Far East.

There was not the dramatic movement in his life that there was in the life of John Williams or David Livingstone. There was not the pathetic element there was in the life of Adoniram Judson. His situation was entirely different. It was said of him that he was precisely fitted to the position he was called to fill. "He had an inexhaustible genius for patient, persevering, plodding industry; and, as an internal fire, there ever glowed within him the steady flame of love for Christ and zeal for His glory, which lighted with lambent glow all the qualities of heart and mind which made up a noble personality." Dr. S. Wells Williams summarizes the results of his life: "The dawn of China's regeneration was breaking as his eyes closed on the scene of his labours, and these labours contributed to advance the new era, and his example to inspirit his successors to more and greater triumphs. His name, like the names of Carey, Marshman, Judson, and Martyn, belongs to the heroic age of missions. Each of them was fitted for a peculiar field. Mor-

rison was able to work alone, uncheered by congenial companions and sustained by his energy and sense of duty, presenting to foreigners and natives alike an instance of a man diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord. His life was mostly passed in the midst of those who had no sympathy with his pursuits, but his zeal never abated, nor did he compromise his principles to advance his course. His translations and his dictionary have been indeed superseded by better ones, built upon his foundations and guided by his experience, but his was the work of a wise master-builder, and future generations in the Church of God in China will ever find reason to bless Him for the labours and example of Robert Morrison."

VI

ROBERT MOFFAT

ROBERT MOFFAT was born in Omiston, Scotland, December 21, 1795. He had sturdy, honest and pious ancestors. Soon after his birth the family moved to Carronshore. This was his home until he undertook to support himself. The school that he attended was a poor affair. His only text-book was the Shorter Catechism, with the alphabet printed on the title page. As he had no special love for study, he was helped by the master's rod. Not liking his school he ran away to sea. Several narrow escapes from severe injuries, if not from death, disgusted him with a sailor's life. Being on land once more he went to school again. He applied himself diligently to his lessons. He studied writing, bookkeeping, astronomy, geology, and higher mathematics. That period of his school life lasted only six months.

His mother was an intelligent woman. She managed to keep herself informed as to what was going on in the world. She took a deep interest in the missionary movements, then in their infancy. On the long winter evenings Robert learned that there were people in the world without hope because they were without God. He learned also of the efforts that were being made to give them a knowledge of the Gospel which is able to elevate them socially and spiritually.

At the age of fourteen he was apprenticed to a gardener who worked the boys early and late and fed them sparingly. Robert began to realize the value of an education. He managed his work so that he could attend an evening class. In that class he began the study of Latin and gained some knowledge of applied geometry. About the same time he learned

also the use of blacksmithing tools. Moreover he learned to play the violin. Years after, this furnished him rest and pleasure in the lonely wilds of Africa. After two years he went to Cheshire, England, where he was employed again as a gardener. His surroundings were better in every way. He had more time of his own. His employer took an interest in those who worked for him. Seeing the studies to which he was inclined, his employer urged him to prosecute them with all earnestness.

Moffat became a Christian at the age of twenty. His zeal was unbounded. He was anxious to bring many to Christ. He expected all to listen to his testimony and to act at once. He was disappointed when they did not. A desire to serve God in some marked way took possession of him. But when or how? He heard of a missionary convention at Manchester and decided to attend. As he stood entranced before the placard announcing the meeting and the speakers he saw his way of serving God. From that moment he felt called to be a missionary. He applied to the London Missionary Society and was refused. He went to Manchester to equip himself for the service. Later he was accepted for South Africa.

On arriving at Cape Town he was forbidden to go into the interior. He undertook at once to acquire the Dutch language. He wanted to be able to converse with the Boers in their own tongue. He made a trip of seven hundred miles with a resident evangelist and learned much of the Namaqualand. His first work was done at Africaner's kraal. Africaner was an outlaw. At first he desired no intercourse with white men. He threatened to make a drum-head of the missionary's skin and a drinking-cup of his skull. Later he was instructed and baptized. Moffat won his entire confidence. The great chief bade his wives build a house for the stranger. They did this in half an hour. A day-school was opened and well attended. Religious services were held for the people. Africaner was a great help to the mission. He urged the people to wash themselves and their dirty wrappings and dress themselves decently.

He watched over the missionary and saw that he had all the comforts the place afforded. He gave him two cows that he might not lack for milk. Moffat spent a year at that station. In that time he did not see one of his own race or hear a word of English only as he spoke it himself.

Moffat decided to remove to Bechuanaland. Africaner agreed to go with him and take all his people. Before his removal Moffat made a visit to Cape Town and took Africaner with him. Africaner was so different from the reports about him that he was pardoned and kindly entertained. Moffat held him up as an example of what the Gospel was able to do to change human nature. Africaner's conversion was spoken of as the eighth wonder of the world.

Griqua Town was the next place chosen. The people were ignorant, superstitious and given to every form of vice. They stole everything on which they could lay their hands. Cattle, household goods and food out of the pots were carried off with the most impudent coolness. Even those who belonged to the church were not careful to keep their garments spotless. As white people kept pressing in the natives at this station were soon scattered. On this account it was deemed wise to go to Kuruman. The people here were very much like those at Griqua Town. The only difference was that they turned a deaf ear to the Gospel. They welcomed the missionaries because they expected material advantages. They were cheap teachers. They would show them how to build their houses and how to cultivate the soil. The natives ridiculed the spiritual truths the missionaries inculcated. They looked upon them as escaped criminals who sought protection among them. They could not believe that they had come among them to do them good.

The people wore little or no clothing. The only covering they wished was a coat of paint and grease. Shells, stones, and bits of grass were worn as ornaments. The women were beasts of burden. They cared for the crops and built the houses. Old people were usually left to die of starvation.

Little children were buried with their mothers if their fathers were dead. The people annoyed Moffat by carrying off the greater part of his crop when it was ripe. They stole his sheep from the fold at night or drove them away while grazing in the daytime. They turned aside the water which he had brought from the river to irrigate his fields. No tool could be left lying about. Kitchen utensils were taken to the church to prevent their being stolen. Pots and pans were placed in the pulpit during the service.

Once when meat was left in a pot at home it was taken out and a stone placed in its stead. Darkness covered the land and gross darkness the people. The natives were utterly brutish. They had no words to express spiritual truths. Moffat had no teacher to instruct him in the language. The people took delight in leading him astray so they might laugh at his blunders. They felt insulted when he refused to take the favourite daughter of a chief as another wife. Moffat used to say that a missionary needed a strong stomach as well as a warm heart to endure the abominations that he met every day. His work was opposed by the rain-makers and sorcerers. If the rain failed and the country burned up the blame was laid at the door of the missionary. It was because he was teaching strange doctrines among them such as their fathers never knew. In a time of severe drought a council was held. It was decided that Moffat and his associates must leave. The missionaries were made to understand that if they refused forcible means would be taken to eject them. Moffat told them that he felt reluctant to leave and that he was more than ever resolved to abide at his post. He told them that they might shed his blood if they wished, but that he would not go. Baring his breast he told them that they might thrust in their spears. The chief man shook his head and said to his companions, "These men must have ten lives when they are so fearless of death." For years he contended with difficulties and discouragements of every kind. In that period he said, "I scarcely expect to

see the thick gloom dispelled by the Sun of Righteousness, but I feel confident it will come, because all the promises of God are yea and amen in Jesus Christ."

Moffat was in perils from savages and from civilized. One tribe armed themselves and started to destroy him and his work. They were lawless people, bent on plunder and murder. He organized a force to protect the station. The invaders were armed with poisoned arrows; the defenders of the station with guns. After much slaughter the Bechuanas won the day. Their assailants retreated and troubled them no more. After that, the missionaries seemed different to the natives. They were noble, unselfish men, who instead of forsaking them and fleeing for their own safety, as they might have done, remained with them and saved them and theirs. They were not ready to give themselves to the Lord, but they gave the missionaries their respect and confidence. The Boers gave them much trouble by their gradual encroachment upon the natives. They took possession of the mission stations with the same coolness they manifested in dealing with savage tribes. Livingstone's station was entirely destroyed. Another missionary was driven from his station and forbidden to enter the place again. The natives were embittered against all white people. The work was thus seriously hindered.

But Moffat kept right on with his work in spite of perils and hardships and discouragements. He preached Christ in season and out of season. He lost no opportunity of pressing the claims of the Gospel home to the hearts and consciences of all with whom he had to do. He opened schools and invited in young and old to be taught. He translated the Bible, "Pilgrim's Progress," a hymn-book and other helpful works. He had a press and learned to print. He taught the people a great many things they needed to know. He was carpenter, blacksmith, cooper, tailor, shoemaker, miller, baker. He taught the people to irrigate their land. He helped them to build and furnish their homes and to stock their farms. He

sought to introduce among them the arts and sciences and all the comforts and conveniences of a Christian civilization.

Moffat made it his business to plant new stations wherever he could. He entered every open door. Early in the history of the work at Kuruman, Mosilikatse, a warlike and barbarous king, living seven miles east, sent two of his chief men to see the station and to inquire into its ways. Moffat took pains to show and to explain everything. He showed them the houses, gardens, water-ditches, forge, tools, church, school, books, maps, blackboards. The visitors were astonished at the behaviour and wisdom of the missionaries and the Christian natives. They seemed to be men, while the visitors in their ignorance and nakedness and savagery seemed to themselves to be children. It was reported that these messengers were to be killed on their way home. Moffat and a company of natives went with them beyond the place of danger. The visitors insisted that Moffat must go on with them to the king and receive his thanks in person. He did so and was always thankful for it. He charmed the king at once and formed a friendship with him that was lifelong. This protected the Kuruman station from trouble from that source. Moffat saw the country and came into contact with the people. He saw houses built in the trees and on the tops of poles. The object of this was to protect the inmates against lions. The king was spoken of by his own people as the Elephant, the Lion's Paw, and the King of Heaven. Moffat preached to him and showed him the sin of taking human life. Years after he visited him again and sought to prepare for a station among his people. Mosilikatse was willing for Moffat to remain and preach, but he did not feel disposed to welcome any one else. When the king and the missionary were both old men Moffat made him a third visit in the interest of the work. On this visit the king consented to the opening of a station. Moffat remained and helped to establish the work. Though he was then an old man he used the ax and hammer and forge.

On a visit to the Cape, Moffat took a young native prince and his father's chief man. To both this visit was a revelation. It opened their eyes to the nature of the white man's civilization. It convinced them that the missionaries were not friendless outlaws hiding from justice, for they were everywhere kindly received and highly honoured by the government officials. A ship in the harbour was a wonder to the prince. It was with difficulty that he could be persuaded to go on board. "Was it alive?" "Did it eat?" "Did it sleep?" To the missionaries the prince and his friend put the old question, "Why did you leave all this to come and live with us?" The answer was replied, "Because we are interested in you and your salvation." They began to think there was some truth in what they said. This visit made these two natives great men in the estimation of their countrymen, and the missionaries much greater men than they had been considered before.

Moffat sought to benefit the white settlers and the natives. On one occasion he was asked to conduct family worship in a home where he was a guest. "But where are the servants?" "Servants," said the host, "what do you mean?" "I mean the Hottentots, of whom I saw a great many on your farm." "Hottentots! Do you mean that then? Let me go and call the baboons if you want an audience of that sort. Or, stop, I have it. My sons, go and call the dogs that lie in front of the door; they will do." Moffat said no more. He read and expounded the words, "Truth, Lord, yet the dogs eat the crumbs that fall from the children's table." He had only spoken a few words when his host arose and said, "Will you sit down and wait a little? You shall have the Hottentots." When the family retired for the night, the host said, "You took a hard hammer, but you broke a hard head with it."

For nine years the missionaries toiled and suffered but saw no spiritual fruit. They were constrained to say, "Lord, who has believed our report? And to whom has the arm of the

Lord been revealed?" In those dark years Mrs. Moffat was asked by friends at home if she needed anything. She said, "Send us a communion service; we shall need it some day." It was two years before the communion service arrived. By that time the ingathering had begun. The people believed the message. Their songs and dances ceased. Instead, the songs of Zion were heard and the outpourings of the soul in impassioned prayer. Men and women with broken and contrite hearts confessed and forsook their sins. They acknowledged Christ to be their only Saviour. Dirt and idleness and indecency gave place to cleanliness and industry and propriety. Women came to Mrs. Moffat to be taught to be good wives, mothers and housekeepers. Comfortable homes were built and the grounds were cultivated. Prayer-meetings were held which often lasted until dawn. The converts urged their friends to accept Christ. There were other practical results. A new and larger house of worship was erected. A brick school went up. Women were given their rightful place in society. Chairs, tables, beds and candles came into use. The sick and dying were tenderly cared for; the dead were buried. The missionaries were astonished at the gracious and plentiful answers to prayer. The natives used to say to him, "You tell us about King Jesus; you talk to us about Jehovah; let us see the first Bechuana that will bow the knee to your King Jesus." The time came when he could say, "We can point, not to one, but to hundreds who have yielded obedience to the Lord Jesus; who are adoring the Gospel they believe; who are living epistles known and read of all the heathen around, who admire, wonder and note the change. The robber has become honest, the unclean chaste, the murderer feeling, the individuals who were once a terror to all around them are shedding tears of contrition over the sins they committed." At first the natives laughed at him when they saw him making candles. They thought he could make better use of his fat meat by eating it. One of the first signs of hope that gladdened

his heart was that they began to make tallow dips and light up their homes after sunset. It was an indication that they had caught a glimpse of that Light that lighteth every man coming into the world.

The missionaries rejoiced with a joy that was unspeakable and full of glory. Mrs. Moffat said, "You can hardly conceive how I feel when I sit in the house of God surrounded by Christian natives. Though my situation may be despicable and mean in the eyes of the world, I feel that an honour has been conferred upon me which all the kings of the earth could not have done me. I am happy, remarkably happy, though the present place of my habitation is a single room, with a mud wall and a mud floor."

Each evening as the sun went down, all work was laid aside, and all who wished to do so went to an eminence near, to survey the scene and to give thanks for the change that had been wrought. Moffat could lift up his eyes in the quiet and broad valley, once a reedy morass, and see the church, the school buildings, the mission homes, the native village, and contrast the present prosperity of the people and the country with the time when the valley was a gloomy and dreaded haunt of the wild Bushmen and their poisoned arrows, and when the whole land was full of war and rapine.

In the year 1838 Moffat and his family returned to England. He had been on the field twenty-three years. The return was made necessary, partly by the demands of health and partly that he might supervise the printing of the New Testament. His reception was most enthusiastic. While working for the Bechuanas it never occurred to him that he would obtain the applause of men. His one care was for those among whom he had cast his lot. But the fame of his great work preceded him. He was in constant demand for speeches. He was particularly effective in his talks to children. It was five years before he went back to his work on the field. While at home, he wrote the monumental work, "Scenes and Labours in South

Africa." It was said of him that by his addresses and writings, he convinced the church that there was no tribe too degraded for the Gospel to elevate, and no heart too polluted for Christ to purify. The African Church was most anxious to see him. They were overjoyed when they learned he was on his way back to them. Some of them went out an hundred and fifty miles to greet him and escort him home.

After fifty-four years of service he felt constrained to give up the work into younger hands and to return to the land of his birth. Next to the loss of his wife, who had been his "guide, philosopher and friend" for so many years, the parting with the people he loved so well was the greatest sorrow he ever endured. He wished that he had a thousand lives and a thousand bodies. If he had, he declared they should all be devoted to no other employment than that of preaching the Gospel to all who had never heard the joyful sound. He regretted that he could not be put into that fabled machine and be ground out a young man again, that he might sally out once more among some people who had no knowledge of God or of His Son Jesus the Christ.

When he was home on his furlough a little girl gave him her album for his autograph. He wrote in it these lines:

> "My album is the savage breast,
> Where darkness broods and tempests rest,
> Without one ray of light;
> To write the name of Jesus there,
> To point to worlds all bright and fair,
> And see the savage bow in prayer,
> Is my supreme delight."

He rejoiced that God had called him to this high and holy service. Not only so, but it was an ardent wish of himself and wife that their children might become missionaries. Five of them followed in the footsteps of their parents. Their daughter Mary was married to David Livingstone. She gave her life to the people of that dark land.

Moffat bought a modest home in Brixton, a suburb of London. Some personal friends put a few thousand pounds in his hands for his own use. He continued to plead the cause of South Africa. Later on he deemed it best to remove to Leigh near the sea. Here he enjoyed the rest his age demanded, as he could not near London, with the demands there were made upon his time and strength. On the 10th of August, 1883, his spirit went to God who gave it. He was laid to rest, honoured and lamented by the whole civilized world. The papers spoke of his entire consecration, his perfect disinterestedness, his enthusiastic zeal, and his personal fascination. Wherever he was seen it was felt that he was a great man. "Perhaps no more genuine soul ever breathed." He addressed cultivated audiences in Westminster Abbey with the same simple unconsciousness that lent its charm to him when he led the worship in the humblest chapel. The same simple native dignity remained as unruffled in the presence of royalty as when conversing with his best known friends. In no other calling could he have done so much good or won such renown. His career shows what God can do with a man who is willing to be used for His glory.

VII

DAVID LIVINGSTONE

DAVID LIVINGSTONE was born in Blantyre, Scotland, March 19, 1813, of poor and pious parents. His father was an ardent member of a missionary society, a teacher in the Sunday-school, a promoter of meetings for prayer and fellowship, and eagerly read books of travel and especially works on the missionary enterprise. His mother was a genial, gentle soul, active and orderly and remarkable for the beauty of her eyes. His paternal grandfather, when dying, told his children that he had never heard of any member of the family being guilty of dishonesty, and charged them not to introduce that vice. In spurring his children to diligence in school the father used to tell them that he never heard of a Livingstone who was a donkey. Livingstone was always proud of the stock from which he sprung—the honest poor.

David attended the village school till he was ten years of age, at which time he was put to work in a cotton factory as a piecer. After some years he was promoted to be a spinner. With a part of his first week's wages he bought a Latin textbook, and began the study of the language. He worked in the factory from six in the morning till eight in the evening, attended a night-school from eight till ten, and studied at home till twelve. He had a book on the spinning-jenny and caught sentence after sentence as he passed at his work. He devoured all the books that fell into his hands, except novels. On holidays he scoured the country for botanical, geological and zoological specimens. In those quiet years he was storing his mind with that knowledge that served him so well later in life.

At the age of twenty he gave himself in love and trust to the Lord. Feeling that the salvation of men should be his chief concern he resolved to give to the cause of missions all that he might earn beyond his living. At that time he had no thought of becoming a missionary himself. He was led to dedicate his life to this cause by reading an appeal from the gifted and saintly Gutzlaff on behalf of China. The claims of so many millions living in darkness, and the scarcity of qualified men to labour for their enlightenment, led him to aspire to this office. From that hour his efforts were constantly directed towards this one object. He told his parents and his minister of his plans and hopes; they gave him every encouragement. On offering his services to the London Missionary Society he was provisionally accepted. His thought at the time was that the missionary's object was to endeavour by every means in his power to make the Gospel known by preaching, exhortation, conversation, instruction of the young; improving, so far as in his power, the temporal condition of those among whom he labours, by introducing the arts and sciences of civilization, and doing everything to commend Christianity to their hearts and consciences. Feeling thus he undertook at once and with all his heart to qualify himself to carry out this program.

In order to make himself most useful young Livingstone decided to study medicine as well as theology. It was difficult to make what he could earn in the summer pay fees and living expenses in the winter; but by practicing the strictest economy he made his way without help from any source. While in the university he got a knowledge of tools and learned how to use his hands. Having finished his medical course he was sent to be trained to preach. He applied himself to his studies with his accustomed diligence and earnestness. He made more progress in the science than in the art of preaching. Being appointed to address a village congregation he read the text and stopped. His mind was a blank. Every thought he had vanished. He said: "Friends, I have forgotten what I had

to say," and left the pulpit and the house. Though he preached as long as he lived he was never at any time a popular public speaker. It was owing to his defect in this respect that his application was almost rejected. One member of the Society begged that he might be given another chance. The London Society barely escaped losing the most illustrious man that ever served under its auspices.

David Livingstone was ordained November 20, 1840, and sailed for Africa before the close of that year. It was an appeal from China that led him to become a missionary. When he completed his studies he could not sail for China on account of the Opium War. While he was waiting for the war to end he heard Robert Moffat speak in the interest of South Africa. He heard Moffat say that he had often seen in the morning the smoke of a thousand villages where no missionary had ever been. This led him to decide for Africa. Providence seemed to close one door and to open another. On the way out he touched at Brazil; this was the only glimpse he got of America. He sought to benefit the seamen and passengers, but lamented that he had done them no good. His preaching did not interest or impress them. The captain took a great interest in the young missionary and taught him how to take lunar observations, sitting up till midnight more than once for this purpose. That was an essential part of his training for the work the Lord had for him to do in Africa.

On reaching Cape Town he was asked to take charge of a church. He would not think of it for a moment. Nor would he preach the Gospel within any other man's line. He hastened on to Algoa Bay and from thence to Kuruman, the station at which Robert Moffat lived and which he made famous for all time. Livingstone's instructions were to wait at Kuruman for orders from the Society. He began the study of the language at once, and did what he could to heal the sick and to preach the Gospel. Seeing that the population at Kuruman was small, he thought of going farther north. He thought of

Abyssinia as a field of labour. He wanted to do whatever would most promote the glory of God. He felt that his life could be spent as profitably as a pioneer as in any other way. That year he made a journey of seven hundred miles and selected a site for a station two hundred miles north of Kuruman. His purpose was to bury himself among the natives as soon as he received permission from home, that he might learn their language and slip into their modes of thinking and feeling. He was willing to live in the midst of these savages, hundreds of miles from civilization, not merely for a visit, but if necessary for the whole of his life.

It was not till June, 1843, that he received the joyful tidings that he was permitted to open the new station. The name of the site of the station was Mabotsa. It was situated in a beautiful valley surrounded by mountains. The chief drawback to the place was that it was infested by lions. Here it was that Livingstone almost lost his life. In an encounter with a lion one arm was crushed and rendered almost useless. Writing to his father of the incident, he said, "Do not mention this to any one. I do not like to be talked about." At Mabotsa he built a stone house for himself and bride, Mary Moffat, the eldest daughter of the man through whose influence he gave his life to redeem Africa. Livingstone did not live long at Mabotsa. His colleague was jealous of him because of attention given at home to his missionary letters and spoke of Livingstone as a nonentity. Rather than have a quarrel with another missionary in the sight of the natives Livingstone gave everything to his associate and sought a new field.

The new station was at Chonuane, forty miles distant from Mabotsa. At this place he came into contact with the Boers for the first time. As soon as his house was finished Livingstone went east to confer with them. He found that the Boers required the African chiefs to furnish all the free labour they needed. In time of war they sent the blacks first into the fight. All the disasters fell on their allies; the Boers had the spoils

and the glory. The commandant told Livingstone that the only proper way to treat a native missionary was to shoot him. Livingstone spent a year at Chonuane. He stated that building, cobbling, tinkering, carpentering, gun-mending, preaching, teaching school, lecturing on physics, besides filling a chair of divinity, filled up his time. Good was done at that station, but there were no conversions. This is not strange when the condition of the people is considered. He wrote, "We preach to people who don't know but they are beasts, who have no idea of God as a personal agent, or of sin as evil, otherwise than as an offense against each other, which may or may not be punished by the party offended. Their consciences are seared, and moral perception blunted. Their memories retain scarcely anything we teach them, and so low had they sunk that the plainest text in the whole Bible cannot be understood by them." The lack of rain was a fatal objection to that place as the site of a mission station.

The mission was removed from Chonuane to Kolobeng. The people were so attached to the missionaries that they accompanied them to the new station. There, beside digging a canal, they made gardens, built huts, and erected a schoolhouse. The chief said, "I desire to build a house of God, the defender of my town, and that you be at no expense for it whatever." At that station Livingstone built his third house. There he lived for five years. That was his last home on earth. He was the jack of-all-trades, his wife was the maid-of-all-work. Before building his house he had to cut his own timber in the forest and to make his own brick. The missionaries made their own soap and candles and clothes. Their salary was only five hundred dollars a year. It was barely sufficient for the poorest fare and the plainest apparel. Mrs. Livingstone opened a school for the children and taught the girls and women to sew. Her husband was scheming how to get water, caring for the sick, taking observations, collecting specimens, thinking out geographical, geological, meteorological and other problems.

As a missionary statesman he was planning how the actual force might be disposed to the best advantage. He was looking around for openings for native agents. Because of the hostility of the Boers he could not station his agents where he wished. He was annoyed by the Boers. His boxes were opened and part of the contents were taken out. His one regret was that, while spending so much energy in teaching the natives, he did not devote more of his time to play with his own children. At the close of the day he was so exhausted that there was no fun left in him. He said, "I did not play with my little ones when I had them, and they soon sprung up in my absence and left me conscious that I had none to play with."

Kolobeng suffered as severely from the want of water as did Chonuane. The river dried up. Food was so scarce that the natives had to spend nearly all their time in collecting locusts. On this account they could not attend either school or church. While matters were in this condition, Livingstone determined to visit the chief of the Makololo, of whom he had heard much. He did not succeed in reaching his proposed destination on the first attempt, but he discovered a fine river and a magnificent lake. On the third attempt he reached the capital of the Makololo. On two of these journeys his family accompanied him, though nearly dying of African fever on the way. Three things occupied Livingstone's thoughts at this period, namely, the pushing of the work into the interior, the employment of a native agency on a much larger scale, and the establishment of a school where such agency might be trained. It was plain that the tribe that followed Livingstone to Kolobeng could not continue there. The Boers hated the missionary because he was attempting to Christianize the natives, and were looking for a pretext to break up the mission. They shot the blacks without provocation and without compunction because they believed they had no souls.

Livingstone resolved to find, if possible, a healthful spot for

a mission, and to discover a practicable route to the sea, or to the west. That he might be free to carry out his plans he took his wife and children to the Cape and sent them home. Some of his friends did not approve this course. They charged him with worldly ambition. They thought he was sinking the missionary in the explorer. To all such criticism he replied, "I am a missionary, heart and soul. God had only one Son, and He was a missionary and a physician. A poor imitation of Him I am or wish to be. In this service I hope to live; in it I wish to die." He offered himself as a forlorn hope in order to ascertain whether there was some high and healthy place where missionaries and people could be free from fever. "May God accept my service, and use me for His glory. A great honour it is to be a fellow worker with God." He wrote: "It is a great venture. Fever may cut us off. I feel much when I think of the children dying. But who will go if we don't? Not one. I could venture anything for Christ. Pity I have so little to give. But He will accept us, for He is a good Master. Never one like Him. He can sympathize. May He forgive and purify, and bless us." The retrospect of eleven years in Africa only awakened the sense of unprofitable service.

At the Cape he was regarded as unpatriotic because of his labours on behalf of the natives. He in turn had a poor opinion of the officials. Their treatment of the blacks scandalized him. He was so cordially hated and distrusted that it was with difficulty he got a supply of powder and shot. A country postmaster threatened to sue him for libel because he complained of an overcharge in postage. He had to pay a goodly sum to escape a lawsuit.

Having made all necessary arrangements he started for the interior. On his arrival at Kolobeng he found that the Boers had gutted his house. They took away the sofa, table, bed, crockery. They smashed the wooden chairs and took away the iron ones. They tore the leaves out of his books, broke the bottles containing medicine, windows and oven door, carried

off the bellows, anvil and tools, corn mills, his coffee, tea, sugar, and drove away all the cattle. The Boers were resolved to shut up the interior; he, with God's help, would open it. He would make a path through the country or perish in the attempt.

Livingstone reached Linyanti, the capital of the Makololo in June, 1853. He found the country flooded. He had to walk through swamps and water from three to four feet deep. Trees, stones and reeds offered a tremendous resistance. He reached his destination with his hands raw and bloody and his knees through his trousers. He had suffered from repeated attacks of fever. But he was not distressed, and had no thought of giving up in despair. He wrote, "What an unspeakable mercy it is, to be permitted to engage in this most holy and honourable work! What an infinity of lots in the world are poor, miserable, and degraded compared with mine." It was about this time that he said, "I will place no value on anything I have or may possess, except in relation to the kingdom of Christ. If anything will advance the interest of the kingdom it shall be given away or kept, only as by giving or keeping of it I shall most promote the glory of Him to whom I owe all my hopes in time and eternity." He felt that he was not labouring in vain, for Omnipotence is pledged to fulfill his promise. He was a pioneer and a helper of future missionaries, who would be rewarded by conversions for every sermon.

In passing through the Barotse country he saw heathenism in its most unadulterated form. It was a painful, loathsome and horrid spectacle. He was weary of the noise, the excitement, the wild savage dancing, the heartless cruelty, the utter disregard of the feelings, the destruction of children, the drudgery of the old people, the atrocious murders which he witnessed. "The more intimately I become acquainted with barbarians the more disgusting do they become. They are inconceivably vile. They are always boasting of their fierceness, yet dare not visit another tribe for fear of being killed. They never visit anywhere except for the purpose of plunder and

oppression. They never go anywhere except with a club or spear in hand."

No healthful place having been found Livingstone decided to make a journey to the West Coast of the continent. He decided to open up that whole region to lawful commerce as well as to the Gospel. The natives wanted articles of European manufacture. They bought and sold captives into slavery in exchange for glass beads and brass rods and tobacco and rum. If a highway were opened the merchants of the world would sell their goods for ivory and beeswax and ostrich feathers and such other articles as the country produced. His wish was that his exertions might be honoured of God, so far that the Gospel would be preached and believed in all that region.

Livingstone left Linyanti for the West Coast November 11, 1853, and reached Loando May 31, 1854. He was very poorly equipped for such a journey. With the exception of a few tusks, and the oxen needed, and a small amount of coffee, cloth and beads, he had neither stores of food for his party, nor presents to propitiate the countless and rapacious tribes that lined his path. His men were faithful but cowardly. His own health was poor. He suffered much on the way from fever and dysentery, from poor food and vexatious delays. Most of his medicine was stolen. In the course of his journey his pontoon was left behind. His riding ox threw him and he fell on his head. Another time the ox threw him into the water. Heavy rains and wading through streams three or four times a day kept him wet most of the time. Mosquitoes attacked him as if they were determined to devour him. He was depressed by sickness when he most needed to be at his best. Savage chiefs vowed he should not go on unless he gave them a gun or an ox or a man; he had none to spare. Had he not been a prodigy of faith and patience and courage, had he not known where to find help in time of trouble, he never would have reached the haunts of civilized men. The Portuguese received him and his company with great kindness. Livingstone speaks

of the pleasure of sleeping on a bed after sleeping on the ground for six months. He might have gone home from Loando. He had earned a furlough. He had not seen his family for two years. But his men could not go home alone. He had promised to return with them, and he would keep his promise at any cost to himself.

On the 24th of September, 1854, Livingstone left Loando, and reached Linyanti, September 11, 1855. He found no place free from fever. But he felt that that obstacle to missions was not insurmountable. His journey had been made under the worst conditions possible. He suffered from bad food, poor nursing, insufficient medicine, continual drenchings, exhausting heat and toil, and wearing anxiety. Two months later he started for the East Coast, reaching Quilimane May 20, 1856. This was nearly four years after the time he left the Cape. He was delayed by heavy rains, by sickness, and by the necessity of reproducing letters, journals, maps, and dispatches that had been lost. Two or three times every day he had been wet to the waist in crossing streams and marshy ground. The rain was so drenching he had to put his watch under his armpit to keep it dry. His ox, Sinbad, would not let him hold an umbrella over him on the march. His bed was on the grass, with only a horse-cloth between. His food often consisted only of bird-seed, manioc roots, and meal. On this journey he discovered the Victoria Falls, a greater natural wonder than Niagara. All the way he was cheered with the promise, "Lo, I am with you always."

From Quilimane Livingstone hastened on to England. His father died shortly before his arrival. He found his wife and children well. The world delighted to do him honour. Robert Moffat said what many felt, when he spoke of his work as an object compared with that which occupied the master minds of Europe, and for which they expended so much money and shed so much blood, was but a phantom. He had travelled eleven thousand miles in Africa. He had done what no white

man had ever done before. Everywhere he was recognized as a traveller, geographer, zoölogist, astronomer, missionary, physician, and mercantile director, all in one. Honours from all sources were heaped upon him. A testimonial of ten thousand dollars was raised by public subscription.

While at home he was urged to write a book about his travels and discoveries and experiences. Writing was irksome to him. He said he would rather cross Africa than write another book. The success of his book was remarkable. An edition of twelve thousand copies was exhausted. His book yielded him a little fortune. Almost all the profits were devoted to the work in Africa. All that he reserved was enough to educate his children. He had no thought of founding a family to live in idleness. His book did much to awaken interest in Africa. It did much to stir up the governments of Europe to abolish the slave-trade. One competent judge said that he had done more than all the African travellers put together up to that time.

There was some criticism on the book because it did not give more space to missionary matters. To one critic he wrote, "My views of what is missionary duty are not so contracted as those whose ideal is a dumpy sort of a man with a Bible under his arm. I have laboured in bricks and mortar, at the forge and carpenter's bench, as well as in preaching and medical practice." He had been in Africa sixteen years. In all that time he was known only as a servant of God. In all his travels he made it his chief business to preach the Gospel. So persistent was he in this that one native said, "We like you very much; you are the only white man we ever got acquainted with. We like you because you aid us whilst we are sick; but we don't like your everlasting preaching and praying. We can't get accustomed to them." Among his favourite topics were these: The Fatherly Character of God, His Goodness and Mercy, The Infinite Love of Christ, The Efficacy of His Atoning Sacrifice. Because of the criticisms on his book

Livingstone deemed it wise to sever his connection with the Society, though he had never had any misunderstanding with the directors. He felt confident that, if the Lord wished him to prosecute this work, He would open the way and provide the means.

While at home he was called upon to address all kinds of bodies. The demands upon his time and strength were numerous and urgent. He got very tired of public speaking. His heart was in Africa and he longed to return. Perhaps the most delightful and fruitful episode in his furlough was his visit to Cambridge University. One of the professors said that he had been present at the senate house on exciting occasions; he had heard the greetings given the military heroes in the days of Napoleon; he had been present when the husband of the young queen was installed as chancellor of the university; but on none of these occasions were the gratulations more honest and true-hearted than those which were offered Dr. Livingstone. To the young men he said, "If you knew the satisfaction of performing such a duty, as well as the gratitude to God which the missionary must always feel, in being chosen for so noble, so sacred a calling, you would have no hesitation in accepting it." He said, "People talk of the sacrifices I have made in spending so much of my life in Africa." He felt he was simply paying back a small part of what he owed to God. To his thought this was no sacrifice; it was a privilege, rather. Anxiety, sickness, suffering and danger were nothing when compared with the glory to be revealed in us. "I never made a sacrifice." He added, "I beg to direct your attention to Africa. I know that in a few years I shall be cut off in that country, which is now open; do not let it be shut again! I go back to Africa to try to make an open path for commerce and Christianity; do you carry on the work I have begun. I leave it to you." He was told that he had lighted a candle in Cambridge that should never, never be put out. The Universities' Mission was one of the results of

Livingstone's visit to Cambridge and Oxford. Before his return he had an interview with the queen. He told her that when he went back he would tell the natives he had seen his chief. The queen was amused to learn that the natives estimated her wealth by the number of cows she possessed.

Livingstone's second term of service in Africa was spent under government auspices. He was the chief officer of an exploring expedition. A number of able men accompanied him. He was provided with a steamboat to be used on the rivers and lakes. He was instructed to take what he needed; the government would pay all bills. He explored the Zambesi, the Shire and the Rovuma, and discovered Lake Shirwa and Lake Nyassa. He ascertained the nature of the soil of that part of the continent and its suitability for colonization. All the while he was doing what he could for missions. He paid the salary of John Moffat among the Makololo. He assisted Bishop McKenzie and his associates in beginning their work. When the Bishop died he begged the friends at home not to be discouraged. He said, "I shall not swerve a hair-breadth from my work while life is spared, and I trust the supporters of the mission may not shrink back from all that they have set their hearts to."

There was no end to his hardships and trials. He suffered from sickness, from scarcity of food, from danger of wild beasts by day and by night, from danger of savage men. The slave dealers made it difficult for him to obtain guides. The slave-trade bathed the whole country in gloom. Large sections were desolated by it. On the river it was necessary to stop the boat every morning to remove the dead bodies from the wheel. He saw men and women and children led away to be sold. He saw others who had been shot because they could not keep up with the procession. The Arabs and Portuguese and half-castes followed him and claimed that they were Livingstone's children. His wife died and was buried at Shupanga. Livingstone broke down and cried like a child. On their travels

she had been the life of the company. The natives called her the queen of the wagon. It had been the fond dream of both that after their trials were over, they would settle down in some quiet home; this dream was never realized as both died in harness.

There were other difficulties, and these were neither few nor small. Some of the men sent with him were not suitable and had to be dismissed. There were numerous and unavoidable delays; these tried his patient soul. Nevertheless, he was ever disposed to make the best of things. He said, "What a mission it would be if there were no difficulties, nothing but walking about in slippers made by admiring young ladies! Hey! that would not suit me; it would give me the doldrums."

The expedition was recalled before the object for which it was organized was attained. It was found more expensive than had been anticipated. Livingstone had put much of his own money into the expedition. He paid for a steamboat out of his own funds. Leaving Africa he returned to England by way of Bombay. He went in his own boat, and as her captain. He was much depressed in spirit on the way home. He wrote, "I often feel as if I am to die on this voyage. Have I laboured in vain? Am I to be cut off before I do anything to effect a permanent improvement in Africa? I have been unprofitable enough, but may do something yet in giving information. If spared God grant that I may be more faithful than I have been, and may He open up the way for me."

On his arrival in England he was received everywhere with honour. While at home he wrote his second book, entitled, "The Zambesi and Its Tributaries." In this work he gave an account of his explorations, and exposed the slave-trade, which he ever regarded as the sum of all villainies. He had seen it in all its phases and knew whereof he affirmed. He showed too that the African is part of the human race and has intellect enough to receive the Gospel. His book and conversations and addresses did much to create a strong sentiment against the slave-trade in all parts of the continent.

Livingstone's third and last term of service in Africa was in connection with the Geographical Society. The appointment was without salary and without any promise of a pension. The government gave him authority over the chiefs from the Portuguese boundary to Abyssinia and Egypt. The Geographical Society wished him to explore the watershed of South Africa and, if possible, to discover the source of the Nile. It was suggested to Livingstone that he abandon his missionary character and go simply as a geographical explorer. He said in reply, "I would not consent to go simply as a geographer, but as a missionary, and do geography by the way, because I feel that I am in the way of duty when trying to enlighten these poor people, or open their land to lawful commerce." The Society acceded to his views and appropriated five thousand dollars for expenses. The sum was wholly inadequate. On this journey Livingstone took no white men with him. Plunging into the interior he spent five years in teaching some of the great truths of Christianity, in arousing the consciences of all he met on the guilt of the slave-trade, and in seeking the sources of the Nile. On this journey he saw sights surpassing in horror any he had ever seen before. His own experiences were very trying. Some of his men deserted him and, on reaching the Coast, reported that he was dead. While the report was not true he was half starved. For a part of the time he subsisted, to a large extent, on African maize, the most tasteless and unsatisfying kind of food. It never produced a feeling of sufficiency; on the contrary it set him to dream of dinners he had once eaten and enjoyed. His goats were lost, and thus the one comfort of his table was taken from him. Reviewing the year 1866 he wrote, "Will try to do better in 1867, and be better—more gentle and loving." In 1867 one of his attendants left him and took his medicine chest with him. This calamity left him without power to treat himself when suffering from fever. The loss was recognized by him as the sentence of death. That year he got his first view of Lake Tanganyika and discov-

ered Lake Moero. Not having heard from home for two years and being terribly wearied with travelling he felt that he must go on to Ujiji for letters and for stores. His journal for 1867 closed with a statement about the poor quality of his food and the weakness to which he had been reduced. An Arab trader generously supplied him with coffee and sugar and oil and honey.

The next year Livingstone discovered Lake Bangweolo. On leaving the lake he was detained by circumstances which he could not control. The country was disturbed and he was in great straits and want. He wrote his daughter, "I broke my teeth tearing at the maize and other hard food. They are coming out. One tooth is out, and I have such an awful mouth! If you expect to kiss me you must do it through a speaking trumpet." He had to contend against many difficulties. He lost many months by rains. In his marching he was hindered by fallen trees and flooded rivers. His attendants would not go into a canoe. Wading through the water his feet became covered with eating ulcers. His spirit seemed to rise as difficulties multiplied. Often he was distressed but never in despair. He kept right on in the path of duty. He held to the old anchor, "All will turn out right in the end." When his feet failed him he turned back some distance and rested in his hut for eighty days.

At this period of his life he had an intense longing of soul to finish his work and to return home. He did not wish to return otherwise. He was perfectly aware of his own condition. To his daughter he wrote, "I shall not hide from you that I am old and shaky, my cheeks fallen in, space around my eyes ditto, mouth almost toothless; a few teeth that remain, out of their line, so that the smile is that of a hippopotamus." In one day he was delivered from death three times. The letters written to him did not reach him. The goods forwarded were sold, while in transit. The scoundrel in whose charge they were divined on the Koran had learned that Livingstone was

dead and disposed of the supplies for his own profit, thus leaving the rightful owner destitute.

When his case was most hopeless, humanly speaking, a good Samaritan in the person of Henry M. Stanley appeared on the scene. An angel from heaven could not have been more welcome. Stanley had been sent to Africa to find Livingstone by James Gordon Bennett, of the New York *Herald*. That was a piece of journalistic enterprise, as well as a work of philanthropy. The meeting between these two men was the most dramatic episode in the life of each. Livingstone said over and over again, "You have brought me new life." Stanley remained with him for four months and supplied all his needs. He cooked various dishes with his own hands to tempt the appetite of the good man who had been brought to death's door by the perfidy of some of his servants and the Arab traders. Stanley not only gave him all the medicine he needed, but assisted him for a time in his explorations. Stanley told him of all the things that had happened since he left civilization. He begged Livingstone to accompany him home and assured him that a most cordial welcome awaited him. On leaving him Stanley divided all his stores and gave him half. Thus revived and equipped the great traveller continued his task.

On his last birthday but one Livingstone wrote in his diary these significant words, "My Jesus, my King, my Life, my All, I again dedicate my whole life to Thee. Accept me and grant, O gracious Father, that ere this year is gone, I may finish my task. In Jesus' name I ask it. Amen. So let it be." A little later, as he thought of the slave-trade, he wrote, "All I can say in my solitude is this, May heaven's richest blessing come down on every one—American, English, or Turk—who will help to heal the open sore of the world."

Weak as he was he pressed on. On reaching Ilala he knew that the end was near. His men built him a hut and laid him on a rough bed. He spent that night and the next day there. The next morning his servants entered the hut. They found

the candle burning and their master dead. He was not in bed but kneeling beside it. He died in the act of prayer. The end came while he was commending his own soul with all his dear ones into the hands of his Saviour, and commending Africa with all her woes and sins and wrongs to the Avenger of the oppressed and the Redeemer of the lost.

His servants carried his body on their shoulders to the sea-coast. Their action in this matter challenged the admiration of the whole civilized world. They risked their lives not once but many times and endured much for the love they bore their leader. After six months of travel they stood before the door of the mission house in Zanzibar and said, "We have brought the man of God to be buried among his people." The body was taken to England and buried in Westminster Abbey, the Pantheon of the British Empire, among kings and nobles and the great men that have fertilized the world with their discoveries and inventions and services to the race.

Livingstone travelled 29,000 miles in Africa and added a territory of one million square miles to the known world. He discovered the Upper Zambesi, and many other rivers; and made known the wonderful Victoria Falls; also the high and healthy ridges of the Central Plateau. He did not discover the source of the Nile. The great river that he thought was the Nile was the Congo. But he inspired other men and they completed the task he began. He gave a mighty impetus to the cause of missions. He aroused the conscience of Christendom against the slave-trade in Africa. Through his effort, the exportation of slaves has been practically abolished.

David Livingstone had the patience and persistence needed for the task he undertook. While serving under the London Missionary Society he told the directors that he was ready for any movement provided it was a forward movement. A man with less iron in his blood and less resolution in his soul would have given up many times. Nothing could make him think that he was at liberty to retire till his work was done. In his

early life his daily prayer was that he might resemble Christ in all His imitable perfections. That prayer was answered in no ordinary degree. Perhaps no man of his time had a larger measure of the spirit of the Lord. What he was as a Christian man helped him render humanity the service he did.

The name of Livingstone is one of the few, the immortal names, that were not born to die. Sir Bartle Frere said, "I never met a man who fulfilled more completely my idea of a perfect Christian gentleman, actuated in what he thought and said and did by the highest and most chivalrous spirit, modelled on the precepts of his great Master and Exemplar." Lord Polwarth said, "His memory will never perish, though the first freshness and the impulse it gives just now may fade; but his prayers will be had in everlasting remembrance, and unspeakable blessings will yet flow to that vast continent he opened up at the expense of his life. God called and qualified him for a noble work, which, by grace, he nobly fulfilled, and we can love the honoured servant, and adore the gracious Master." Florence Nightingale spoke of Livingstone as the greatest man of his generation. "There are a few great travellers, but Dr. Livingstone stood as the great Missionary Traveller, the bringer-in of civilization; or rather the pioneer of civilization—he that cometh before—to races lying in darkness." The London *Lancet* said, "Few men have disappeared from our ranks more universally deplored, as few have served them with a higher purpose, or shed upon them the lustre of a purer devotion." At the time of his burial *Punch* interpreted the world's thought concerning this heroic spirit:

> "Droop half-mast, colours, bow, bareheaded crowds,
> As this plain coffin o'er the side is slung,
> To pass by woods of masts and ratlined shrouds,
> As erst by Afric's trunks, liana-hung.

"'Tis the last mile of many thousands trod
With failing strength but never-failing will,
By worn frame, now at its rest with God,
That never rested from its fight with ill.

"Or if the ache of travel and of toil
Would sometimes wring a short, sharp cry of pain
From agony of fever, blain and boil,
'Twas but to crush it down and on again!

"He knew not that the trumpet he had blown
Out of the darkness of that dismal land,
Had reached and roused an army of its own
To strike the chains from the slave's fettered hand.

"Now, we believe, he knows, sees all is well;
How God had stayed his will and shaped his way,
To bring the light to those that darkling dwell
With gains that life's devotion well repay.

"Open the Abbey doors and bear him in
To sleep with king and statesman, chief and sage,
The missionary come of weaver kin,
But great by work that brooks no lower wage.

"He needs no epitaph to guard a name
Which men shall prize while worthy work is known;
He lived and died for good—be that his fame;
Let marble crumble: this is Living-stone."

The slab that now marks the resting-place of Livingstone bears this inscription:

Brought By Faithful Hands
Over Land and Sea,
Here Rests
DAVID LIVINGSTONE,
Missionary, Traveller, Philanthropist,
Born March 19, 1813,
At Blantyre, Lanarkshire.
Died May 4, 1873,
At Chitambo's Village, Ilala.

For thirty years his life was spent in an unwearied
effort to evangelize the native races, to
explore the undiscovered secrets,
and abolish the desolate slave-trade of Central Africa,
and where, with his last words he wrote:
"All I can say in my solitude is, may Heaven's richest
blessing come down on every one—American,
English, Turk—who will help to heal
this open sore of the world."

Along the right border of the stone are the words:

Tantus Amore Veri, Nihil Est Quod Noscere Malim
Quam Fluvii Causas Per Sæcula Tanta Latentes.

And along the left border:

Other sheep I have which are not of this fold,
Them also must I bring, and they shall hear my voice.

VIII

JOHN WILLIAMS

ONE writer considers the subject of this sketch as not inferior to Carey or to any other of the mighty men of missionary renown. He speaks of him as the Prince of missionaries since the days of the Apostle to the Gentiles. An eminent clergyman of the English church states that his work, entitled "Missionary Enterprises in the South Sea Islands," contains a history of gospel propagation unequalled by any similar narrative since the Acts of the Apostles. Under his leadership it came to pass that island after island, and group after group were, in rapid succession, brought under the influence of the Gospel. This had proceeded to such an extent that he could say that he knew of no group, or any single island of importance, within 2,000 miles of Tahiti, in any direction, to which the glad tidings of salvation had not been conveyed. Surely such a man, thus signally used and honoured of the Lord, deserves to be held in everlasting remembrance.

John Williams was born in Tottenham, England, June 29, 1796. As a lad he was cheerful, active and intensely affectionate. Early in life he gave evidence of remarkable mechanical genius. His education was limited. He never attended college. In the first school which he attended he was taught only writing and arithmetic. His mother was his best teacher. Each day she gathered her little ones about her and taught them and prayed with them. When he was old enough he was apprenticed to an ironmonger. It was not expected that he would learn the mechanical part. His duties were in the office. His master was to teach him so that he could manage a business of his own. When he had any leisure he visited

the shops and watched the men at work. In their absence he tried what he could do himself. In course of time he became so proficient that any article requiring extraordinary skill was always entrusted to him. He delighted in this part of the business, and was ever ready to work like an ordinary mechanic.

In his youth John Williams scoffed at the name of Christ and His religion. One Sunday night as he stood on the street, waiting for some boon companions who had promised to spend the evening with him in a carousal, a woman passed him. Recognizing him as one of her husband's apprentices, she urged him to go with her to church. He refused, but she was importunate, and at last he consented. That was the turning point in his life. He heard a sermon on the worth of the soul. That night he gave himself in love and trust to the Lord. He broke away from his evil companions, and became a teacher in the Sunday-school, a tract distributor, and a visitor of the sick. Soon after he joined a class of young men who were preparing themselves for the ministry. The teacher was a missionary enthusiast.

Once a quarter a missionary meeting was held for the purpose of imparting missionary information. At one of these meetings the conversion of Pomare, King of Tahiti, and many of his subjects was announced. The need of more missionaries was emphasized. John Williams heard in his soul a secret response to that appeal. Later on he felt called of God to this high and holy service. He applied to the London Missionary Society and was accepted forthwith. From the time of his appointment until his departure he gave his time to reading and study. At his ordination one speaker addressed him thus: "Go, dear young brother, and if thy tongue cleave to the roof of thy mouth, let it be in teaching poor sinners the love of Jesus Christ; if thine arm drop from thy shoulder, let it be by knocking at men's hearts to gain admission for Him there." Before sailing he was married to Mary Chauner. "In Christian heroism she proved the equal of her intrepid

husband, and in patient endurance his superior. It is but simple justice to say that she was in all points worthy of the honoured man to whose happiness and success she so largely contributed."

Williams and his company sailed for the South Seas November 17, 1816. A year later they sighted Tahiti. The next day they landed at Eimeo, a neighbouring island. He began work at once. The first thing needed by the mission was a large boat. One had been begun three years before. Williams resolved to complete it without delay. In ten days she was launched. This was the first of five that he built. It was really a wonderful achievement. He knew nothing of ship-building. He never examined a ship till he sailed for his field of labour. He was no less successful in mastering the language. He adopted a method of his own. Instead of poring over grammars and lexicons he moved freely among the people. He listened to them and talked with them. In ten months he did what usually took three years.

The work of John Williams was done on three island groups, namely, the Society, the Hervey and the Samoan. Soon after he reached the field a request for teachers came from the Society Islands. Some converts had been made and a chapel had been erected. Williams, Ellis and Orsmond and their wives removed from Eimeo to Huahine. Ellis set up a printing-press at once. Some of the books published reached Raiatea, the central and chief island of the group, and fell into the king's hands. He asked for teachers for his people. Williams and Threlkeld responded. Raiatea had a population of only 1,300. Nevertheless, it was a strategic point. The king was already a Christian. The pagan party proposed to crush the truth "while it was young"; they were easily overpowered. The kindness with which they were treated caused many to accept the Gospel.

Williams began to build a house for himself. Day by day he worked with his own hands. The sofas, chairs and tables

were the product of his own skill. The king and many others began to build also. At the end of a year the houses extended two miles along the shore. Having finished his house he next built a boat. There was scarcely a nail in it. The planks were tied together by a native cord. He showed the people that they could build boats without nails. Many did so. On account of the prosperity of the work he began the erection of a new chapel. This was one hundred and ninety-one feet long and forty-four feet wide. Forty feet in length were partitioned off as a court-house. He made the chandeliers out of wood and used cocoanut shells as lamps. The people were amazed at this structure.

The day after the church was dedicated a code of laws was adopted by universal consent. From the first Williams lamented the lawlessness and want of social morality among the people. He induced the chiefs to consider the question. The laws related to theft, trespass, stolen property, land-eating, rebellion and marriage. The code was very elementary. There were some laws for which they were not prepared. The king's brother was appointed chief justice. It was his duty to enforce the observance of these edicts. Trial by jury was also introduced. Williams was not content with these reforms and improvements. He promoted profitable employment among the people. He taught them to cultivate the sugar-cane, and erected a mill for native use. Let no one think that he made no enemies. The pagans sought to kill him. They cried, "Turn out the hog. Let us cut his throat." They plotted to throw him into the sea. Their schemes miscarried.

One of the most encouraging signs was the formation of an auxiliary missionary society. In one year $2,500 was given "to cause the word of God to grow." The giving was general. The king and queen prepared arrowroot with their own hands. "We would not give that to the Lord upon which we bestowed no labour; but would rather prepare it with our own hands, and thus we can say, as David did, 'Of our own

proper good have we given to Thee.'" When tidings were received concerning the triumph of the Gospel elsewhere, the contributions for missionary purposes leaped up to $9,000, after paying all expenses. This was the gift of the people who had no property whatever. At a missionary meeting one said, "A little given with the heart becomes great in the sight of God." Another said, "Let us hold forth the Word of God, and die with it in our hands."

The Gospel ran and was glorified. There were 500 additions to the church at Raiatea. Soon after this ingathering a chief from an island three hundred miles south reached the mission station. He spent three months with Williams and then returned, taking two teachers with him. In a few weeks the discarded idols of his people were brought in triumph to Raiatea. On a visit to Sydney, Williams called at Aitutaki and left two teachers. The people were hideously tattooed. Their bodies were smeared with pipe-clay, red or yellow ochre, or charcoal. The chief was astonished to hear that the people of Raiatea had given up idolatry. At first the teachers were ridiculed as two logs of driftwood cast up by the sea. Later the people changed their minds and promised that if Williams would come to visit them again they would abandon their idols, destroy their maraes, and receive the word of the true God. He started and took six native teachers with him. He found that the people had already abandoned idolatry, and the eating of human flesh, and had erected a large chapel nearly 200 feet long. There was not a single idolater left. Williams taught them the art of whitewashing. He burned the coral in a kiln and made lime. The people were amazed as they saw the foreigners "roasting stones." When they saw the plaster they said, "Wonderful, wonderful! The very stones in the sea and the sand on the shore become good property in the hands of those who worship God and regard His good word." They whitewashed their hats and native garments and strutted about admiring each other exceedingly.

In Aitutaki he found some natives of Raratonga, who had been driven out of their course in a gale. Raratonga is a large island in the Hervey Group. These strangers had become Christians and greatly desired to return to their own land. Williams took them on board, and the king of Aitutaki, thirty-one of whose idols lay in the hold of the ship, and Papeiha, one of the teachers of Aitutaki, and sailed for Raratonga. He sought it for eight days and in vain. Then he sailed to Mangaia, another island in the same group. The people of Mangaia consented to receive and protect the teachers. When they went ashore the people treated them so roughly that Williams recalled them to the ship and gave up his purpose for the time being. Leaving Mangaia he proceeded to Atiu, another island in the same group, where two preachers had been for two months. The king of Aitutaki undertook to convert the king of Atiu. He showed him the dreaded and discarded idols in the hold of the ship and soon persuaded him to give up idol worship. The new convert took the missionaries to two small islands that were under his sway. In these islands the new faith was speedily accepted; and the old passed away. The people were very simple. They spoke of the goats as great birds with teeth on their heads. From Atiu he sailed away and discovered the noble island of Raratonga. The king had heard of the Gospel before. He had named one of his sons Jehovah and another Jesus Christ. Within a year a chapel one hundred and fifty feet long and sixty feet wide was built. There was not a nail or piece of iron of any kind in it. It had a seating capacity of 3,000. On a second visit the natives filed before the missionary and laid their idols at his feet. The smallest was five feet long and four inches in diameter. The Sunday following 4,000 assembled for worship.

Williams was ever concerned about the regions beyond. He would not build upon another man's foundation. Nor could he be content in one place. He wrote the directors: "I cannot content myself within the narrow limits of a single

reef; and if means are not afforded, a continent would be infinitely preferable, for there if you cannot ride you can walk." He said again, "Had I ships at my command, not one island in the Pacific but should, God permitting, be visited, and teachers sent to direct the wandering feet of the heathen to happiness, to heaven." As the Society could not give him a ship, he undertook to build one. With such materials as he had he built *The Messenger of Peace*. This was a ship of seventy or eighty tons burthen. She was sixty feet long and eighteen in breadth. He used a stone for an anvil and charcoal of his own making for fuel. He used cocoanut husks, dried banana stumps, native cloth, or any other substance for oakum. The ropes were made from the bark of the hibiscus; the sails from the mats upon which the natives slept. They were quilted together for the purpose. The hull was covered partly with lime, and partly with gum from the bread-fruit tree. There was little iron used. The hinges of the rudder were made from a piece of a pickaxe, a cooper's adz, and a large hoe. The work was all done in fifteen weeks. This ship was perfectly seaworthy. She sailed many thousands of miles in the Pacific. She was a priceless boon to her builder and to the people for whose redemption he had consecrated his life and his all.

Having all things in readiness Williams sailed for Samoa, May 24, 1830. Instead of going directly to that group he went out of his way and visited the islands which he had evangelized before. He did this that he might set the churches in order. On one island he was given $515 for missions. This was realized from the sale of pigs. Each family dedicated a pig for this purpose. Having seen and comforted the brethren he steered for Savage Island. The place was rightly named. It was with difficulty that a chief was gotten on board the ship. When he was offered some cloth to cover his nakedness he said: "Am I a woman that I should be encumbered with this stuff?" All the time he was on board he kept up a sav-

age howl; he danced up and down furiously; gnashed his teeth, and concluded the exhibition by thrusting his beard into his mouth and gnawing it viciously. From Savage Island Williams made a quick run to Tonga. There he met a Samoan chief who consented to accompany him home. Meanwhile God had been preparing the way for the Gospel. An old chief had predicted that a great white chief would come from beyond the horizon and overthrow their religion. A few days before the arrival of Williams this chief had been killed. When the Samoan chief on board heard of his death, he said, "The devil is dead! The devil is dead! Our work is done!" Williams found a great and effectual door opened before him. He was welcomed with open arms, both by chiefs and people, who vied with each other in expressions of kindness and delight. The best and largest house in the place was set apart for public worship and for instruction. Suitable buildings were assigned the teachers. Not only was he received with every mark of attention and respect, but neighbouring chiefs importuned him to send missionaries. Later on he visited Samoa a second time, and sought to give the Gospel to every island in the group. He preached to the people and made many converts. He placed teachers in charge of the work. Because of the condition of his health he started for England. He had been in the South Seas eighteen years.

The people of the South Sea Islands were ignorant and degraded savages. Williams felt that "Satan's seat" was in their midst. They were naturally indolent. The fertility of the land induced sloth. Their wants were few and simple. They were satisfied with the toil that was required to pluck the fruit from the trees, or in planting a few taro or sweet potatoes. They were ferocious and warlike. On one island they fought so frequently and so desperately that only five men, three women and a few children were left. Infanticide was common. There were those whose business it was to destroy newly-born

children. Taking three women at a venture Williams asked them how many children they had destroyed. One said five; another seven; and the third, nine. One chief said, "I shall die childless, though I have been the father of nineteen children." The aged and the weak were left to perish. When a son was grown he wrestled with his father. If he were strong enough to throw him, he drove out his parents and took possession of the home. If a man died his relatives took all he had and left his wife and children to starve. Women were degraded. They could not eat certain kinds of food nor dwell under the same roof as their husbands. They ate scanty meals at a distance, while their lords lived on the fat of the land. In some places the women were not allowed to enter the temples. The pigs might do so; but the women could not. The chiefs had from twenty to one hundred wives. At the death of a chief his wives were strangled and buried with him, that his spirit might not be lonely in its passage to the invisible world. These people were cannibals and offered human sacrifices. They ate human flesh and rats' flesh. "Sweet as a rat" was a proverb. They worshipped snakes, lizards, rats, dogs, birds, sharks, eels and other creatures. They had no literature and no alphabet. When Williams was building the ship, he went to his work one morning without his square. Taking a chip he wrote upon it a request that Mrs. Williams would send him that article. He asked a chief to take it to Mrs. Williams. He looked at him in amazement and said, "Take that? She will call me a fool and scold me." Williams said, "No, she will not." The chief replied, "What must I say?" "You need say nothing, the chip will say all I wish." With a look of contempt he said, "How can this speak? Has it a mouth?" On Williams insisting he took the chip to his house and received the square. He said to Mrs. Williams, "How do you know this is what Mr. Williams wants?" She said, "Did you not bring me a chip just now?" "Yes, but I did not hear it say anything." "If you did not, I did; for it made known to

me what he wanted." The chief took the square and the chip and ran through the place shouting, "See the wisdom of these English people; they can make chips talk." He tied a string to the chip, hung it around his neck and wore it for some time.

The success of the work was nothing less than marvellous. The numbers of those who renounced heathenism were very great. Out of a population of 70,000 about 50,000 were under instruction. The desire for missionaries was intense and universal. Chiefs came from islands one and two hundred miles distant and begged in the most earnest manner for teachers. One chief said he did not wish to go back home without a light in his hand. There was a general conflagration of temples. The idols were laid at the missionary's feet. The inquirers received Gospels instead. The saying of the Lord was verified, "As soon as they hear of Me, they shall obey Me." The people were so honest that property could be left on the beach or elsewhere from one year's end to the other, and no one would touch it. One chief gave away his muskets and clubs, and holding up the Gospel of Matthew said, "This is the only weapon with which I will ever fight again." One convert said, "Let our guns be rotten with rust; and if we are pierced, let it be with the word of God. Let us have no more cannon balls; but let the word of God be the ball we shoot to other lands." Chiefs and warriors and children went to school. The king and queen of one group were among the learners. Hands that had been stained with the blood of human sacrifice held the primer or the Gospel. Women and children and aged parents were tenderly dealt with. One of the most convincing proofs of the radical change effected was the way the converts exerted themselves to give the Gospel to the islands still in darkness. They had no money, but they had pigs and cocoanuts and arrow-root, and cordage, and other products of the island. Such as they had they gave on a most liberal scale. In one collection 270 pigs were given for missionary purposes. At a public

meeting one man said, "Let missionaries be sent to every land. We are far better off now than we used to be. We do not now sleep with our cartridges under our heads, our guns by our sides, and our hearts in fear. Our children are not now strangled, nor our brothers killed for sacrifice to the lying spirit. It is because of the good word of God. He sent His word and missionaries to teach us." The native teachers were ready to go anywhere. They were eager for service. When it was deemed imprudent for the boat to land these men would tie a portion of the Scriptures on their heads, leap into the sea and swim ashore. Speaking of the change in the people of Raratonga Williams said, "In 1823 I found them all heathens; in 1834 they were all professing Christians. At the former period I found them with idols and maraes; these, in 1834, were destroyed, and, in their stead, there were three spacious and substantial places of Christian worship, in which congregations, amounting to 6,000 persons, assembled every Sabbath day; I found them without a written language, and left them reading in their own tongue the wonderful works of God. I found them ignorant of the nature of worship; when I left them I am not aware that there was a house in the island where family prayer was not observed every morning and evening."

There were those who felt that changes so great and so sudden could not be genuine and permanent. Naval officers and others examined the converts. They tested their knowledge and their experience. The more searching the tests the more convinced they were that this was a real work of grace and that the converts were not parrots. One examiner said this: "From all I observed I was led to the fervent prayer that I might myself at last be equally worthy with many of these of a seat at the marriage supper of the Lamb." It would be claiming too much to say that none went back to their idols and to their old sins or to worse; but many proved faithful to the end. No doubt in some cases the motives were mixed. Thus an old chief said: "It is my wish that the Christian re-

ligion should become universal amongst us. I look at the wisdom of these worshippers of Jehovah, and see how superior they are to us in every respect. Their ships are like floating houses, so that they can traverse the tempest-driven ocean for months with perfect safety; whereas if a breeze blow upon our canoes, they are in an instant upset, and we sprawling in the sea. Their persons also are covered from head to foot with beautiful clothes, while we wear nothing but a girdle of leaves. Their axes are so hard and sharp, that, with them, we can easily fell our trees and do our work, but with our stone axes we must dub, dub, dub, day after day, before we can cut down a single tree. Their knives, too, what valuable things they are! How quickly they cut up our pigs, compared with our bamboo knives! Now I conclude that the God who has given to His white worshippers these valuable things must be wiser than our gods, for they have not given the like to us. We all want these articles, and my proposition is, that the God who gave them should be our God." This was not the first time, nor the last, when people were moved by material considerations. The prodigal was led to go home because in his father's house there was bread enough and to spare.

In his work Williams employed a variety of methods. He preached constantly. That was his chief business. He felt that the Gospel is the grand catholicon for healing the social, the civil, and the moral maladies of mankind. He was not satisfied with public preaching. He held conferences for the deepening of the religious life of the converts. He translated the Scriptures for them. He taught them to read and to reflect upon what the Holy Spirit had revealed. He sought to improve their condition in other respects. He taught them to build neat homes and to dress becomingly. He imported axes, knives, scissors, mirrors, chisels, gimlets, nails, and other needful things. He engaged a man to teach the natives the profitable cultivation of sugar and tobacco. He bought a ship to trade between the Islands and New South Wales. He loaded

her with shoes, clothing, tea, and other articles. He introduced pigs, dogs, cats, sheep, cows, horses, donkeys, and other animals. The natives called the horse "the pig that carries a man." The dog was "the barking pig." The donkey was "the pig with the long ears."

In seeking to redeem and elevate these people the Gospel was his main dependence. His conviction was that in all circumstances men need the Gospel. "Whether you find them upon the pinnacle of civilization, or in the vortex of barbarism; inhabiting the densely populated cities of the east, or roaming the wilds of an African wilderness; whether on the wide continent, or the fertile isles of the sea; surrounded by the icy barriers of the poles, or basking beneath a tropical sun; all need the Gospel; and nothing but the Gospel can elevate them from the degradation into which they have been sunk by superstition and sin." Again, "I am convinced that the first step towards the promotion of a nation's temporal and social elevation is to plant amongst them the tree of life, when civilization and commerce will entwine their tendrils around its trunk, and derive support from its strength. Until the people are brought under the influence of religion, they have no desire for the arts and usages of civilized life; but that invariably creates it."

The years he spent in England were among the most fruitful of his life. Soon after his arrival he found much more work than he could do. He spoke to all classes. He held vast audiences spellbound as he rehearsed all that the Lord had done through him. His addresses generated a profound interest in the South Seas and in the cause of missions. Christian people rejoiced as they heard of the marvellous triumphs of the Gospel. Commercial men rejoiced to hear of new markets for their wares. While speaking he found time to write his work, "Missionary Enterprises in the South Seas Islands." This book is pronounced as interesting as "Robinson Crusoe." Dr. Campbell said, "One Williams does more to confound in-

fidelity than a thousand Paleys. One chapter of the 'Missionary Enterprises in the South Seas' is of more worth than the whole mass of the ponderous volumes of Lardner." In five years 38,000 copies were sold. While at home he raised money enough to buy a ship suited in all respects to the needs of the mission. In taking farewell of his friends he told them he knew of the dangers to which he would be exposed. The people of some of the islands he proposed visiting were particularly savage. He was aware of the violent storms he must encounter. He knew how to appreciate the endearments of civilized society; he prized the love and fellowship of relatives at their full value. He considered all these things. But none of them moved him. His one concern was to finish his course with joy, and the ministry which he had received from the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the grace of God. His only desire in returning was that he might carry the glad tidings of salvation to those who were destroyed for lack of knowledge. If called upon to suffer he was prepared to bow in submissiom to the will of God, knowing that others would be raised up to finish the work he had begun.

On reaching the field and confirming the souls of the disciples he started for Erromanga, one of the New Hebrides. He regarded this group as the key to New Caledonia, New Britain, New Guinea, and other extensive islands inhabited by the Papuan race. As the ship approached Erromanga no hostile signs were made by the natives. Williams and another missionary entered the boat and went ashore. In a little while they were clubbed to death. Their bodies were eaten by the savage islanders. Thus perished this remarkable man in his forty-third year. He was the victim of the evil deeds of men of his own race. Foreigners had wronged the people of Erromanga. They built a fort and then cut down and carried off the precious sandalwood that grows on those islands. The natives took revenge upon the first white man who fell into their power.

John Williams was a man of God. He spent much time in prayer. He gave himself without reservation to the Lord's work. He could have made a fortune without wronging any man. Instead he used his entire income in the interests of the kingdom. He said: "I hope for great things, pray for great things, and confidently expect great things to result from these labours." He looked at the bright side of things. Williams was a resourceful man. He said, "There are two little words in our language which I always admire, Try and trust. You know not what you can or cannot effect, until you try; and if you make your trials in the exercise of trust in God, mountains of imaginary difficulties will vanish as you approach them and facilities will be afforded which you never anticipated."

He had his trials. Many times he lacked proper food. All he had was native roots. For ten years he had no beef. He was often in peril. He was distressed by the cruelty and perfidy and filth of the people around him. He saw his work injured by traders, who sold liquor to the people and debauched them in other ways. Nevertheless he praised God that he was permitted to serve Him as a missionary pioneer. His supreme object was the diffusion of the Gospel over the widest area, that he might place the means of deliverance from sin and the prospect of eternal life within the reach of the greatest number of human beings; and that he might cultivate to the utmost fields already occupied; or carry the glad tidings of salvation to remote and untraversed regions. He wrote to his parents: "Grieve not at my absence, for I am engaged in the best of service, for the best of masters, and upon the best of terms; but rather rejoice in having a child upon whom the Lord has conferred this honour." Later he wrote, "My work is my delight. In it I desire to spend and be spent. I think and hope that I have no other desire in my soul than to be the means of winning sinners for Christ. My anxiety is that my tongue may ever be engaged in proclaiming this salvation, and that my words and actions may be always pointing to the

cross." To his father he wrote: "My heart is as much alive to missionary work as it was the first day I set foot on these shores; and in the work of my Lord and Saviour I desire to live and die. My highest ambition, dear father, is to be faithful to my work, faithful to souls, faithful to Christ; in a word to be abundantly and extensively useful." In an address he said, "I feel still that the work of Christian missions is the greatest, noblest, the sublimest to which the energies of the human mind can be devoted. I think, Christian friends, that no labour we can bestow, no sacrifice that we can make, no journeys we can undertake, are too great to be undertaken, for the glorious purpose of illuminating the dark world with the light of the glorious Gospel of the blessed God. There is something, to my mind, transcendently sublime in the comprehensive character of Christian missions. . . . We feel we have something worth carrying. We have the Gospel of Jesus Christ; we have the great truth that He came into the world to save sinners; we believe it, and therefore we go round the world to tell it."

In closing his account of his work he expressed the hope that the day was not far distant when the merchant will consecrate his gains to advance the cause of missions, when the scientist will make his discoveries subserve this godlike work; when not only the poor, but the rich and the noble will consecrate their influence, their wealth, and even their sons and daughters to regenerate and bless the world. The closing sentence may fitly conclude this sketch: "But, whether such forward it or not, the work will go on, enlargement and deliverance will come, until the earth, instead of being a theatre, on which men prepare themselves by crime for eternal condemnation, shall become one universal temple of the living God, in which the children of men shall learn the anthems of the blessed above, and be made meet to unite with the spirits of the redeemed from every nation, and people, and tongue, in celebrating the jubilee of a ransomed world."

IX

JOHN COLERIDGE PATTESON

GLADSTONE said that in Bishop Patteson there were singularly combined the spirit of chivalry, the glorious ornament of a bygone time; the spirit of charity, rare in every age; and the spirit of reverence, which the favourite children of this generation appear to have combined to ban. He adds, "It is hardly possible to read the significant, but modest, record of his sacrifices, his labours, his perils, and his cares, without being vividly reminded of St. Paul, the prince and model of all missionary labourers; without feeling that the apostolic pattern is not even now without its imitators, and that the copy in this case well and truly, and not remotely, recalls the original." Max Müller said that it was his privilege to have known some of the finest and noblest spirits which England has produced in the century, but there was none to whose memory he looked up with greater reverence, none by whose friendship he felt more deeply humbled, than by this true saint, this true martyr, this truly parental missionary. Surely the life and work of a man thus excellent is worthy of our consideration.

John Coleridge Patteson was born in London, April 1, 1827. His father was a lawyer and was unsurpassed in his day. He was judge in the courts of England till increasing deafness led him to resign. By all accounts he was a man of sterling integrity. His mother was related to Samuel Taylor Coleridge, England's great poet, philosopher, and divine. "His name indicated the combination in his blood of two honoured families, second, perhaps, to none in the contributions they have made to the intellectual and moral life of the nation." If there was

ever a youth who could say, "My lines have fallen in pleasant places; I have a goodly heritage," that youth was John Coleridge Patteson. His parents were both gifted and devout. They made it their business to bring up their little ones in the "nurture and admonition of the Lord." Without possessing great wealth they had enough to enable them to give their children the best education to be had. Their social position was the most desirable of all.

"Coley," as he was called in the family, was a genuine boy. He was full of animal spirits, buoyant in disposition, obstinate and passionate at times, and naturally indolent. Like most boys he took more delight in play than in work. He was not a weakling; he went in for robust games such as cricket and football. He was strong and full of pluck and was always where danger was greatest. When at school his collar-bone was broken by accident. For three weeks he bore his sufferings in silence. When his mother discovered the broken bone by chance and asked him why he did not tell her of the accident, he said he did not wish to make a fuss. Even as a boy he was reverent and conscientious. On his fifth birthday his father gave him a Bible. He loved and read the Divine Volume. Once when he was called to come to the nursery he asked for a few minutes that "he might finish the binding of Satan for a thousand years." As boy and man he lived a clean life. He spoke the truth and abstained from profanity and from filthy jesting. At the age of six he expressed a desire to be a clergyman. This greatly pleased his mother. She never desired that he might fill a high position, or that he might have great wealth; her desire and prayer to God for her handsome and promising boy was that he might minister in holy things.

When he was eight years old he was sent to school at Ottery St. Mary. He made his home with his uncle, Rev. Francis George Coleridge. His grandparents had their ancestral home not far away. At this school he did fairly good work. He took an active part in all kinds of sport. Later he was sent to

Eton College. This is one of the great public schools of England, and is the most famous of all. It is near Windsor Castle, the favourite palace of Queen Victoria. While at Eton his mother died. This was his first great sorrow. After the funeral he returned to his classes and to the old games. In cricket he was so proficient that he was elected the captain of the college team. His popularity brought its temptations. The social gatherings of the athletes were not free from moral risks. But, young as he was, Patteson was not afraid to live up to his convictions. He spoke out bravely when there was need for him to speak. No one was farther from being a prig; at the same time no one was farther from being a moral coward. He was a Christian boy and he would live worthily of the confession he had made. At the annual dinner of the Eton Eleven it was the custom to sing offensive songs. Patteson, who in due course occupied the chair, plainly intimated that he would not tolerate anything of the kind. Nevertheless one of the boys undertook to sing an objectionable ditty. Patteson said at once, "If that does not stop, I shall leave the room." And that he did. Not only so, but he resigned his captaincy to emphasize his protest. His comrades saw that he was right, and begged him with sincere apologies to remain as captain on his own honourable terms. The evil custom ceased at once and forever. While he was in Eton the young queen was married. The boys saw and cheered the royal bride and her German husband. In the throng young Patteson fell under the queen's carriage and was rescued by her own hand. He saw the Iron Duke and many other celebrities.

In the year 1845 he entered Oxford. Professor Shairp spoke of him thus: "Patteson, as he was at Oxford, comes back to me as the representative of the very best kind of Etonian, with much good that he had got from Eton, with something better, not to be got from Eton or any other school. He had those pleasant manners and that perfect ease in dealing with men and with the world which are the inheritance of Eton,

without the least tincture of worldliness. I remember well the look he had then, his countenance, massive for one so young, with good sense and good feeling, in fact, full of character. For it was character more than special ability which marked him out from others, and made him wherever he was, whether in cricket, in which he excelled, or in graver things, a centre around which others gathered. The impression he left on me was of quiet, gentle strength, and entire purity, a heart that loved all things true, and honest, and pure, and that always will be found on the side of these. We did not know, probably he himself did not know, the fire of devotion that lay within him, but that was soon to kindle and make him what he afterwards became." After three years in Oxford Patteson went on the Continent for a holiday. His marvellous gift of tongues served him well as soon as he left the shores of England. All through his collegiate career and after he was noted for his linguistic ability. In Dresden he began the study of Hebrew under a German savant. He took up Arabic also. He determined to acquire a thorough knowledge of the Oriental languages, with the aim of a better understanding of the Scriptures and with a view to fitting himself more perfectly for useful work in life. Some time later he made a second visit to the Continent. On this visit he went as far south as Italy and spent considerable time in Rome.

According to a description of him at the time of leaving Oxford Patteson was tall, and of a large and powerful frame. He was broad at the chest and shoulders. His feet and hands were small and neat. The most striking feature was his eyes. They were of a very dark clear blue, full of an unusually deep, earnest, and, so to speak, inward far-away expression. His smile was remarkably bright, sweet, and affectionate, like a gleam of sunshine, and was one element of his great attractiveness; so was his voice, which had the rich full sweetness inherited from his mother's family, and which always exerted a winning influence over his hearers. In after years that smile disarmed

many a savage whose club or spear was in readiness to strike down the man of God who was seeking to win him from savagery and superstition to the love and practice of truth and righteousness.

On completing his course in the University Patteson began to prepare for his life-work. He was ordained in Exeter Cathedral on the 14th of September, 1853. His own sermon on that occasion was on the words, "We preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord, and ourselves your servants for Jesus' sake." The text accurately described his whole subsequent career. His first work as a minister was done in the village of Alfington. Patteson preached the Gospel; he visited the sick and comforted the dying and buried the dead. Like his Lord, he went about doing good. More than that, he taught the people habits of industry. He set on foot a variety of schemes and institutions to help them help themselves. He did all Kingsley did, namely, he inculcated cleanliness and thrift. His position and prospects were such as to encourage satisfaction. There were many things that conspired to persuade him to settle down to the comfortable life of an English clergyman. It was expected that he would soon take charge of some church in a large manufacturing town, where his ability and ambition would find wide scope. That was not to be. God willed it otherwise. John Coleridge Patteson was called to spend his life in Melanesia. He had no more doubt as to his call than Abraham had or than Paul had.

Patteson's attention was called to the mission field as a sphere of labour when he was a lad in Eton College. His heart was stirred by a sermon preached by Bishop Selwyn, of New Zealand, from the text, "Thine heart shall be enlarged because the abundance of the sea shall be converted unto Thee, the forces of the Gentiles shall come unto Thee." While the bishop talked of the sufferings undergone for Christ's sake, of victories achieved for the Cross among the benighted South Sea Islanders, of the earnest cry for helpers in that far distant harvest

field, which sounded across the sea, tears ran down the cheeks of the boy, for his soul was moved to its depths. Some time afterwards when the bishop called at his home to say good-bye, he asked Lady Patteson if she would not give him Coley. She did not refuse. Later a sermon preached by Samuel Wilberforce deepened the impression made by Selwyn. It was on the text, "Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on Me through their word; that they all may be one; as Thou, Father, art in Me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in us; that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me." The preacher showed them that they might give themselves, and others might give costly and acceptable sacrifices to enable them to carry on their work among the heathen. "As we are giving up of our best, as the Church is sending her best in sending forth from her bosom those cherished and chosen sons, so let there go forth from every one of us a consenting offering, let us give this day largely in the spiritual self-sacrifice as Christian men to Christ our Lord, and He will graciously accept the offering that we make." No doubt others gave their gold and silver and prayers that day; but the little Eton boy gave what is infinitely more precious; he gave himself. His was an odour of a sweet smell, a sacrifice acceptable, well pleasing unto God.

In the year 1854 Bishop Selwyn returned to England to give an account of his stewardship and to secure assistance in his work in the South Seas. He had opened a school in Auckland for the Melanesians. It was impossible to open a school on each island or in each group. The endless sub-divisions of dialects were such as to try the patience and confound the linguistic capacity of any missionary. Patteson said later on that it appeared to him that these people had come directly from the Tower of Babel and that they had been multiplying their languages ever since. To obviate this difficulty it was proposed to bring some of the most promising of the youth of the islands to Auckland and in St. John's College train them

for service among their own people. A man was needed who could "rough it" among the islands, and who could take the boys gathered together and train them for lives of usefulness and nobleness among their own kindred.

Selwyn had not forgotten young Patteson and young Patteson had not forgotten him. When they met the old longing of his childish heart flamed out with unquenchable devotion. The bishop asked him if he was satisfied with his work. In some respects he was. He spoke particularly of the advantage of being near his father in his declining years. But for all that his heart was set upon mission work. His father's comfort was the only obstacle in the way. It was his purpose, God helping him, to go out some day. The bishop told him frankly that if he thought about doing a thing of this sort, he should not put it off till he was getting on in life. This work should be done with his full strength and vigour. Patteson spoke to his father on the subject. At first the old judge was taken aback, but he said to his son, "You have done quite right to speak to me, and not to wait. It is my first impulse to say no, but that would be very selfish." Patteson begged his father to take time to think the matter over carefully, and not to imagine that he was impatient or self-willed. After talking with his daughter Sir John said, "I can't let him go," but scarcely had the words escaped his lips when he recalled them, and said, "God forbid that I should stop him." Moreover, he resolved to make a complete sacrifice. "Mind," said he, with energy, "I give him up wholly, not with any thought of seeing him again. I will not have him thinking he must come home again to see me." When it was settled that he was to go Bishop Selwyn said, "God bless you, Coley! It is a great comfort to me to have you for a friend and companion." The spirit of the young missionary is seen in a letter to his brother in which he wrote: "Think of me, and pray for me, my dear old fellow, that God will give me more of your own unselfishness and love and interest for others, and teach

me to act not according to my own will and pleasure, but solely with a view to His honour and glory." He entered upon the service feeling that he must now forget himself and think only of the work whereunto he was called. In due course of time the farewells were spoken. He looked into the faces of those dear ones that he was never to see again. On going aboard the ship he wrote a note to his father telling him that he was calm and cheerful, and added, "I stayed a few minutes in the churchyard after I left you, picked a few primroses from dear mamma's grave, and then walked on." The next morning the *Duke of Portland* drifted down the channel with the tide. Patteson felt that he too had parted from his moorings, and was now loosed from his home and kindred, setting sail for a future of danger, triumph and high endeavour.

Few men have entered the field better equipped for mission service. Patteson was a scholar. He did good work in his classes. His ability and industry placed him in the front rank. As an athlete he won highest honours. While he enjoyed the widest popularity he adhered with uncompromising devotion to what he knew was right. His family were in good circumstances. He never lacked for anything that money could buy. He had influential friends and relatives. The outlook for promotion could not be brighter. This cultivated and gifted Christian gentleman turned his back on all that so many others prize so highly, that he might do what he conceived to be the will of God. He went, not reluctantly, but joyfully, thanking God, as Paul did, that to him was this grace given that he should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of the Christ. He heard the voice of his Lord —

> "And other sheep have I, where fronded palms
> Wave over islands in a sunny sea.
> I am their shepherd too; these outstretched arms
> Bid them a loving welcome unto Me.
> Tell them my name of Love, and call them home
> From sin's dark distance where they blindly roam."

On the way out Patteson set himself to master the Maori language, and to learn navigation. His rare linguistic gift enabled him to make very gratifying progress with the language. He took the greatest delight in learning the minutest details about managing a ship. While on the sea he felt that God only knew how much toil and perhaps sorrow there might be in store for him. "But there is and will be much happiness and comfort also, for indeed I have great peace of mind and a firm conviction that I am doing right, a feeling that God is directing and ordering the course of my life, and whenever I take the only true view of the business of life I am happy and cheerful."

On reaching Auckland he began to work in earnest. In labours he was abundant. He endured hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. He said, "I clean, of course, my room in part, make my bed, help to clear the things away after meals, and am quite accustomed to do without servants for anything but cooking." We find him and the bishop, with trousers rolled up, helping to release some cart horses on the beach. When they had succeeded and looked at each other and saw the condition of their clothing, the bishop said, "This is your first lesson in mud-larking, Coley." Mud-larking is not usual with eminent church dignitaries, but Patteson, the crack player at cricket and tennis, was in his element in that particular form of muscular Christianity. Writing to his sister he said, "I do not doubt that I am where I ought to be; I do think and trust God has given me this work to do, but I need earnest prayers for strength that I may do it." Two texts were ever in his mind, "Whatsoever thy hand finds to do, do it with thy might," a word to stimulate him to exertion and enterprise: and "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," a caution against bearing the burden of to-morrow to-day.

There was one thing about Patteson that made the natives and especially the college boys respect him. That was his readiness to do anything, his ability to do everything, and his

industry in being always at it. It mattered not whether the duty was making a sermon or mending a kettle, sweeping a room, or cooking a dinner, nothing came amiss to him. There was a proverb among the Maoris with respect to white people, "Gentlemen—gentlemen thought nothing that ought to be done beneath them; pig-gentlemen never worked."

In the month of May the bishop and Patteson went in the *Southern Cross* to visit the islands. They touched at Sydney, Aneityum, the island of San Spirito, the Solomon Group, Nengome, Norfolk Island, and many others. They visited sixty-six islands in all and landed eighty-one times. When it was convenient they went ashore in a boat. When that was impracticable they swam ashore. Patteson speaks of the people as friendly and delightful; only two arrows had been shot at them, and only one coming near—so much for savages. Of the natives he says, "They are generally gentle, and seem to cling to one, not with the very independent good-will of the New Zealanders, but with the soft yielding character of the child of the tropics. They are fond, that is the word for them. I have had boys and men, in a few minutes after landing, follow me like a dog, holding their hands in mine as a child does with a nurse." Where they had not been wronged by white traders the people did him no harm. He showed them that he was not afraid of any injury. He put his life in their hands. He swam ashore without any weapon. His smile was sufficient to disarm suspicions and to reassure all hearts. Be it known that these people were wild and naked. They were armed with spears and clubs, or bows and poisoned arrows. They were constantly fighting and doing evil deeds among themselves. They were cannibals and relished human flesh. But though Patteson landed alone so often no hand was lifted against him and no sign of ill-will was shown. The missionary loved these people, and they knew it and loved him in return.

The object of this visit was to preach the Gospel wherever there was an opportunity, and to collect boys to be trained in

the college in Auckland. The *Southern Cross* returned with a consignment of boys. Savage parents were willing to trust their children to strangers for ten months at a time. Patteson's attention to these boys was unremitting. His pride in and love for them was unstinted. Writing to one of his own teachers in England, he said, "I would not exchange my position with these lads and young men for anything. I wish you could see and know them; I don't think you ever had pupils that can win their way into your heart more effectually than these fellows have attached themselves to me." The climate of Auckland tried the boys terribly. Patteson gave up his own bed to those shivering and fever-stricken boys and tended them day and night. He was charmed by their patient suffering and cheered by the unfeigned gratitude they expressed. To those boys he was father, friend, adviser and playmate, a great heart embracing theirs, a strong will leading them forward and upward every day. He had them up when the day began to dawn over the sea, and as early as half-past seven they were gathered in the little chapel for morning worship. Then, after breakfast, came the domestic cleaning, sweeping, making beds, etc., in which, as usual, Patteson never failed to do the duty first himself, so that none of these lads should fancy anything beneath him. After their studies they all dined in the orthodox college fashion, and in the afternoon sought healthy recreation and activity. Patteson taught them cricket and other English games. Besides these sports there were occupations of a more useful character, such as printing, weaving, and so on, which held their attention. If his boys were sick he nursed them. He absolutely spent himself day and night in watching, tending, and doing service, however repulsive, for his dear sick boys. When death occurred, his own hands washed the bodies and prepared them for the grave and afterwards carried them out to be buried.

In due time a second tour was made in the *Southern Cross*. At New Caledonia the chief had been asking for a teacher for

some time. He said to Bishop Selwyn, "Ah, bishop, long time you no come to see me, you see plenty house here already, all men want to learn, what for no man come to teach?" This was another cry from Macedonia. Patteson speaks of walking on one of the islands a distance of twenty miles without socks; feet sore, and shoes worn to pieces. Nothing but broken bottles equals jagged coral. "Paths went so that you never take three steps in the same direction, and every minute trip up against logs—coral hidden by leaves and weeds trailing over the path. Often for half a mile you jump from one piece of coral to another. No shoes can stand it; and I was tired, I assure you. Indeed, for the last two days, if I stopped for a minute to drink a nut, my legs were so stiff that they did not get into play for five minutes or so." On this trip the *Southern Cross* visited Erromanga, the island where Williams and Harris were killed and eaten. She touched at Tanna in the New Hebrides. There the visitors met Paton and cheered him in his sorrow and loneliness. Patteson felt humbled in the sight of such noble heroism. "I know he made me feel pretty well ashamed of myself." After visiting several other islands, swimming ashore, preaching to the people and preparing new ground for the reception of the truth, Patteson returned to his work in the college.

While other men were ambitious to make a name for themselves, Patteson was content to live again in these Melanesian lads, to watch the kindling of divine grace in their natures, to recognize that Christ's love which was so precious to his own heart was irradiating the experience of these for whom the Saviour died. Like the messengers whose feet were beautiful on the mountains, he had brought to them the good tidings of peace, the evangel which cast out the devil from them, and led them in quietness and humility to sit at the feet of Jesus. It was the one great purpose of his life; he had no time or inclination to think about other matters. He felt the immense relief of being at such a distance from the sphere of contention and

theological difference. He wrote home, "My dear father writes in great anxiety about the Denison case. Oh, dear! What a cause for thankfulness it is to be out of the din of controversy, and to find hundreds of thousands longing for crumbs which are shaken about so roughly in these angry disputes! It isn't High or Low or Broad Church, or any other special name; but the longing to forget all distinctions, and to return to a simpler state of things, that seems to result naturally from the very sight of heathen people. Who thinks of anything but this: 'They have not heard the name of the Saviour who died for them,' when he is standing in crowds of naked fellows around him?" Because the climate of Auckland was so trying to the boys and fatal to many, it was decided to remove the college to Kohimarama. This place was two miles from Auckland, but was sheltered very much from the cold winds. The new school was called St. Andrew's College. The removal involved much additional work. Buildings had to be planned and erected. Grounds had to be cleared and properly laid out. The result of the removal was satisfactory. Patteson worked hard, but feared sometimes that he was not as prayerful as he might be. "I find from time to time that I wake up to the fact that while I am doing more than I did in the old times, yet that I pray less." He was in the habit of looking into his own heart, and was always finding some things to condemn. One less conscientious would have found a great deal more to approve. Later on it was found expedient to open another school on Norfolk Island. The school established there was known as St. Barnabas' College.

His building operations did not divert his thought and affection from his boys. He writes: "I have the jolliest little fellows this time—about seven of them—fellows scarcely too big to take on my knee and talk to about God and heaven and Jesus Christ—and I feel almost as if I had a kind of instinct of love towards them as they look wonderingly with their deep, deep eyes, and smooth, glossy skins, and warm soft cheeks, and

ask their simple questions. I wish you could have seen the twenty Banks Islanders as I told them that most excellent of tales, the story of Joseph. How their eyes glistened! And they pushed out their heads to hear the sequel of his making himself known to his brethren, and asking once more about 'the old man of whom ye spake—is he still alive?' I can never read it with a steady voice nor tell it either."

In the year 1861 Patteson was consecrated Bishop of Melanesia. The diocese of New Zealand was too large. No one man could oversee the churches and work in New Zealand and in Melanesia. When it was first suggested to Patteson that he was to be made a bishop, he was greatly amused. When he saw that there was no one else to take the office, he prayed God to strengthen and enable him. He looked forward hopefully and cheerfully. "I have the love and prayers of many, many friends, and soon the whole Church of England will recognize me as one who stands in special need of grace and strength from above." In the sermon preached at his consecration Bishop Selwyn said, "Is there no wilderness which still has to blossom as the rose? No islands that still wait for the Lord? No kingdoms that must become His? Are all idols utterly abolished? The vastness of the scope of the prophetic visions at once humbles and enlarges the mind. However little a work may be, it is part of that purpose of God which can never fail. We pray for our little one in fear and humility, and while we pray it becomes a thousand; it is but a drop in the ocean, but that ocean is the fullness of God." Patteson's work and manner of life after his consecration were very much the same as before. He had more work to do, but what he had been doing from the first he continued to do. He wished he could be in fifty places at once, so that the gospel light might be introduced more speedily among those teeming thousands of heathen.

Speaking of the islands stretching miles away, a field waiting for the sower, he said: "I know that hundreds are living

there ignorant of God, wild men, cannibals addicted to every vice. I know that Christ died for them, and that the message is for them, too. How am I to deliver it? How find an entrance among them? How, when I have learned the language, speak to them so as not to introduce unnecessary obstacles to the reception of it nor compromise any of its commands? Thank God, I can fall back upon many points of solid comfort. Chiefest of all, He sees and knows it perfectly. He sees the islands, too, and loves them; how infinitely more than I can! He desires to have them. He is, I trust, sending me to them. He will bless the lowest endeavours to do His will among them. And I think how it all must appear to angels and saints, how differently they see these things. Already, to their eyes, the light is breaking forth in Melanesia, and I take comfort from this thought and remember that it does not matter whether it is in my time, only I must work on. And then I think of the prayers of the Church ascending continually for the conversion of the heathen, and I know that many of you are praying especially for the heathen of Melanesia. And so one's thoughts float to India and China, and Japan and Africa, and the islands of the sea, and the very vastness of the work raises one's thoughts to God, as the only One by whom it must be done."

From his letters we learn how he spent his days. In a letter to Max Müller explaining why he did not make more progress in his linguistic studies, he said: "I get, in the full summer months, an hour for reading by being dressed at 5:30 A. M. At 5:30 I see the boys washing and so forth; 7 A. M., breakfast all together in the hall; 7:30, chapel; 8–9:30, school; 9:30–12:30, industrial work. During this time I have generally half an hour with Mr. Pritt about business matters, and proof sheets are brought me. Yet I get a little more time for preparing lessons; 12:45, short service in the chapel; 1, dinner; 2–3, Greek New Testament with English young men; 3–4, classics with ditto; 6:30, evening chapel; 7–8:30,

evening school with divers classes in rotation, or with candidates for baptism or confirmation; 8 : 30–9, special instruction to more advanced scholars, only a few; 9–10, school with two other English lay assistants. Add to all this, visitors interrupting me from 4 to 5, correspondence, accounts, trustee business, nursing sick boys, and all the many daily unexpected little troubles that must be smoothed down, and questions inquired into, and boys' conduct investigated, and what becomes of linguistics? So much for my excuse for my small progress in languages! Don't think all this egotistic; it is necessary to make you understand my position."

Another letter gives an account of his labours on Norfolk Island. "I am just finishing a translation of St. John, and have written many Psalms, and so forth, besides four or five hours' teaching daily; not much, yet more than I did at Kohimarama, where I had a good deal of English Sunday work and many interruptions. Here I can write from 6 A. M., to 10 P. M., and have really no distractions to speak of. Chapel at 7 A. M.; school, 8–9 : 30; work, 9 : 30–1; dinner over in twenty minutes or so (not very elaborate); school, 2–3; tea, 6; school, 7–8; chapel, 8, when I catechize, and to my delight, at least, the Melanesians freely, as a regular thing, ask me all kinds of questions. I leave them about 9, but my room opens into the chapel, and they sit there, many of them, till 10, talking over points; sometimes come to me, etc., and so the day ends. Codrington and I do not pledge ourselves to outdoor work from 9 : 30 to 1; and I have lessons to prepare for candidates for baptism, holy communion and orders (three Englishmen). You would like to be with us for a day; and I think you would be touched by the reverence of the young men and lads and boys in chapel, of whom I could tell you strange stories indeed, and of hearing the Venite chanted to Jacob in a strange tongue, and other music. There are times when my heart is very full."

We have a semi-humorous account of the way he divided

his time, and how he dressed, and the food he ate. "At daylight I turn off my table and dress, not elaborately—a flannel shirt, old trousers, and shoes; then a yam or two is roasted on the embers, and the coffee made, and (fancy the luxury here in Mota!) delicious goats' milk with it. Then the morning passes in reading, writing and somewhat desultory talking with the people, but you can't expect punctuality and great attention. Then at one, a biscuit and cheese (as long as the latter lasts). Mr. Palmer made some bread yesterday. Then generally a walk to meet the people at different villages, and talk to them, trying to get them to ask me questions, and I try to question them. Then at six a tea-ation—viz., a crab or two, or a bit of bacon, or some other good thing. But I forgot. This morning we ate a bit of our first full-grown and fully ripe pine-apple (I brought some two years ago), as large and fine as any specimens I remember in hothouses. If you mention all these luxuries, we shall have no more subscriptions, but you may add that there is as yet no other pineapple, though our oranges, lemons, citrons, guavas, etc., are coming on. Then after tea—a large party always witnessing that ceremony—there is an hour or so spent in speaking again to the people, and then I read a little with Wadrokala and Carry. Then Mr. Palmer and I read a chapter of Vaughan on the Revelation, then prayers, and go to bed."

Patteson was at home on sea and land. He became a hardy seaman and an accomplished navigator. When ashore he was farmer, gardener, woodman, porter, carpenter, tailor, cook, or anything else that necessity demanded and his large experience taught. In times of epidemic of dysentery or typhus, he was physician, surgeon, and tenderest of nurses, all in one. Nor did he intermit his sleepless activity as pastor and schoolmaster. In his letters home to his family there is no word of complaint over his labours and distresses. Like Livingstone he felt that he was not making sacrifices. He delighted in the work to which the Lord called him. Others might consider

it a hardship after a tiring day that he should sleep on the floor because he wanted his bed for a sick scholar, but it never seemed so to him. Often and often his letters bubble over with indignation, because people will suppose the missionary life is full of sacrifices; whatever other people's may be, he is sure his is not. He describes and dwells upon the comforts of his room; a print, a photograph, books, and flowers, though no carpets, which only hold dust and make the room musty. "Such are missionary comforts; where the hardships are I have not discovered." On one occasion he writes: "Here am I in my cozy little room after my delicious breakfast of coffee, dry toast, and potatoes—missionary hardships." The breakfast may have been delicious, but he does not think it worth while to mention that he had been up at five to see the cooking of it; that he had gone the round of the dormitories to call the boys; had hunted the lazy ones out of bed and into the washing room with much fun and energy; and that he had done a great deal more hard work before he could sit down to a breakfast he so much enjoyed.

Typhoid fever broke out among the boys and a number died. There was a noble self-repression as to his part in the sad experiences, generous praise of his fellow helpers, and thanksgiving to God for the faithful witnessing of those blessed dead who died in the Lord. Patteson escaped the contagion, but there were times when he was too worn out to kneel and pray. A sense of his own unworthiness seemed ever present with him, and with it a knowledge beyond the reach of a tinge of doubt that God stood by him, helping, strengthening, teaching His servant, and supplying all his needs according to His own riches in glory.

Patteson did not forget the deepening of his own spiritual life. In addition to the Word of God, his constant study and stay, he never went about without some book that might refresh his spirit. In Mota we found him closing a busy day with a quiet chapter from Vaughan on the book of Revelation. At

other times he read Newman's Sermons, and, like most heroes of the faith, a little volume of Thomas à Kempis was indeed a means of frequent and sweet communion. In regard to this latter book it is related in one of his letters with what peculiar joy he received from the sister of Bishop Mackenzie his copy of the "Imitation," blotted with the waves of the Shire in Central Africa, where he spent himself in the Master's service. With the saintly author of the "Christian Year" he was on intimate terms, and in many of his letters we find how again and again those songs of Zion were sung by Patteson while far away in a strange land.

His love for the Melanesians grew from the first to the last. Wherever he went he sought to enforce upon his hearers the intelligence and sterling qualities of these people, and to explode those lingering fallacies about the inferiority and hopeless character of the black races. To his mind these boys were God's children, and he never ceased to be grateful that it was his privilege and honour to "Teach them to think, to pray, to love, make grief less bitter, joy less wild. It is the vulgar, uneducated fellow that beats me. The Melanesians, laugh as you may at it, are naturally gentlemanly and courteous and well-bred. I never saw a 'gent' in Melanesia, though not a few downright savages. I vastly prefer the savages." One can easily imagine his joy as he led his first converts to Christ, and his greater joy when he saw some of them giving their lives to the ministry. He spoke hopefully of the future. "This is the beginning, only the beginning, the first fruits. Many blossoms there are already. I know that God's Spirit is working in the hearts of some of you. Follow that holy guidance. Pray always that you may be kept in the right way, and that you may be enabled to point it out to others, and to guide them into it."

Bishop Patteson never returned to England. He did not lose his interest in his family and friends. He wrote frequently and gave them full accounts of himself. His letters were full

of fun and humour. Beneath the fun and humour on every page there is deeper vein of serious matter. The bishop was a man of God; his heart was in the work; and out of the abundance of the heart the mouth could not but speak. He would not leave his boys even to see the dear ones at home. He told his sister that he had a perfect assurance that God is ordering all things for our good, "so let us struggle to the end." "I think of all your daily occupations—school, garden, driving, etc.—your Sunday reading, visiting the cottages, etc., and the very thought of it makes me feel like old times. When occasionally I dream, or fall into a kind of trance when awake, and fancy myself walking up from the lodge to the house, and old forms and faces rise up before me, I can scarcely contain the burst of joy and happiness, and then I give myself a shake, and say, 'Well, it would be very nice, but look about the horizon and see how many islands you can count!' and then, instead of thoughts of home for myself, I am tempted to induce others to leave their homes, though I really don't think many men have such a home to leave, or remain as long as I did." To his father he wrote in a similar strain. "I think I see more fully that work by the power of God's Spirit is the condition of us all in this world; tiny and insignificant as the greatest work of the greatest man is, in itself, yet the one talent is to be used." Doubtless he often thought of Keble's lines:

> "Think not of rest, tho' dreams be sweet
> Start up, and ply your heavenward feet;
> Is not God's oath upon your head,
> Ne'er to sink back on slothful bed,
> Never again your loins untie,
> Nor let your torches wasted die,
> Till when the shadows thickest fall,
> Ye hear your Master's midnight call?"

Bishop Patteson fell as a victim of the greed and inhumanity of his own race, to their everlasting shame be it spoken. The sugar plantations of Fiji and Queensland needed cheap native

labour. Trading vessels plied among the islands seeking to persuade the natives to go back with them. The demand soon exceeded the supply. Then guile was employed. Men and boys were coaxed on board with the promise of presents or to see axes and tobacco and other objects that they coveted. When they went on board and went down into the hold, the hatches were suddenly closed and fastened; the ship weighed anchor and there was no escape for the captives. When opposition was met with the natives were freely shot down; their canoes were sunk. These outrages were committed with impunity. The government either would not or could not redress these foul wrongs. The men engaged in this traffic said the natives made an engagement with them to work on the plantations. Some one who was cognizant of the facts said that the natives knew no more about making an engagement than a baby knew about making a will. The islanders were so exasperated that they intercepted some boats and killed their crews. Angry savages were not qualified to make nice distinctions. All white men looked alike to them. The innocent sometimes suffered for the guilty.

One of the worst features of this infamous business was that much of it was carried on in the name of the bishop. The natives were told that he was on board and wanted to see them. Or they were told that the bishop had broken his leg and could not come to them, and on this account had sent the ship to bring them to him. Sometimes the sailors placed a figure on deck, dressed in a black coat, with a book in his hands. This effigy of the bishop was to decoy the natives aboard. Those that went on board were carried off into slavery. Most of them never saw their homes and kindred and families again.

Bishop Patteson knew of this traffic in human flesh. More than once he had seen slave ships. He knew what the natives thought of this nefarious business. He knew that they called some of the ships, "Snatch-Snatch ships," and that they called the others, "Kill-Kill ships." He was warned of his

danger, but he did not fear. This strong man, who was so considerate and so gentle towards all, who loved the Melanesians, as no other mortal before nor since has loved them, had in him the heart of a lion. He was brave even to venturesomeness. He could not believe that the natives intended to do him any injury or would do him any injury. He went among them freely, unarmed. He would listen to no tales that were told him, the purport of which was to put him on his guard. He was in God's hands and he would go on and do his work without regard to consequences to himself.

On Norfolk Island he was preparing to go to Nukapu. He said to the friends about him, "You can enter into my thoughts how I pray God that, if it be His will, and if it be the appointed time, He may enable us in His own way to begin some little work among these very wild, but vigorous, energetic islanders." On the 20th of September, 1871, the *Southern Cross* was headed for Nukapu. He gathered the Melanesians about him and talked about the death of Stephen. He read in their hearing the words of our Lord, "Therefore, whatsoever ye have spoken in darkness shall be heard in the light, and that which ye have spoken in the ear in the closet shall be proclaimed on the housetops. And I say unto you, my friends, be not afraid of them that kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do." It may be that he had some premonition of what was waiting him. It may be that he repeated Campbell's words:

> "'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore
> And coming events cast their shadows before."

When the ship neared the island of Nukapu the bishop and his party got into a boat. Taking a few presents with them they pulled for the shore. To disarm any suspicions he got into a native boat. The boat was dragged over the reef into the lagoon. The bishop's friends saw him disappear in the crowd. There were demonstrations of anger on the part of the

people in the boats and on the shore. The bishop's friends knew there was danger, and feared for the worst. Later a little native boat was seen drifting out to sea. The bishop's body was in it. It was carefully wrapped in a native mat, and upon his breast was placed a spray of native palm with five mysterious knots tied in leaves. When they unwrapped him they found five wounds beneath the spray of palm. He had been killed in expiation of five natives who had died at the hands of white men. His face was calm and full of peace. The next day he was buried in the waters of the sea, in which he swam many a time with his message of peace and love. His mortal remains shall sleep there till the sea gives up its dead.

When, however, the other people knew of the murder, they were greatly incensed and drove the guilty actors of the tragedy from the island. The man who struck the first blow was compelled to wander from place to place like Cain, till finally he gave himself up to the old chief, who forthwith shot him dead. His murder was not the act of the whole native community, but only of a few who had been deeply wronged by slave stealers.

Some time after a poet described the closing scene of the good bishop's life:

"On Southern seas, afloat,
There drifts a lonely boat;
Far from the waves that guard his English home,
Therein a white man lies,
Beneath these glorious skies,
A palm branch telling of his martyrdom.

"In perfect peace the while,
Death-fixed that holy smile
That rests till doom upon the sleeping face:
He lies beneath the sun,
Slain for the foul wrong done
By white barbarians of the selfsame race.

"No slanting sunset road,
Our childhood's way to God,
Gleams on those waters like a path of light.
The glow of noontide there,
Broods, like the hush of prayer,
Upon that boat with its heaven-guarded freight.

"Those whom, in love, he sought,
To whom, in peace he brought,
Saw in him but another of the race
Who for their simple faith,
Had wrought them woe and death,
And slew him for the fairness of his face.

"God's curse is on the land
That shields a murderous hand
Beneath the shadow of a Christian name:
Who own the Christ in peace,
Yet make not wrong to cease,
Shall reap for all their boasted glory, shame."

Gladstone says that the three highest titles that can be given to man are those of martyr, hero, saint; and which of the three is there that in substance it would be irrational to attach the name of John Coleridge Patteson?

Near Exeter, England, a kinsman of Bishop Patteson erected a wayside cross to keep alive for after-time the name and example of a wise, a holy, and a humble man. On the base of the cross it is stated that he was killed by savage men whom he loved, and for whose sake he gave up home and country, and friends dearer than life. This statement of facts with the prayer, "Lord Jesus, grant that we may live to Thee like him, and stand in our lot with him before Thy throne, at the end of the days. Amen."

X

JOHN HUNT

AS John Hunt lay dying in Fiji he said, "Let me go—a heap of inconsistencies, backslidings and unfaithfulness. Let me go, as I trust I shall, through divine mercy alone—for I have nothing at all in myself—to heaven. There is nothing in me as an example to recommend, which is not much better furnished in the lives of many which have been written." So he thought in all sincerity. His ideals were not realized; the work he wanted to do was left undone. Fortunately his associates thought differently. A suitable memoir was published. His biographer says that the conceit of an olden time gave the famous ones of earth a place in the sky, and traced their images in groups of stars. "And the lives of such as have been great in their goodness, are to be remembered for the cheering and guiding of those whose voyage is not yet done, and over whom the night still gathers." His character and struggles entitle him to be held in everlasting remembrance and honour.

John Hunt was born at Hykeham Moor, near Lincoln, England, June 13, 1812. His father and mother were honest and industrious. Neither of them could read. John's school-days were passed under the parish pedagogue. At the age of ten he left school to work on a farm. He was not handy at his work, and a sense of inferiority annoyed him. Because he could not handle a fork, or crack a whip, or tie a plow-line as skillfully as his workfellows, he was held in contempt by them, and nicknamed after an idiot in the village. Because his health was not robust he was recommended to be a tailor. He worked on the farm till he was fifteen, but all the while he was medi-

tating on other things. His father had been a soldier and had served in the navy and had marvellous tales of danger and bravery to tell. The son resolved that he would be a hero. He would do deeds of mighty prowess; he would command an ever-victorious army; he would return home covered with glory and laden with fabulous wealth to be the joy and pride and support of his aged parents. He became a hero, but it was in another warfare and with other weapons. His heroism far exceeded that of his youthful dreams.

His parents made no profession of religion. His mother seldom went to church. But she taught her children to admire and practice all things of good report, and warned them against idleness, theft, and swearing, and other vices. She taught them to pray and to respect the ministers of religion. John believed all he was taught about prayer and providence and acted upon his convictions. He asked God to protect him against the thunder and dogs and gypsies and other things. As he grew older and became more skillful in his work he prayed less and lost much of his earnest feeling about religion. When he was sixteen years of age he fell sick with brain fever. The thought of death was brought to him as never before. He felt that it would be of no use to promise the Lord that he would serve Him, if He would spare him, as he had often made such promises and broken them. The only way appeared to be to begin to serve God there and then, according to the light he had. So he fell on his knees and began to pray.

In his convalescence some of his former wild companions called to see him. He could no longer sympathize with them. He realized that their paths and his must be widely separated henceforth. He visited some godly neighbours and spoke to them of what was uppermost in his thoughts. He told his mother of his intention of becoming an avowed and thorough Christian. He attended public worship constantly and soon began to speak. Working for a farmer who had a library con-

taining the works of Wesley, Paley, Dwight, Horne, Mason and others, he used his scanty leisure in diligent study. New thoughts filled his mind as he worked with his team or followed the plow. The Bible was the centre of all his study. While he was engaged in his daily toil he meditated upon some great Biblical thought. Only once did this interfere with his regular work. His employer told him to take a load of grain to market. He rose, fed the horses, and made all preparations for the journey. Meanwhile he got hold of some specially interesting topic, for he harnessed the horses and went to market with an empty wagon.

Knowing his consistent life and studious habits, his employer asked him to give a short address at the chapel the following Sunday evening, as there would be no minister present. John was alarmed at the thought, but as others joined in the request he gave a timid consent. His thoughts found expression in fitting words. His address warmed the hearts of the simple villagers and helped them to go forth more cheerily to their next day's toil. As elements of power began to show themselves in him, he was asked to speak in another village. He was distressed at this request and asked his employer about it. The good man answered, "If the Lord calls thee to the work, He'll give thee tools to work with." John made careful preparation and went to the place. When he rose to speak his mind became confused and his thoughts vanished. He returned home discouraged and sad. He found comfort in resolving never again to meddle with what was clearly no business of his. His friends urged him to make a fresh trial. Some time after, on speaking in another village, the people were greatly pleased and expressed a desire to hear him often. He was in serious doubt as to whether the Lord wanted him to preach. For a time he would not listen to the encouraging words of his friends, or admit that his efforts had been owned of the Lord. He prayed that he might know that it was the will of God that he should preach the Gospel. In answer to

his prayer all doubts of misgivings passed away, and from that time till the day of his death that conviction was never disturbed.

Being aware of his lack of culture he caught at every chance of training his mind. He attended a night school, where he had lessons in writing and in grammar. He spoke much to village congregations. All the while he was working on the farm, and did not cheat his employer under the pretext of serving God. "Some Sundays he had to preach at a distant place and could not get back before midnight; but, though he might have walked many miles that day, he was in the stable attending to the horses the next morning at four o'clock." He frequently spent two whole nights a week in prayer and reading the Bible. As he spoke to the people, although his appearance was unattractive and his speech rude, there was something that won and held their attention. The listeners heard enough to convince them that he would not always hold the plow.

When he was asked if he did not think of giving himself wholly to the work of the ministry, he declared that a sense of his unfitness made him shrink altogether from such a suggestion. But he confessed that he had an ambition to go to the Cape of Good Hope as a servant to Laidman Hodgson, a missionary at work there. He thought he could do gardening and farm work, and perhaps teach the children in the Sunday-school, and preach to the English settlers. As he continued preaching and studying he gained in power. He was sought, not only by country congregations, but by city congregations also, who listened to him with delight. His defects were forgotten in admiration of his genius. Sometimes whole audiences would bow before the uplifting of his hard, rough hand, and tears and sobs showed how his ungrammatical appeals were reaching heart and conscience. He said, "I see that, to be useful as a public speaker, I must be eminent as a private Christian." The power he exercised in the pulpit he had gained in the closet.

While he was an acceptable preacher, he never lost his desire to be a missionary. He clung to the thought of going to the Cape, and hoped that he would receive an appointment to that Colony. He went to London for a conference with the Missionary Committee. He was found far above the average candidate and was accepted. But before sending him out it was decided to send him to the Theological Institution in order that he might be better prepared for work on the field. For two years he applied himself to his studies with characteristic earnestness, and made rapid progress. While in school he frequently preached, and with marvellous power. He wrote to a friend, "The Lord has made me a blessing since I came to London." A gracious revival visited the Institution. The students were quickened and their audiences discovered that they preached with new power. Instead of waiting till they had completed their studies and had given their full time to ministerial employment, they addressed themselves to the evil and wretchedness about them. They took the poorer districts as their scenes of work, and went from house to house trying to do good, and not without marked success.

As his college course drew to a close it was apparent that a great change had taken place in him. Much of the roughness had gone, but his sterling worth remained. His appearance, manner and dress were in keeping with his character. When he stood up to speak everything about him struck the audience with the idea of power. He was tall and well proportioned; massive but not stout; broad of chest and large of limb. When he spoke good and solid thoughts came forth clothed with words that were sinewy and strong. There was no affectation, no tinsel, nothing weak or small. Those who listened to him were impressed with his genuine manliness. Among his friends he was free and happy. A cheery brightness made his face shine. Among grand people he was ill at ease, but at home he was one of the most companionable of men. He spoke out with such unmistakable earnestness and

looked one in the face with such a bright honesty that one felt it was impossible that he should ever deceive. He had in him the essential of all true politeness, a sensitive regard for the feelings of others. He sought to live a life of holiness. He was not content with being an ordinary Christian. He believed that it was possible to live in the Spirit to such a degree that it would be as natural to pray and believe as to breathe. He felt that nothing but holiness could fully fit him for the important work of preaching the Gospel. He made it a practice to commit Scripture to memory. He said: "We can never speak to or for God better than when we do it in His own words." It is evident that he was well equipped for the mission field. There could be no doubt as to his ability. That had been tested through several years. He had the genius of success. That had been demonstrated. Such a man was wanted in the churches at home. John Hunt wrote to a friend, "I can say that my heart is more than ever in the missionary work. I have been rather pained of late to find people so anxious to keep me at home. I give them credit for their affection and motives, but not for the simplicity of their religion. I think true religion is truly missionary, and is glad for the heathen to have the Gospel at any price."

While John Hunt's heart was fixed on Africa as the scene of his labours, a great piercing cry came from the far Pacific. Men were needed for Fiji. An appeal entitled, "Pity Poor Fiji," was issued by the Missionary Society. The young men in the Theological Institution were stirred by it, and John Hunt as much as any. But he regarded it as settled that he was to go to the Cape. In February, 1838, he was invited to the mission house and asked if he would go to Fiji. He was startled at the unexpected request and could give no answer. He returned to the college in much trouble, and told a fellow student what had happened. His friend was shocked at the announcement, expressed his sympathy, and spoke of the perils and hardships of a mission among cannibals. "Oh, that is

not it," said Hunt. "What is it, then?" Hunt's frame was convulsed with intense feeling. He said, "I'll tell you what it is. That poor girl in Lincolnshire will never go with me to Fiji; her mother will never consent." It was on her account that he was troubled, and not on his own. His friend advised him to write to Miss Summers, and to trust God who, if He gave the call, would also make the way plain. He told her of the field, and said that she must expect to live at a remote station for twenty years. She had been brought up in comfort, and her health was not robust, but she was not appalled by privations and dangers of life in Fiji. In a few days Hunt said to his friend, "It's all right! She'll go with me anywhere." In a few days John Hunt and two other young men were ordained for the work in Fiji.

On the 29th of April, 1838, the missionary company sailed from England to Sydney, Australia. On the voyage John Hunt spent much of the time in diligent study. There was family prayer in the cabin every morning and evening and preaching twice on Sundays. John Hunt took a leading part in all religious exercises. He sought to do all the good he could to passengers and sailors. He was greatly beloved and respected by all on board. On reaching Sydney he was urged to make Australia his home. He would have all the work he could do. Every comfort would be supplied. At Fiji he would have to lead a wretched life among wild and disgusting savages. His young wife would be exposed to suffering and insult, and he and she might be clubbed and cooked. John Hunt had counted the cost long before, and was not to be seduced from the right path by any considerations whatever.

On the 25th of October he left Sydney and arrived at Fiji on the 22d of December. The next morning the whole party went ashore and spent their first Sunday in that group which was to be the scene of their trials and triumphs. It was decided that Mr. and Mrs. Hunt were needed at Rewa, on the other side of the group. They were asked if they were willing

to live alone among savage people of whose manners and language they were ignorant. They gave their consent at once. Early in January their ship dropped anchor in the desired haven. For apparent wretchedness it came up to their preconceived notions. The natives were surprised to see them and stood nearly naked, staring and shouting with astonishment as they passed. Mrs. Hunt excited their wonder, as many of them had seen only one white woman before. John Hunt spoke of himself as determined by God's grace to live entirely to His glory and the advancement of His blessed cause.

The Fiji group consists of 220 islands, great and small. Eighty of these are inhabited. The area of these islands is 40,000 square miles. At that time the population numbered 150,000. The people were a fine race, of fair intelligence, and, measured by their simple wants, industrious. At the same time they were extremely wild and degraded. Cannibalism was a recognized institution. Captives taken in war and strangers driven to their shores were eaten. The launching of a canoe, the payment of taxes, the building of a temple, and other public functions were attended by a cannibalistic feast. Sometimes as many as a hundred human bodies were cooked at the same time. One man boasted that he had eaten nine hundred bodies. The graves were robbed to satisfy the hunger of the living. Infanticide was a general custom. The burial of the sick before death was common. Cruelty of all kinds abounded. Women were beasts of burden. A woman was equal in value to a pig. Her husband could treat her and dispose of her as he pleased. At his funeral his wives were strangled. This was done that they might accompany him to the spirit world and minister to his needs there as here. The first thing a child was taught to do was to strike his mother. That was to make him courageous. When his mother was old and unable to work she was put to death. The Fijians were all liars. An adroit liar was highly esteemed. They were inveterate thieves. They carried away teakettles, iron pots, earthenware, and any domestic utensils in

sight. At times the missionaries found dishes and cooking apparatus all gone. The thieves could make no more use of these articles than they could of an automobile or a flying machine.

As day by day Mr. Hunt saw fresh and terrible proofs of the degradation and cruelty of these people, he longed to be able to preach the Gospel of God's grace. His first address was made in about a month after his arrival. He read nearly the whole of his sermon. Within another month he was able to take two or three services a week. It was not long until he was able to speak freely to the people in their own tongue. Mr. Hunt discovered that the people were afraid for the safety of their god. In one place they said the God of the Christians had beaten their own god till his bones were sore. In that early day some of them had an idea that Christianity would prevail. The king said it must be so; for who can stop it? "It will be the religion of all." In a dream a god told a priest that he was going to leave the land. He was afraid of Mr. Hunt, because he was so very tall, and was preparing to leave at once.

One of the chiefs asked the king if it would not be a good thing for them all to embrace Christianity. The king told the chief he might if he pleased, but as for him he must wait and look after the land. The people did not wish to do so while the chiefs held back. Some of the worst people did become Christians. The change in their lives awakened interest and inquiry. But the majority held aloof on account of the attitude of the chiefs. One of the chiefs collected a company of men and robbed all the Christians in the place. When the missionaries complained to the king about the outrage, the chief threatened them. The king said, "If you injure the missionaries, I will begin to eat the chiefs." This was all the more remarkable inasmuch as the offender was the king's brother.

From Rewa Mr. Hunt was removed to Somosomo. No Christian agent had ever visited that island. No one belonging

to the place had become a Christian. No white man was living there at the time. A Scotchman who had touched at a neighbouring island a short time before was barbarously murdered for the sake of the little property he possessed. It is true that the king had begged that missionaries might be sent to his town; but it was because he hoped they would bring a good store of axes, knives, hatchets and other articles by which his people would be enriched. The position was an important one; it was strategic. The chiefs ruled over many islands. The fact that the people were such fiendish cannibals furnished the missionaries with the most powerful motive for settling there. The greater the darkness the more need of the true light. The missionaries expected to sow in tears; and they expected just as confidently to reap in joy.

On their arrival at Somosomo they found no one to greet them. As they went ashore and made their way to the king's house, they were treated with the coolest indifference. The old king gave the missionaries a piece of land and a large house of his own. He pretended to be a Christian, but there was no change in his life. Shortly after the arrival of the missionaries one of the king's sons was lost at sea. It was ordered at once that all his wives should be strangled. The missionaries interceded, but without avail. The king resented their interference. Sixteen women were slaughtered and their bodies were buried within twenty yards of the home of the missionaries. That was followed by a festival which lasted several days and nights.

The missionaries preached without ceasing. They opened a school. They protested against crime. They sought to enlarge the sphere of their usefulness. The people heard with apparent interest, but that was all. They did not turn from their evil ways. The want of direct fruit was calculated to discourage and retard effort. But it had no such effect on Mr. Hunt's mind. His motto was "Onward." He looked to the promise of God, and against hope believed in hope.

During the year the cannibal feasts were more frequent, and barbarous ceremonies were constantly taking place. The ovens were so near the mission house, that the smell from them was sickening; and the king threatened to kill the missionaries and their wives if they should shut up their house to exclude the horrible stench. Amid all perils and annoyances Mr. Hunt went steadily and earnestly about his work. He endured all things, sickness and bereavement and the spoiling of his goods, as seeing the Invisible.

Mr. Hunt was next stationed on Viwa. That was a small island, but one of great political importance. It was close to the main island of the group. The chief was a bloody and deceitful man. He was noted for his craft in council and stratagem, and was far-famed as a warrior. He had renounced heathenism, and professed to be a Christian. He was a friend of the missionaries, and refrained from the worst crimes; but he was not a Christian in heart and conduct. In Viwa Mr. Hunt made it a part of his work to train a number of native teachers and evangelists. He preached as much as ever. He carried on his translations and his other literary work. Shortly after beginning his work on Viwa he was able to save the life of a poor woman from being strangled and from being buried alive. He found the chief's nephew digging her grave. Mr. Hunt urged him to desist, and succeeded. The man was disappointed and said, "Dear me, I have dirtied my hands for nothing." Mr. Hunt and his associates were instant in season and out of season. They sought first and last and always the interests of the kingdom of God. According to the divine promise they saw abundant fruit. In a great and gracious revival many turned to the Lord. From many a house in Viwa, and from the chief's house most of all, came the sound of those who mourned and cried for mercy. Women fainted in their distress, and the anguish of the men was most terrible to hear and see. The missionaries rejoiced as men rejoice when they divide the spoil. In the public services the excitement

was very great, and tears of joy and sorrow flowed everywhere. The "Te Deum" was chanted with a nobler reality of worship than was ever reached by robed clerks and choristers at a warrior's triumph. It was the fit victory-song of redeemed souls; and the dark faces quivered with joy as they answered one another, in that heathen land, saying, "We praise Thee, O God! We acknowledge Thee to be the Lord!" But when they reached the words, "Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ!" voices failed; and streaming eyes, and broken cries of "Jesu! Jesu!" lifted a more eloquent praise to God. The people that sat in darkness saw a great light. The mats of the chapels were wet with tears of the communicants at the table of the Lord; and in many instances the ministers were scarcely able to minister because of the glory of the Lord. The revival spread wide and far and many conversions were the result.

It was impossible that so much good should be done without rousing the opposition of the forces of evil. The old religion appeared to put on the strength of despair. The most terrible war that Fiji had ever known broke out. This war was attended with cruelties more fiendish than the oldest could remember. The converts were in danger because of their refusal to join in the war. One chief sent word to some poor Christians that they must either give up Christianity or come and be cooked. They replied that it was easy to come and be cooked, but difficult to renounce Christianity. Persecution served to make them more faithful. To the joy of their teachers they stood firm and prospered, until peace was declared.

Mr. Hunt was a busy man. He could not be satisfied unless he was "on the full stretch." He set himself to translate the New Testament into the language of Fiji. He was a born linguist. Nevertheless, this was not an easy task. In addition to his work of translating he had innumerable other duties. He administered medicine to the sick. He purchased

food for three families. He wrote a memoir of an associate and a work on "Entire Holiness." He had a presentiment that he would not live long. That made him eager to work while the day lasted. He finished the New Testament, and began the Old. He said, "It is a great work; but God can give me strength, if it please Him that I should do it; and if it be not pleasing to Him, I do not want to do it."

The general superintendent wrote: "Our missionaries here are hard-working men, and men of all work. They rise early and translate the Scriptures, or prepare other good books; they teach the natives useful arts, and guide them in all they do; one part of the day is devoted to native schools, and another to schooling of their own children. They preach the Gospel to all who will hear it, morning, noon, and night. They administer medicine to the sick, and settle disputes for all parties. They are consulted about every important enterprise, and have their hand in everything that is going on. They are lawyers, physicians, privy-counsellors, builders, agriculturists, and frequent travellers on the high seas in the frail native canoes. They are men

> "'Whose path is on the mountain wave,
> Whose home is on the deep.'

They study hard, that they may give a faithful translation of the Word of God; several of them daily read Hebrew, Greek and Latin, for this end; besides their constant application to the perfecting of their knowledge of the native language, in which they preach and converse daily with ease and fluency. These things they do in the ordinary course of their daily labour as pastors of the flock of Christ; besides the oversight they are obliged to take of their own domestic affairs, where the busy housewife plies her care, and where the tedious natives crowd around."

As Mr. Hunt's health began to fail, the church was in great distress. Prayer to God for his recovery was made without

ceasing. There came a great darkness over the missionaries, for they dreaded to lose their wise and beloved leader. One of the evangelists prayed: "O Lord! We know we are very bad; but spare Thy servant. If one must die, take me! Take ten of us, but spare Thy servant to preach Christ to the people." It soon became evident that the end was not far distant. John Hunt felt that he was in God's hands and that God would take care of him and his dear ones. His sole concern was about the people among whom he dwelt. He cried out, "Lord, bless Fiji! Save Fiji! Thou knowest my soul has loved Fiji; my heart has travailed in pain for Fiji." As his strength failed, he said to those about him, "Oh, let me pray once more for Fiji! Lord, for Christ's sake bless Fiji! Save Fiji! save Thy servants, save Thy people, save the heathen in Fiji." After this his peace was unbroken. Some one suggested to him, "You see a bright prospect before you." He answered, "I see nothing but Jesus." At the time of his death he was only thirty-six years of age. The promise of God applies to John Hunt: "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever."

Several things may be affirmed of this extraordinary man. First, his lifelong desire was to be holy. He believed in the possibility of attaining entire sanctification. He talked much and wrote much on the subject. He was very modest in his claims. He made no pretenses. Towards the close of his noble and fruitful career he lamented that his life had been worthless and unprofitable—worse than useless. He spoke of himself as a worm. All the time he was aspiring to perfection. His heart's desire and prayer to God was for holiness.

Secondly, he was a man of invincible faith. His life was in danger more than once. He was in danger of being clubbed and eaten. His wife was sick and brought down to the gates of death. His children were buried in the soil of Fiji. His associates fell at his side. For years he saw little

fruit of his labours. Nevertheless he did not doubt the promises of God. He was in distress, but not in despair; cast down, but not destroyed. He felt sure that in God's own good time precious fruit would appear.

Thirdly, he was a man of unwearied industry. He spoke much to others about taking care of their health. He taught that no one should work beyond his ability. His practice did not always agree with his theory. He could not do his best or satisfy himself without being "on the full stretch." He was always at it. Had he worked more leisurely he might have lived longer. Whether he would have accomplished any more or not, is a question. When the end drew near it was a consolation that he did not have to reproach himself with indolence and idleness. He did his work with all his might.

Fourthly, he was kind and gracious in all his relations with his associates and with the converts. He loved them and served them. They were in his heart to live or die for them. They loved him in return. Because of their mutual love and hearty coöperation giant strides were made in every department of the Fijian work. He loved the people and wanted to live and die among them. He gave himself and his all for their redemption. They loved and trusted him and were willing to lay down their lives for his sake. Once when his word was questioned by the opposers of the faith, the converts asked, "Will the sun rise to-morrow morning?" On being told that it would, they said, "So sure is the word of the missionary."

The mission to the Fiji Islands has been as remarkable for its success as any ever undertaken by the Christian world. At the Jubilee of that mission there was not an avowed pagan left. Fifty years before there was not a single Christian in all Fiji. Instead of the thorn there was the fir tree; and instead of the briar there was the myrtle tree; and it was to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that should not be cut off. A genuine work of grace had been wrought in Fiji. The converts endured trials, losses, persecutions and martyrdom in such a

spirit as to prove that they were begotten of God and that they knew God. They were renewed in righteousness and true holiness. Old things passed away; behold, all things had become new. When a call was made for fifteen men to work in New Guinea, forty responded. Others had been sacrificed there; that made no difference. The Lord's work must be done at any cost. The signal victories won in Fiji are sufficient to show that no people can long withstand the progress of the Gospel. They are sufficient to show further that the Gospel is God's power to save every one that believes.

XI

ALEXANDER DUFF

PERHAPS no other man of modern times did more to promote the evangelization of the world than Alexander Duff, the man who was called the Prince of Missionaries. His work in India was of the highest order, and has largely shaped all missionary work in India from his day to ours. His work at home was not less notable or fruitful. More than any other man and more than all other men he created a missionary conscience in the churches of Scotland. In addition, he gave a mighty impetus to the cause of missions in Great Britain, in the United States and in Canada. It is certain that the missionary enterprise never had a more eloquent and effective advocate. It was said of him that his gift of eloquence enabled him to sway the emotions, guide the opinions, and influence the decisions of men, in deliberate councils no less than in popular assemblies. Duff was not only an advocate but an administrator of marked ability; he was a missionary statesman and that of the very first rank.

Alexander Duff was admirably endowed and equipped for the tasks to which the Lord called him. He was tall and stalwart and handsome, a man that would attract attention in any assembly. In his university days teachers and students said, as he passed them on the streets, "There goes Duff." He was possessed of inexhaustible energy and endurance. The Lord gave him what Homer called "a wise, extensive, all-considering mind." Duff was a genius and no ordinary man. Moreover, he was the spiritual heir of Knox and Chalmers. He had every advantage in the way of education that his country

afforded. After passing through the best schools in Perthshire, he entered the University of St. Andrews. As a student he enjoyed the prestige of having won the highest honours in Greek, Latin, Logic and Philosophy. Furthermore, he lived and wrought in a time of unusual opportunity. He was the first missionary sent to India by the Established Kirk of Scotland. It was his privilege to shape the policy of that mission, and later to invent the methods employed by the churches at home to sustain the work on the field. Once more: his life was eminently successful. Usually one sows, and another reaps. In the providence of God, Duff lived to reap a great harvest from his own sowing. Referring to what Duff achieved in his first term of service, Lord Bentinck, the ablest and most enlightened governor-general India had ever possessed, did homage to it by publicly declaring in the face of all India that his work had produced "unparallelled results." Later it was said that, whether we look at the spiritual or the intellectual character of the young men, whether we consider what they sacrificed for Christ, or what He enabled them to become in His work, we may assert that no other Christian mission can show such a roll of converts from the subtlest system of a mighty faith and an ancient civilization as Dr. Duff in his first thirteen years in India. Because of what he did for the land and the people his name is as inseparably connected with India as is that of Clive or Hastings or Carey.

Alexander Duff was born in Perthshire, Scotland, April 25, 1806. Before their marriage his parents were enrolled among the converts in the revival that resulted from a sermon preached in Moulin by the saintly Charles Simeon of Cambridge. Speaking of his father, Duff said, "If ever a son had reason to thank God for the prayers, the instructions, the councils, and the consistent examples of a devoutly pious father, I am that son." His father was marvellously gifted in prayer, appearing at times to be caught up to the third heaven and in full view of the great white throne. The father spoke to his children

from pictures of Jaganath and other gods of India, and told them about the progress of the Gospel in that country.

At the age of eight the son left home to attend school, and made such progress in his studies that at the age of fifteen he was ready to enter the university. As a boy in school he delighted in ancient and modern literature and committed many of the great masterpieces to memory. "Paradise Lost" was one of his favourite books. In the debating societies he displayed and developed his intellectual powers and his rare and wondrous gift of eloquence. His mind received the impress of Dr. Chalmers' great thoughts and even the form of his phraseology. On leaving home for the university his father gave him twenty pounds sterling. His ability and scholarship enabled him to complete his course without any further financial assistance from his parents. He won a bursary, and that was sufficient to meet all his expenses. It was not long till he became the pride of the university.

While in the university Duff established Sunday-schools in St. Andrews and originated a Students' Missionary Society. In view of the prevailing indifference to missions, this was most remarkable. He tells us that he was struck markedly with the circumstance, that throughout the whole course of the curriculum of four years not one single allusion was ever made to the world's evangelization—that which constitutes the chief end of the Church on earth. There was no room in the university that was available for the meetings of the society. The authorities were not in sympathy with the aims and objects of the young men who were thinking of the duty of carrying the Gospel into the regions beyond. Chalmers was in the university, but in the department of moral philosophy. Chalmers kept open house for all who were interested in the kingdom, and in his home Duff met Marshman of India, and Morrison of China, and others.

Under the leadership of John Knox the Kirk of Scotland recognized the fact that it was a missionary church. In the

year 1560 the Scottish Parliament passed an act embodying the first Confession, which has for its motto these words, "And this Gospel of the kingdom shall be preached throughout the whole world, for a witness unto all the nations, and then shall the end come." But for more than two centuries the Kirk did nothing or almost nothing in order that that text might be realized. In the year 1796 the General Assembly selected as its Moderator a man who maintained that to spread abroad the knowledge of the Gospel among barbarous and heathen nations seemed to be highly preposterous, inasmuch as it anticipates, nay, it reverses the order of nature. Not only was the Church either opposed or indifferent, but the East India Company was actively hostile. Neither Carey nor Judson had been allowed to settle in any part of India under the Company's control. It was not till 1833 that a missionary was recognized or tolerated save as an "interloper"; he was admitted under passports, watched by the police, sometimes deported and ruined, and always socially despised.

While the Kirk of Scotland was asleep missionary societies were being organized and missionaries were being sent out to different fields. Thus the English Baptists sent Carey to India in 1793. The London Missionary Society was organized in 1795; the Church Missionary Society in 1799; and the American Board in 1810. Drs. Chalmers and Inglis were endeavouring to rouse the Church of Scotland to do her duty to the unevangelized portions of the globe. Chalmers was the master mind of his country, if not of his age. It could not be that the Church should be wholly unmoved by his appeals. The English Parliament appropriated funds to support chaplains and teachers for the benefit of the soldiers and civil officers in India. The first Scottish chaplain went to his field strongly impressed with the belief that he would find his attempts to shake the faith of the Hindus futile and unavailing. Nine years later, Dr. Bryce, that same chaplain, directed the Church of Scotland to India as a field for missionary exertion.

The Missionary Committee selected Alexander Duff as the man to begin work. He had been licensed to preach in the spring of 1829. He was modest and did not feel qualified for the service expected of him. After some persuasion he accepted the call. He said afterwards that it was when he was a student in college and while perusing the article on India in the Edinburgh Encyclopedia that his soul was first drawn out by a spell-like fascination towards India; and when, at a later period, he went out as the first missionary from the Established Church of Scotland, his resolution was never, never to return if the Lord willed it so.

Meanwhile, James and Jean Duff had mapped out a very different career for their son. They wished him to become a minister in the Highlands. They were proud of him and fondly dwelt on the prospect of having him settle near themselves. When he spoke to them of his desire and purpose to go to India as a missionary, they were overwhelmed with surprise and disappointment, but on reflection they acquiesced in his decision. They lived to rejoice greatly over the surrender of themselves and their gifted boy. Alexander asked his father to thank and bless and magnify God for having so richly favoured, so highly honoured a feeble, undeserving son of his. He wanted his father to pray for him that he might be a good and valiant soldier of the Cross, not merely a common soldier, but a champion. He wished that he might breathe a nobler spirit and live closer to the Saviour. He told his mother to beware of making an idol of him. He was ready to go to the parched desert or to the howling wilderness, and live on its bitter herbs and at the mercy of its savage inhabitants, if that were the will of God for him. It was in that spirit that he began his missionary career.

Duff was requested to preach a trial sermon before he was appointed and sent. He spoke from the text, "I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ and Him crucified." That text was the key-note of his life. Christ was

all and in all to him. He preached a number of sermons before sailing. One was from the text, "I am debtor both to Greeks and Barbarians." In that sermon he said, "There was a time when I had no care or concern about the heathen: that was a time when I had no care or concern for my own soul. When by the grace of God I was led to care for my own soul, then it was I began to care for the heathen abroad. In my closet I said, 'Lord, Thou knowest that silver and gold I have none; what I have I give Thee. I offer Thee myself; wilt Thou accept the gift?'"

Shortly before his ordination the young missionary was married to Miss Anne Scott Drysdale, of Edinburgh. Never had a missionary a more devoted wife. She gave him new strength, and left him free for the one work of his life. One who knew her well said, "Mrs. Duff worthily takes her place among those noble women, in many lands of the East, who have supplied the domestic order, the family joy, the wedded strength needed to nerve the pioneers of missions for the unceasing conflict that ends in victory."

On the 14th of October, 1829, the newly married missionary couple sailed from London for Calcutta on the *Lady Holland*. Duff was supplied with letters of introduction and recommendation to the governor-general, to the Earl of Dalhousie, and to other men of influence in public affairs, and to private friends. These letters testified that the bearer was a man of prudence and discretion, a man of such talents and acquirements, literary, scientific and theological, as would do honour to any station in the Church.

It was eight months from the time the *Lady Holland* left London till the missionaries reached Calcutta. They were detained a month at Madeira and a week at the Cape Verd Islands. The *Lady Holland* was wrecked at Dassen Island, forty miles north of Cape Town. The passengers lost all their effects and barely escaped with their lives. For three days they lived on the eggs laid in the sand by the penguins. Duff's

books, his manuscripts, his plans and papers of every kind were lost. His Bible and Psalm-book were cast up on the shore of the sea. Concerning his books, Duff said, "They are gone and without a murmur, blessed be God. So perish all earthly things; the treasure laid up in heaven alone is unassailable. God has been to me a God full of mercy, and not the least of His mercies is a cheerful resignation." He regarded his escape as a miracle and devoted his life anew to his Lord. While the wreck was fresh in his mind he wrote home and begged the Church not to allow an incident like that to chill their ardour or damp their exertion. His prayer to God was that it might rather kindle a new flame and cause it to burn inextinguishably.

Reaching Cape Town Mr. and Mrs. Duff were supplied with clothing, and after a few weeks, took passage for Calcutta on the *Moira*. Near the end of May they caught sight of the pilot boat far out in the Bay of Bengal. Hardly had the *Moira* been moored in the low, muddy flat of Saugar Island, where the Ganges joins the sea, when she was struck by a cyclone. In spite of three anchors she was dragged, tossed, and lifted by the wind and wave on to the muddy shore of the Saugar. The next day the passengers were landed. In reaching the shore they were part of the time up to their waists in water. Because of caste regulations no home was open to them. The village temple was the only place in which they could find any shelter. They were there for twenty-four hours. Speaking of Duff, the natives said, "Surely this man is a favourite of the gods, who must have some notable work for him to do in India." On the 24th of May, 1830, Alexander Duff and his young wife entered Calcutta. He was received by all to whom he bore letters with the utmost cordiality. He was then in his twenty-fourth year.

The first thing Duff undertook after securing accommodations for himself and wife was to study his field. He had been sent to India to open a school in which young Hindus could receive

a first-class education. On leaving Scotland one and only one injunction was laid upon him. That was, that he should not begin work in Calcutta but in the country. He found that there were not more than 5,000 children in school in Calcutta and that not more than 500 of these studied English, and that the English they studied was of the Paine stamp. He learned that Suttee, infanticide and the choking of the dying with mud from the Ganges were practiced as they had been a century before. Sunday had been practically blotted from the calendar. Caste and idolatry were under the protection of the East India Company. Human sacrifices and thug murder were common. Three years before his arrival a Baptist missionary was required to report himself to the police, and to make oath that he would behave peaceably.

After carefully studying the situation in Calcutta, and after visiting the country round about, and after conferring with all the missionaries he could reach, Duff came to several conclusions: The first was, that Calcutta must be the scene of his earliest and principal labours. He felt that Calcutta was the brain of India, and that he could best kill Hinduism by striking at the brain. The second conclusion was that he would open a school which in time would be developed into a college different from any in existence, and yet be only the nucleus of a great spiritual campaign against Hinduism. He came to see that the false science of the sacred books of India was inseparably connected with their religious teaching, and came to the conclusion that the thorough education of the Hindus would be subversive of their superstitions. He said that a course of instruction of any kind becomes a species of religious education in that land, inasmuch as all education is regarded by them as religious or theological. Every branch of sound general knowledge becomes the destroyer of some corresponding part in the Hindu system. "Their systems of learning are all sacred. Their geography, astronomy, metaphysics, medicine, law, etc., are one and all found in their sacred books, and all claim divine authority and infallibility.

Hence it is, that if you succeed in proving to old and young the falsehood of any one of these systems, you thereby inject doubts as to the truth of the rest; you virtually shake their confidence in the whole." Duff gave an illustration of their geography as found in their Shasters as follows: "Consider a flat surface, and suppose a central island, consisting of the known and habitable parts of the world, surrounded by a circular ocean several hundred thousand miles in breadth; and that by a succession of seven alternate oceans and continents, in concentric circles—oceans of sugar-cane juice, and wine, and milk, etc.,—each double the extent of the preceding, till they reach more than five times the actual distance between the sun and the earth!" Duff adds that if you demolish their geography it is not the demolition of a mere physical error, and the substitution of a mere physical truth, but, in their apprehension, it is tantamount to the demolition of a theological truth. Macaulay spoke of the history of the Hindus, which abounds in kings thirty feet high and reigning 30,000 years, and of their medical doctrines which would disgrace an English farrier. Every fact established cuts the roots of idolatry and superstition, and prepares the way for the acceptance of the truth of the Gospel. For this reason it was Duff's aim to teach all kinds of useful knowledge.

Duff wanted to do more than break down the faith of the people in their own systems; he wanted to prepare teachers and preachers and a Christian community. He knew that if the Gospel was to be extensively preached with power at all, it must be by natives themselves. They know the language and the people, their manners, customs, feelings, sentiments and prejudices, and can therefore labour with peculiar effect in disseminating the light and life of Christian truth throughout every province of the land.

The third conclusion was that English must be the medium of teaching. There was to be a Bengali school also. There was no thought of displacing the vernacular languages; but

English was adopted because the vernaculars did not afford an adequate medium for communicating a knowledge of the higher departments of literature, science and theology; they did not contain a sufficient number and variety of terms for the purpose. Accordingly, English was employed as the only adequate instrument for the conveyance of every branch of useful knowledge, with the view of raising up a higher and more effective order of men, who should spread a healthful influence over society on every side. Duff regarded the English language as the lever which was destined to move all Hinduism. The universal spread of English would prove the universal death knell of the Hindu systems.

Most of the government officials, the orientalists, and all the missionaries, with the exception of William Carey, the greatest of all, strongly opposed Duff's proposed use of English. One missionary predicted that the use of English would fill Calcutta with rogues and villains. Macaulay and Trevelyan warmly favoured and effectively championed Duff's program. As a result of Macaulay's advocacy English was taught in all the government schools instead of Persian.

There were missionaries and others who contended that Duff was disparaging the preaching of the Gospel and placing undue emphasis on education as an evangelistic agency. Duff knew that the influential classes, as a general rule, would not attend any preaching service, and if they did they would not understand the message and would not be greatly impressed by it. The native terms used to express Christian truth are pervaded and saturated with heathenism; they are inseparably associated in the mind with preconceived ideas of a contrary nature. For this reason the preacher would have to stop and define each term or proceed without definition. If he stopped to define his terms, the audience would disperse before he had succeeded in conveying a precise notion of the new meaning, or the new idea that is to be attached to an old heathen term. If he did not stop to define his terms, he would be certain to be

misunderstood. Duff told of Lacroix, a Swedish missionary, who preached fifty years in Calcutta without a single convert.

In vindicating his course Duff spoke of the difficulty of convincing his hearers that he had a message from God that they should accept in preference to their own sacred books. The evidences of Christianity that avail in the West are without force to Hindus. When he advanced the historical argument, they said, "We have histories of our own that extend backwards for four millions of years; yours are of yesterday in comparison." When he tried the argument from miracles, they pointed to miracles of their own far more numerous and far more stupendous. When he resorted to the argument from prophecy, he made no impression. They knew nothing of the people to whom the prophecy came or the time and circumstances in which the prophecy was fulfilled, and the argument fell as powerless on their ears as the evening breeze upon the solid rock. When he appealed to the internal evidence he found himself further than ever from his purpose. Internal evidence was to them a new and unheard of idea. Before the Gospel could be preached with power the minds of these people must be purged of the false teaching received from their sacred books. In Duff's opinion that could be done by imparting useful knowledge of every kind. The power to impart such knowledge was the only substitute he possessed, instead of the power to work miracles.

To the missionaries who thought he was not giving the Gospel the primacy to which it was entitled and who believed that more harm than good would come from his method, he said, "While you directly engage in separating as many precious atoms from the mass as the stubborn resistance to the ordinary appliances can admit, *we shall, with the blessing of God, devote our time and strength to the preparing a mine, and the setting a train which shall one day explode and tear up the whole from its lowest depths.*" He and they were aiming at the same goal, but Duff believed that education, saturated with

the Bible, would become the most effective agency ever adopted against the ancient Aryan faiths. His purpose was to teach every kind of knowledge, and his thought was that Christianity would be the animating spirit which would preserve and hallow all.

In opening the school Duff was greatly helped by Raja Rammohun Roy, a high caste Brahmin who had been carefully educated. That remarkable man had broken away from the faith of his fathers, but had not become a Christian. On his visit to England he associated with the Unitarians. The missionaries were not friendly to him because he did not see his way to accept all their conclusions. Duff called at his home and explained his object and method. The Raja expressed general approval of all that was proposed. He advised Duff to read the Bible every day and to use the Lord's Prayer. He entirely approved the use of the English language for conveying sound European knowledge. He did more than approve and give advice; he assisted in securing a hall in which the school should be held and the pupils taught. Owing to their caste prejudices the people were absolutely averse to letting any of their buildings to a European for European purposes. The Raja gave Duff the use of a hall in which he was conducting a school of his own, and prevailed upon several of his personal friends to send their sons to Duff to be taught.

Five boys, most of them Brahmins, and one a Koolin, applied for admission. The school opened July 13, 1830. Rammohun Roy was present to explain difficulties and especially to remove prejudices against reading the Bible. Duff began by repeating the Lord's Prayer in Bengali. Then putting Gospels in their hands he asked some of the older pupils to read. One of them said, "This is the Christian Shaster. We are not Christians; how then can we read it? It may make us Christians, and our friends will drive us out of caste." Rammohun Roy explained that some read the Hindu Shasters, and were not Hindus. He said that he read the Koran, but was not a Mo-

hammedan; and that he had read the Bible, but was not a Christian. "Read and judge for yourselves." That satisfied all present and the work of the school proceeded. It was not long till those boys and many others were reading and hearing expounded the Parable of the Prodigal Son, the Sermon on the Mount, and other portions of the Word of God.

Duff began with the English alphabet. He took a blackboard and wrote the letter "O" and explained it; then the letter "X." In a moment the pupils could pronounce and understand one English word. That was a triumph, and they were jubilant. In a few days three hundred Hindu boys wanted to be admitted to the school. Boys called on Duff, and waylaid him on the street, and begged to be taught to read English. They addressed him as "The great unfathomable ocean of all unfathomable excellences." They said, "Me good boy, take me;" "Me know your commandments, 'Thou shalt have no other gods before me,' oh, take me;" "Me want read your good book, oh, take me."

At the end of the year Duff thought that it would be a good thing for the school to have a public examination of the pupils. He secured the Free-Masons' Hall for the purpose and invited Archdeacon Corrie to preside. Duff was confident that the pupils would acquit themselves so as to recommend the school and his system. The most intelligent Europeans and Hindus in the city were present, and were filled with wonder and admiration as they heard the prompt and accurate answers given to questions on the Bible, on scientific and other subjects.

A second school was opened at Takee, a town forty miles from Calcutta. All the buildings and appliances for an English, Bengali, and Persian school were provided free by wealthy men of the place. The triumph of the new method was complete.

Teaching the alphabet and other elementary subjects to three hundred boys appeared an unsuitable task for the ablest grad-

uate of the Scottish universities and one of the greatest pulpit orators living; but Duff did it day by day and felt that he was not labouring in vain. He did not confine his efforts to the school; he lectured and preached and made large use of the press. He gave a course of lectures on the Bible, one on the Socinian controversy, one on mental philosophy, and one on the evidences of natural and revealed religion. He had a weekly class for inquirers to study the teaching of Jesus, and a Sunday class to study the Scriptures and for prayer. In a bamboo chapel erected for preaching in the vernacular he had an English service every Sunday evening. He preached regularly for a time in St. Andrews' Kirk to the Scottish residents in the city, and did what he could for the religious education of the Europeans, the Eurasians, and the native Christians. When Dr. Bryce, the chaplain, went home on furlough, he left the Kirk in Duff's care. The first Sunday after the chaplain's departure there were not more than a score in a building that would seat eight hundred. At that time Sunday was a day of pleasure: a day for picnics and excursions into the country. Duff assumed the pastoral oversight of the church. He visited the people in their homes and preached such sermons as had not been heard in St. Andrews' Kirk before. It was not long until the house was filled. Duff pleaded for a proper observance of the Lord's Day. As a result some of the places were closed one day in seven. The English Sunday was not the least of the benefits England conferred on India, and the man that led in that reform was Alexander Duff.

Writing went hand in hand with teaching and public speaking. Duff prepared a series of graded text-books for the schools: he wrote much for the *Calcutta Christian Observer* and for the English daily papers; later he helped to found and for some years edited the *Calcutta Review*. In addition, he prepared a manual of Political Economy, which became very popular. That was a powerful weapon against caste, the social exclusiveness, the commercial apathy, and the industrial antip-

athy that marked the Hindus. It dealt with the question of famine, an ever-present problem in India, a problem that could be solved only by an intelligent people. Besides, he wrote a striking pamphlet entitled, "A New Era of the English Language and English Literature in India." In that he showed that the English language is infinitely more fraught with the seeds of truth in every province of literature, science and religion than the languages of Italy, Arabia or Persia ever were.

In the year 1832 several Hindus confessed their faith in Christ and were baptized. The first was Mohesh Chunder Ghose. In the missionary's home this man said, "A twelvemonth ago I was an atheist, a materialist, a physical necessitarian; and what am I now? A baptized Christian! A twelvemonth ago I was the most miserable of the miserable; and what am I now? In my own mind, the happiest of the happy!" The next was Krishna Mohun Banerjea. The lecture room, the scene of his public opposition to the true religion, was the scene of his public confession of the same. Gopeenath Nundi and Anundo Chund Mozoomdar were the next to avow their faith. Four converts in India do not signify much unless we consider the class from which they came. Henry Martyn thought the conversion of a Hindu would be as great a miracle as the resurrection of a dead man. The conversion of the first four showed that Hindus were not beyond the reach of the truth of the Gospel when properly presented.

The school that opened with five Hindu lads developed in a few years into a complete Arts College. Its course of study included a thorough study of the Bible as well as the evidences and doctrines of natural and revealed religion. The college was essentially a Christian institution. Duff and his associates sought to open the minds of the students to the absurdity and irrationality of the religion of their ancestors, a religion that closely intertwines itself with every feeling and faculty of the soul, and with every habit and action of life. They did not stop there. To have done so would have been to leave the mind

empty, swept and garnished. In that event the last state would have been worse than the first. They sought to lead their students to accept Jesus the Christ as their personal Saviour and Teacher and Lord and Friend, and to engage most heartily and joyously in His service. The annual examination was one of the notable events of the year. The society of Calcutta, both European and native, from the governor-general and his wife to the humblest Babu were present. The newspapers spread the fact of the six hours' testing of Hindu students in Biblical and secular knowledge over Eastern and Southern Asia.

In the atmosphere of the school and college many national prejudices gave way. This was plainly seen when the time came to found a medical college in Calcutta. It was contrary to Hindu teaching to touch a dead body. Such a touch resulted in a defilement that required a long atonement. Those who wished to enter the medical college were told that they would be required to go into the dissecting room and dissect human bodies. They avowed their willingness at once. In consequence of this, European medical science has taken root in India, and one of the greatest boons ever conferred on suffering humanity has been extended to the suffering millions of that country. The building in which the medical school began its work soon proved too small for the thousands who wished to enter. Calcutta has now one of the largest medical colleges in the world. A third of a million of patients are treated in that college and the hospital connected with it annually. Since then other medical schools have been established in Madras, Bombay, Lahore, and Agra. The tale of what the medical colleges in India have done since Duff opened his school for boys forms one of the most brilliant chapters in the history of human progress.

Speaking of the desire of the Hindus to study English and the effect of such study, Duff wrote, "Our English schools are flourishing wonderfully. We find it difficult, indeed, in some

places impossible, to provide instruction for all who want it. At the single town of Hooghly 1,400 boys are learning English. The effect of this education on the Hindus is prodigious. No Hindu who has received an English education ever remains sincerely attached to his religion. Some continue to confess it as a matter of policy; but many profess themselves pure deists, and some embrace Christianity. It is my firm belief that if our plans of education are followed up, there will not be a single idolater among the reputable classes in Bengal thirty years hence." At first Duff says he was pilloried by the scorn of some, and the pity of others, and the wonder of all: he persevered in his chosen part and he had his reward.

After five years of exacting and fruitful service his physicians ordered him home. Duff implored them to send him on a voyage short of Great Britain. He had devoted himself to the Lord, to spend and be spent in His service, and he did not want to leave his work when it was so full of promise. The only hope of a complete recovery was in a speedy return to his native land. He reached Scotland on Christmas Day, 1835.

While he was at home he did a work that was as necessary as that which he did in India. He undertook to organize the churches for the permanent and progressive support, by prayer and knowledge, by men and money, of mission work in India. For this work a man of vision and faith and power was needed. Five years before the aim of the Missionary Committee was to raise twelve hundred pounds a year for the work. Duff wrote back, "Not twelve hundred pounds, but twelve thousand pounds." Some one saw his letter and wrote on the margin, "Is the man mad? Has the sun of India turned his head?" Duff was the one man then living to arouse the Church to a recognition and performance of its duty. The work at home was not less difficult and not less trying than the crusade in Bengal. He had to sound the depths of ignorance in the churches and the consequent indifference to India and the state of the people there.

Duff had hardly reached home before he was invited to speak in the church of Falkirk. The audience was mightily stirred by his address. A collection that surprised all was taken, and resolutions to advance the work in Bengal adopted. Soon after he spoke in a private house to a company of people interested in missions. One man who chanced to be present made a large donation to the work. The Committee on Foreign Missions did not approve of his efforts and called him before them. The chairman said it would never do to allow the agent of a responsible committee to adopt what measures he chose. Duff was surprised and wounded by their unsympathetic attitude. He told the committee what he had done, and said that if the committee was disposed to draw up some peremptory instructions for his guidance, he would write out his resignation at once ; but if the committee would grant him full liberty of action after conference with him he would be pleased to continue as their agent and would do what he could to create a deeper interest in missions throughout the bounds of the Church. There was no further opposition from that source : on the contrary there was the heartiest sympathy and the most active support.

After visiting a number of other churches in Scotland he went, on invitation, to London to rehearse before the churches of the London presbytery all that the Lord had done with him in India. He returned in time to attend the General Assembly in Edinburgh. Physicians and friends urged him not to attempt to speak before the General Assembly. He knew that that was his opportunity, and he felt that he must speak even if he died. He had risen from a sick bed the day he spoke. At first it did not appear that he could go beyond a few sentences. The audience feared he would faint and fall to the floor. Howbeit, the Lord stood by him and strengthened him. As he spoke every sign of weakness vanished and he stood before the Assembly the matchless orator that he was. He gave what he called a brief exposition of his method and the results. Cool

men of the world, callous lawyers, and lords of sessions, and antipathetic "moderates" were in tears. The speaker sat down drenched in perspiration as if he had been dragged through the Atlantic. The climax of his address became a model of rhetoric for many years after in the schools and manuals of elocution. Dr. Stewart said, "Moderator, it has been my privilege to hear Mr. Fox and Mr. Pitt when in the very zenith of their glory as statesmen and orators. I now solemnly declare that I never heard from either of them a speech similar, or second to that to which we have now listened, alike for its lofty tone, thought and sentiment, its close argumentative force, its transcendent eloquence and overpowering impressiveness." Many a preacher was converted to missions that day; that speech marked a new epoch in the history of the Scottish Kirk. Aberdeen honoured itself in conferring upon the speaker the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

The speech before the Assembly set Scotland on fire. The whole people were ready to receive the speaker; almost every parish competed for a visit. Duff's plan was to visit every presbytery and to form associations for prayer and the study of missions, and to collect the subscriptions to the work. There were those who had grave doubts and fears as to the practicability of his plan of campaign, and others who regarded it with stark amazement. They said, "What! expect presbyteries of the church, in their official capacity, to assemble on a week-day for the express and sole end of listening to an exposition of the motives, obligations, and object of the missionary enterprise, and that too, with the ulterior view of organizing themselves into missionary associations." Duff had no doubt of the success of his scheme he proposed: the event showed that his confidence was abundantly justified.

Only in two instances was he treated with rudeness. One minister said to him, "Are you the fanatic Duff who has been going about the country beguiling and deceiving people by what they choose to call missions to the heathen? I don't

want to see you, or any of your description. I want no India snake brought in among my people to poison their minds on such subjects; so as I don't want to see you the sooner you make off the better."

Duff's popularity led many of the people of Scotland to beg him to give up his work in India and take charge of a church. Those that had vacant livings in cities and in the country pressed them upon him for acceptance. The Old Greyfriars' Church used every argument and offered every inducement to persuade him to become its minister. He was humiliated and irritated by what churches and people regarded as a flattering recognition of his merits. He felt that to forsake his chosen work and to accept a call to a church as its minister would be to retreat from the front of the battle into the easy and yet respectable comfort of the baggage. Their appeals were an evidence of their dense ignorance regarding the missionary duty of the Church, and a reflection on his own sacrifice to that duty. Had he accepted any of the numerous calls that came to him his acceptance would be a plausible corroboration of the base calumny, that few or none go forth to heathen climes but such as have been unsuccessful candidates for office at home. "What a triumph might be furnished to the thousands who stoutly call in question the sincerity of those who profess their willingness to submit to sacrifices for the name of Christ? And with what shouts of derision might any appeals of mine, on the subject of personally engaging in the toils of missionary labour be responded to?"

The fame of his eloquence and the reports of his catholic sympathies led the Church Missionary Society to invite Dr. Duff to speak at its anniversary. He so spoke that the interest and emotion of the vast audience continued to increase till he sat down amidst a tempest of enthusiastic applause. The bishop who was to follow waited for a considerable time, till the gush of emotion excited had been somewhat assuaged.

From London Dr. Duff went with Dean Carus to visit Cam-

bridge. There he met Charles Simeon who was in a sense one of his spiritual ancestors. In Cambridge he occupied the room in which Newton made many of his remarkable discoveries in optics. There, too, he became deeply interested in the collection of Milton Manuscripts in the Museum of Trinity College. Duff fairly revelled in the associations of the place. As he and Carus walked by the Cam Duff expressed surprise that no Cambridge student had offered his services as a missionary. Carus drew his attention to the beauty of the place, to the loveliness of the grounds and their adornments, to the exquisite order in which all things were kept, and said that all that tended to produce an intensely refined and luxurious state of mind, with corresponding tastes and predilections from which it would be difficult to wean the student to become a voluntary exile to distant shores teeming with the abominations of heathenism.

From Cambridge Duff returned to his work among the churches in Scotland. As the year drew to a close he longed to return to India; but his physicians advised him against it. Besides, the work at home needed him. As a result his furlough lasted five years. He endeavoured to raise money and to use what he did raise so as to make it go as far as possible. Even more important than his efforts to secure money were his efforts to secure men. Wherever he went he pleaded for men of the strongest faith and the ripest scholarship to carry on the work in Bengal, and to extend it to Madras, and to strengthen it in Bombay. He appealed to the heroic in men. Speaking for himself he said that, for personal comfort, he would infinitely rather be the occupant of the poorest hut, with its homeliest fare, in the coldest and bleakest mountain parish in Scotland, than to be the possessor of the stateliest palace, with its royal appurtenances, in the plains of Bengal. But with all its drawbacks Duff felt that an archangel would come down from the throne, if he might, and feel himself honoured to give up the felicities of heaven for a season for the toils of a mis-

sionary's life. He spoke of the joy of that life as "rich as heaven, pure as the Godhead, and lasting as eternity."

In visiting the churches he found much ignorance and indifference. When one able man resigned his living to go to India, his friends marvelled at his course. Duff asked why such an event should not be commonplace. When one church gave $3,500 in a single offering there were those who would not believe the report. They maintained that a mistake had been made in the figures and that ony $350 had been given. When the report was confirmed the doubting ones said that it was plain that those people thought lightly of their money. At the same time there were evidences of progress. In 1839 the missionary income of the Church was fourteen times as great as it had been five years before. On his return from India he could scarcely get a hearing from any one or any place. Later, if he had a thousand tongues they might be heard simultaneously in a thousand pulpits. His work as a missionary advocate was greatly honoured of the Lord.

Before leaving for India his friends asked him to meet them at a public dinner. They wished to express their appreciation of his services both in India and at home. He declined the dinner but asked them to hold a religious service, and have Dr. Chalmers give him his fatherly counsel and admonition. That was done. Duff preached to his own people in the parish church of his childhood from the text, "Finally, brethren, farewell." After preaching he and Mrs. Duff took their leave of their friends in Scotland. They parted from their four children and did not see them again for eleven years. One of the four they never saw again; for the Lord took him to Himself in their absence.

It was in the autumn of 1839 that Dr. and Mrs. Duff started for India. They went by way of Egypt, Suez and Bombay. On reaching Calcutta they saw signs of progress on every side. Duff had four competent helpers in the work. There were between six and seven hundred students in the college. These

were already trained in the English language and were eager to undertake more difficult tasks. Duff's return gave new life to the college. In his second term of service he undertook to consolidate and extend the work already begun. He was satisfied with the method he had adopted when he opened the mission. No change in that respect was required. But the native teachers were to be better trained: inquirers and converts were to be instructed: for these purposes lectures were delivered and classes taught. There was a Sunday night class for students who had left the college. In addition to the work in Calcutta, work was begun in Culna and Ghospara. Beside the direct missionary work done Duff secured a change in the law that excluded all converts from public life.

As converts continued to be made, the Hindu community became alarmed and took measures to avert the spread of Christianity. Rajas, Zemindars, Babus and Brahmins combined, counselled and plotted together. On one occasion two hundred Brahmins wept and sobbed and said that the religion of Brahma was threatened with destruction, and that unless energetic measures were instantly taken their vocation would soon be at an end. It was proposed to form a society, and each of the heads of castes, sects, and parties in Calcutta was to sign a covenant binding him to prevent any person belonging to his caste, sect or party, from educating his son or ward in any of the missionary institutions of Calcutta, on pain of excommunication. The minds of young men were perverted and their morals corrupted lest they should become believers. One of the orthodox party said, "Be followers of one God; eat what you like, do what you like, but do not become Christians." It was proposed further to found an English college in which English literature and science should be taught without any mixture of religion. Duff's life was threatened. Assassins were hired to beat and kill him. But the good work went on. As in the first century, "The word of the Lord grew and prevailed."

The Disruption of the Scottish Kirk was a matter of grave concern to the missionaries. On the 19th of May, 1843, four hundred and seventy ministers walked out of the General Assembly in Edinburgh. The Kirk divided over the question of spiritual independence. Those who went out organized the Free Church of Scotland. It was for the missionaries to determine the body with which they would work. Without an exception they cast in their lot with the Free Church. That made it necessary for them to leave their homes, chapels, schools, and property of every kind. They had a moral claim on much of this property, but the Established Kirk insisted on its legal rights, and the others made no contest.

The work of Duff and his associates was to duplicate the institutions already in existence, and that they proceeded at once to do. At the time of the Disruption Chalmers said, "I state my confident belief that, notwithstanding the engrossment of our affairs at home, the cause of missions will prove as dear, and be as liberally supported as ever by the people of Scotland." He was right. In a very short time there were as many homes and schools and chapels belonging to the Free Church as to the Established Kirk. English officers in India and civilians and friends in America assisted most generously. The New College in Calcutta opened in March, 1844, with the same teachers and missionaries and over a thousand students.

On the death of Chalmers, in 1847, Duff was looked upon as his successor. Presbyteries and Synods called upon him to give up his work in India and take the Chair of Divinity in the New College, the most influential position in the Church. Every mail deluged him with appeals to sacrifice his own "predilections." The press and men of the world congratulated him on his "elevation" or "promotion." Duff had no thought of accepting the call. He said that the Church must see it to be right to allow him to remain a missionary to the heathen abroad, labouring directly amongst them, and at home pleading their cause before the churches of Christendom. "For the sake of

the heathen, and especially the people of India, let me cling all my days to the missionary cause."

When it was known in India that he was being urged to return permanently to Scotland, memorials asking him not to leave India poured in upon him from all quarters. His own pupils and spiritual children told him that if he left all that had been gained would be lost. Eurasians and other Christian communities begged him to remain. A number of Brahmins sent him a remarkable petition. They said that such a man as the Reverend Doctor had never been seen in the country before, from whose "mouth issue forth bursts of incessant and unmeasured oratory, so that he fills his audience with rills of persuasive eloquence."

When it was known that he would not sink the missionary in the divinity professor, the General Assembly requested him to return temporarily, to consolidate, in the Free Church, that work of missionary organization to which he had given the years of his visit previous to the Disruption. Because of the need at home and because his health had been shattered by the ten years of labour in his second term of service, he consented. Before leaving for home, however, he visited all the missions in Southern India and Ceylon and the missions in Northern India, also. He visited Madras, Chingleput, Travancore, Arcot, Tranquebar, Tanjore, Trichinopoly, Cuddalore and Jaffna. He saw the fruits of the labours of Xavier, Ziegenbalg, Grundler, Swartz, and others. He examined the work being done by Protestants and Catholics. Returning to Calcutta he ascended the Ganges and visited Benares, Agra, Simla, Kotghur, Lahore, and Bombay. At the end of May, 1848, he was in Edinburgh.

The Free Church needed a financier who could create a revenue that would be sufficient for the missionary work already begun, and for the enlargement of that work. Duff proposed a weekly subscription, instead of an annual collection, as the only stable and productive and becoming source of supply for a great and permanent undertaking. He was not able to ob-

tain consent to a weekly subscription; the best he could secure was a quarterly subscription. His plan was to organize an association for prayer and information and the collection of the quarterly subscription for missions in every church in Scotland. He proposed reaching every congregation, however humble, or distant, or difficult of access. He would put every member, adherent, and Sunday-school scholar *en rapport* with the work in India and Africa. His plan included England and Wales, and Ireland, also.

As on his previous visit he sought for men as much as money, and even more. He spoke of the way he was affected by seeing in India the monuments of Britons who fell in India. "From one end of India to the other, the soil is strewn with British slain or British dead. There is not a valley, nor dell, nor burning waste, from one end of India to the other, that is not enriched with the bones, and not a rivulet or stream which has not been dyed red with the blood of Scotia's children. And will you, fathers and mothers, send out your children in thousands in quest of this bubble fame—this bubble wealth—this bubble honour and perishable renown—and prohibit them from going forth in the army of the Great Immanuel, to win crowns and imperishable renown in the realms of everlasting day?" He quoted one of the Jacobite songs:

> "I hae but ae son, the brave young Donald,
> But, oh, had I ten, they would all follow Prince Charlie."

He held that if the time had come when ministers would seek comfortable positions at home, instead of burning for posts of danger on the high places of the field, "then we are in an age of little men, and with all our loud talkings we have not risen beyond the stature of pigmies in loyalty or devotedness to our heavenly King."

Duff's travels and work among the churches led him to the conclusion that they were rich, but not generous; that they were simply playing at missions. There was money in abun-

dance, but it did not find its way into the Lord's treasury. It was invested in stately mansions, gorgeous lawns, splendid equipages, extravagant furniture, costly entertainments, and idle and useless luxuries. The churches were treating the cause of Christ as Dives treated Lazarus. Duff's spirit was saddened as he thought of the Churches of Christ as drowsy and fast asleep. What they were doing was nothing compared with what they were able to do.

In the year 1851 Dr. Duff was elected Moderator of the General Assembly, the greatest honour in the gift of the Church. He was forty-five years old at the time. He was the first missionary to sit in the Moderator's chair, and, strange to say, he filled it twice. He spoke of his election in these words: "In the early and most flourishing times of the Church, the office of the apostle, missionary, evangelist, who built, not on another man's foundation, was regarded as the highest and most honourable. Those who thus went forth to the unevangelized nations were the generals and the captains of the invading army in the field, while bishops and priests and presbyters were but the secondary commandants of garrisons planted in the already conquered territory." Duff rejoiced in his appointment because it afforded him an opportunity to magnify the office he had filled for nearly a quarter of a century.

A delightful episode in this great man's life was his visit to America. He came at the urgent request of George H. Stuart and a great host of other Christian workers. His welcome was most cordial. On his arrival in Philadelphia, in a storm, and near midnight, he found all the evangelical ministers of the city and neighbourhood assembled to meet him. His first public address was delivered in a hall seating between three and four thousand; the admission was by ticket. Bad as the weather was, thousands were unable to obtain tickets. The papers published his address and appreciative notices of his life and work. He found the kindness of the people absolutely oppressive; their importunity to address them here and there and

everywhere so absolutely autocratic, that he was driven, in spite of himself, to do more than he could stand. "Bad as the state of things in this respect was in Scotland, it is ten times, yea, a hundred times, worse here. Here the applicants are legion, and their dinning impetuous as the Atlantic gales. If I could multiply myself into a hundred bodies, each with the strength of a Hercules and the mental and moral energy of a Paul, I could not overtake the calls and demands upon me." He spoke in New York, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Louisville, Detroit, London, Hamilton, Toronto, Kingston, Montreal, and in Washington before Congress. On leaving for home it was said that no such man had visited America since Whitefield. He was assured that his visit had given an impetus to the cause of vital religion and personal piety, as well as to the cause of Home and Foreign Missions, such as never was imparted before. Though he asked for nothing a draft for $15,000 was placed in his hands. The Americans found him fascinatingly eloquent. His face shone as the face of an angel. He appeared the embodiment of missions and was lost in his transcendent theme. There were times when the reporters did not attempt to take down what he said. They could have as easily reported a thunder-storm. His concluding sentence of his first address was a swelling outburst of prophecy of the coming triumphs of the Cross.

It was Dr. Duff's purpose to return to India in the autumn of that year. Before starting he thought it incumbent on him to seek to recover his health. With that end in view he spent some time in Great Malvern, England, and went on from Great Malvern to Rome and Genoa; from Genoa to Beyrout and Damascus and Jerusalem; and from Jerusalem to Constantinople, Marseilles, Great Malvern and to Edinburgh. On the 13th of October he and Mrs. Duff left Edinburgh the third time for India.

Dr. Duff's last term of service in India lasted from 1855 to 1863. On arriving in Calcutta he resumed work without

delay. He preached and taught and wrote for the press. He had the joy of seeing Brahmins, Mohammedans, and Jews accepting Jesus Christ as their Lord. He aided other missions in the beginning of their work in India. He gave effective assistance to the cause of female education and zenana work. A public examination in sewing, reading, writing, arithmetic, and geography was held in the girls' school. Those who were present were more than satisfied. A Hindu gentleman said to the missionary, "When you came to India such a spectacle was impossible." Dr. Duff gave time and thought to the University of Calcutta. He was concerned about the text-books and about the chairs of physical science. He was a member of the senate and the virtual governor of the university. He organized a Temperance Society and accepted the presidency of the Bethune Society, which was a common meeting place for Europeans and natives. His sympathies with the people increased continually, and he did what he could to make their lives worth living.

The year 1857 was the year of the Indian Mutiny. The horrible events of that year are still remembered in India. The leaders of the Mutiny resolved to do what the Boxers in China proposed, that was, to exterminate the foreigners. Some missionaries and some of the Christians perished in the Mutiny: but those who lived in Calcutta escaped. There was great distress of mind; but no one was injured. Duff remained in his house, and continued his work without interruption. The night the massacre was to have taken place in Calcutta, he slept as usual. The next morning he said, "I have not enjoyed such a soft, sweet, refreshing rest for some weeks." God was his refuge and strength, his shield and high tower. For six years after the Mutiny he was active in all good works, "for rich and poor, educated and ignorant, Christian and non-Christian. He did not cease to sacrifice himself, and always in the character of a Christian missionary, who, because he would sanctify all truth, feared none."

In the year 1863, the cry came again to Duff, "Come home and save the missions." This call did not move him till it appeared evident that it was the will of God for him that he should go. He was laid low by sickness. His physicians hurried him off on a sea voyage to China. Not recovering as he had hoped, he quickly set himself to prepare for his departure. When it was known that he would never return the various communities of Bengal were roused to honour the venerable missionary as they had never honoured a governor. Four Duff scholarships in the university were endowed. His portrait was painted in oil for the Bethune Society and for Doveton College. The Scottish merchants in India, Singapore and China handed him a purse containing $55,000 and gave him a home in Edinburgh. The valedictory addresses and replies would fill a volume. Sir Henry Maine spoke of Duff's absolute self-sacrifice and self-denial, and of his perfect faith in the harmony of all truth. Bishop Cotton said, "It is quite certain that the work which he did in India can never be undone, unless we whom he leaves behind are faithless to his example." Duff spoke of his own work as follows: "I began my labours in 1830 literally with nothing. I leave behind me the largest, and in a Christian point of view, the most successful Christian institution in India, a native church, nearly self-sustaining, with a native pastor, three ordained native missionaries, besides—with catechists and native teachers—flourishing branch missions in Chinsurah, Bansbaria, Culna, Mahanad, etc." He assured his friends that, wherever he wandered or laboured or rested, his heart would still be in India. He thought a suitable epitaph would be, "Here lies Alexander Duff, by nature and practice a sinful, guilty creature, but saved by grace, through faith in the blood and righteousness of his Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; by profession a missionary; by his life and labours the true and constant friend of India." He left India loved and honoured and regretted by all who had witnessed his earnest, consistent life, or felt the power of

his magnetic personality. He came home with reluctance; he wished to live and die and be buried in Indian soil.

Duff returned home by way of the Cape. He visited all the missions in South Africa, learning what he could from each. He preached and encouraged and helped the missionaries as he was able. At the same time he was looking out suitable places for new work. On the 16th of May he reached Edinburgh.

On the way home he devoted his whole nature to a renewed advocacy throughout Scotland of the duty of faithfully carrying out Christ's last commission. There were three things upon which his heart was set, namely, a Chair of Missions in the New College, an Institute in which missionaries should be trained for the home and foreign field, and a Missionary Quarterly. He lived to see the first of the three accomplished. A Chair of Missions was established in the New College and endowed with $50,000. That chair was always to be filled by a foreign missionary. The incumbent was to lecture in Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen. Duff was appointed to this chair and filled it for fourteen years. In the "Life of Henry Drummond" there is an incident relating to the great missionary. In the class he asked one of the students how many gods the Hindus had. The student did not know and signalled Drummond for help. Drummond whispered, "I don't know, but I think twenty-five." The student shouted, "Twenty-five." Duff was irritated and said, "Twenty-five, twenty-five million of millions." Drummond knew nothing of missions at the time. Later, he was brought face to face with the work in China, Africa and the New Hebrides, and no testimonies to the value of Foreign Missions were more thorough or sincere than his.

In addition to his work as a teacher of missions, Duff was the director of the Foreign Missions of the church. He opened work among the Gonds and Santals, aboriginal peoples of India. He established three missions in Southeast Africa,

in Kaffraria, Natal, and on Lake Nyassa. He launched the Livingstonia Mission, one of the greatest national enterprises ever sent forth by Scotland. He established a new mission in the Lebanon, and assisted in opening and supporting schools among the Druses, Maronites, and Greek Christians in that part of Syria. He lived long enough to receive charge of the work in the New Hebrides conducted by the Reformed Presbyterian Church.

It fell to Dr. Duff's lot to raise money and to inspire young men of ability and culture to volunteer for the fields. Besides the regular income of the church he undertook to raise $250,000 to provide homes for the missionaries and establish schools in Africa and India where they did not exist. All the time he was pleading for more men to serve as missionaries. He said, "Peers of the realm can go to India to hunt tigers, and why cannot they go to save the souls of men? Have we come to this, that it shall be beneath them, and beneath the dignity of men in civil life, to go forth on such an errand? The eternal Son of God appears on earth that He may work out for us an everlasting salvation. It was not beneath Him to seek and to save that which was lost, and will you tell me that it is beneath the dignity of a Duke or an Archbishop of Canterbury to go into heathen realms to save a lost creature?"

The forty-ninth annual report of the mission which Duff founded and which was published the year of his death gave a summary of what had been accomplished. The one missionary sent out in 1829 was represented by a staff of 115 Scottish, and forty-four Hindu, Parsee and Kaffir missionaries. The two primary schools in Calcutta and Bombay, in 1830, had become 210, in which 15,000 youths of both sexes were receiving instruction daily in the Word of God and in other subjects. English was understood and spoken by hundreds of thousands of the educated natives of India and Africa. The converts numbered 6,458. No other mission could show so many converts or nearly so many native missionaries as the

India Mission founded by Alexander Duff, a man who was always ready to abase himself, while magnifying his office and defending his method.

There was no lack of opposition; these results were not achieved without effort. In his first period in India he was in perpetual hostile collision with natives, who abused and insulted him beyond measure in private and in the newspapers, and also with Europeans, such as the ultra-Orientalists and some of the lawyers. He came into collision with Lord Auckland, the governor-general, on the subject of education, and all the host of officials. Secular journalists and worldlings joined in one universal shout against him of derision, scorn, contempt, and indignation. Men were employed to beat him in the streets. His patience was sorely tried by the ignorance and indifference of the churches at home. But God was with him and made even his enemies to be at peace with him. Sir Charles Trevelyan said, what many felt, "My feeling towards him is compounded of affection and respect, and I should find it difficult to state which of these is predominant." Sir Henry Durand, a man who did much for India, said that compared with Duff's services to humanity, his own work was "a flash in the pan."

Six months after reaching home Mrs. Duff died. She had ever been a solace and an inspiration to her husband. She was a high-minded and pure-souled woman. Dr. Duff said, "What my own feelings are I dare not venture to describe; nor would I if I could. They are known to the Searcher of hearts and can find relief only in prayer. The union, cemented by upwards of thirty-eight years of a strangely eventful life in many climes, and amid perils and trials and joys, so suddenly, so abruptly, brought to a final close in this world—oh! it is agony to look at only in *itself*. But when I turn to the Saviour and the saintly one now in glory, I do see the dark cloud so lustred with the rainbow of hope and promise, that I cannot but mingle joy with my sorrow, and we can all unite in

praising the Lord for His goodness, His marvellous loving-kindness towards us."

Dr. Duff died in Sidmouth, England, January 12, 1878, and was buried in Edinburgh. Around his bier men of all creeds and classes and professions met. The magistrates of the city in their robes of office; professors and students from the four universities and the Royal High School; the three churches and their Moderators; the representatives of the Missionary Societies; peers and citizens; ministers and missionaries united in heartfelt mourning for him whom all acknowledged to be not only one of the greatest of missionaries, but also one of Scotland's noblest sons. Long and appreciative notices of his life and services appeared in the leading papers of the United Kingdom.

The record of Dr. Duff's life and achievements shows:

1. That he was a great soul. No small or average man could do the work and exert the influence he did. He was on familiar terms with the governors-general from Lord Bentinck to Lord Lawrence. Sir James Outram, Sir Charles Trevelyan, Sir Henry Lawrence, and many other of the foremost men in India were his friends. His personal magnetism, inborn kindliness, evident love drew and held men. He was "a man of dauntless will, consummate eloquence, impassioned piety, and great self-reliance." He could speak five or six hours and delight his audience from first to last.

2. That his life was completely devoted to his Lord. What was said of Gladstone, "that he was a great Christian man," could be said of Duff with equal truth. He did not go to India because he could do better there than at home; nor because of the pomp and luxury of the East; nor because of the novelty and romance of strange lands; nor because of an unpatriotic dislike of his own people and institutions: he went constrained by the love of Christ. He went to honour his Lord by making His saving grace and power known. He felt that it was a great honour to be the humblest servant in

the royal train and retinue of the Messiah. As the end approached he said, "I am very low, and cannot say much; but I am living daily, habitually in Him."

3. That he was a missionary at all times and in all places. He regarded the work as arduous, but it was of God, and must prosper. He entered upon it transported with joy; everything else appeared vain and insignificant in comparison. He could have resigned his work and won the applause of thousands; he could have lived in comfort and elegance at home; but he preferred to serve Christ as a missionary as long as health and strength permitted. He held himself in readiness to return to India if his presence were needed. Once, when he was making an earnest appeal for workers, he fainted and was carried out. On recovering consciousness he asked where he was and how he came there. On ascertaining the facts, he said, "I must go back and finish." He was told that he would probably die if he did. He said that would make no difference. He stood before the audience and continued to plead for men. There being no response, he told the fathers and mothers present that if they had no sons to give, he would have them know that there was one old man who would go to India and spend there what remained of life to him and be buried in India. He said, in substance, more than once, "Wherever I wander, and wherever I stay, my heart is still in India—in deep sympathy with its multitudinous inhabitants, and in earnest longing for their highest welfare in time and in eternity."

XII

JAMES CHALMERS

The Apostle of the Papuan Gulf

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON spoke of James Chalmers as a man that took him fairly by storm, as the most attractive, simple, brave and interesting man in the whole Pacific. He said further, "He has plenty of faults, like the rest of us, but he's as big as a church." His biographer spoke thus of him: "Chalmers was a many-sided man, and his vigorous personality attracted to him men of widely different types. He fascinated the common sailors on a British man-of-war; he could hold the gun-room table spellbound by the hour; he drew out the sympathetic side of men of science; he could thrill huge assemblies; and he was never happier than in the company of little children. But his life-work was that of a missionary of Jesus Christ to the heathen, and it is mainly from that point of view that he must be studied if he is to be understood." James Chalmers was a man of high spirit, a man of action, a man who loved to be in the open air, a man who was never happier than when in a boat on the sea, or climbing a mountain, or facing and subduing a horde of savages. In Christ's service he endured hardship, hunger, fever, shipwreck and exhausting toil, and did it all joyfully; he risked his life a thousand times and finally was clubbed to death, beheaded, and eaten by men whose friend he was and whom he sought to enlighten and save. He was an explorer, a pioneer, but first and last and always a whole-souled missionary.

James Chalmers was born in Ardrishag, Scotland, August 4, 1841. His father was a stone-mason; his mother was a

fine type of the Scottish peasant, and her expressive eyes, regular features, quick, energetic movements, and loving disposition were reproduced in her son. The home of the family was near one of the great lochs of Scotland. Thus it came to pass that the young boy came to love the sea with a passionate love, and was in his element in a boat or on a log or plank. He had many narrow escapes from drowning; three times he was carried home apparently dead. The greater the peril the greater the fascination to his restless and adventurous nature.

The parents of James Chalmers were deeply religious. Referring to his father, the son said, "Blow-high, blow-low, rain or snow, sunshine or storm, all were alike to him; to church he would go, and I had to accompany him." At home and in school he had, like other Scotch lads, the Shorter Catechism *ad nauseam*. When he did not go to church on Sunday evening he was required to read a chapter from the Bible and submit to an examination as to its contents. While listening to sermons that he did not understand and while committing the Shorter Catechism to memory, it is probable that he felt as the man did who wrote:

> "My soul to-day is far away,
> Sailing on the Vesuvian Bay."

The people among whom he lived were superstitious as well as devout. He states that when a child was sick with whooping-cough a donkey was procured, and women stood on each side of the beast and passed the child under and over it as a means of cure. When they heard a dog crying they regarded that as a sure sign of death.

When the subject of this sketch was eight years old the family moved to Glenaray near Inverary. There he went to school and was fortunate in having a good teacher, under whom he studied all the common branches and Latin and Euclid in addition. As one would naturally expect, he soon had a foremost place in all school sports. In the battles with rival schools

he came to be the leader, and the frequent victories won were largely due to his tactics, energy and physical force. While a pupil in that school he saved the lives of two boys from drowning. Before and after school hours he lived a free and merry life, spending much of his time in the open air. It was in this fashion that his early years were passed.

The father desired his son to become an engineer, but was too poor to give him the education requisite. Not being able to attend the university, young Chalmers entered a law office; there he spent three years without becoming enamoured of the legal profession. At that period in his life he was so full of fun and mischief that he was generally blamed for anything out of the ordinary that took place, whether he had taken part in it or not.

While he was in the law office he made the great decision of his life. In the Sunday-school that he attended he heard the superintendent read a letter from a missionary to the Fiji Islands, in which the writer described the savage life of the cannibals, and the power the Gospel had begun to manifest over them. On finishing the letter the superintendent said, "I wonder if there is a boy here this afternoon who will become a missionary by and by and give his life to carry the Gospel to cannibals?" Young Chalmers said in his heart, "Yes, God helping me, I will." On the way home he climbed over a wall and kneeled down on the other side and asked God to accept him and make him a good missionary to the heathen. The impression did not last. Soon after he fell into bad company and ceased attending church and Sunday-school altogether.

In a series of revival services held in Inverary, Chalmers was enrolled among the converts. He gave himself wholly and unreservedly to the Lord. Immediately he began to speak in public and to urge others to accept Jesus the Christ as their Saviour. After office hours he held meetings throughout the town and in the region round about, and was the means of awakening many. He thought of devoting his life to Christian work

and was eager for further education. His minister helped him with his studies as he was able.

Leaving the law office he took a position in the Glasgow City Mission. He spent less than a year in that mission, but in that time learned many things that were of the greatest value to him in after years. While in Glasgow he made the acquaintance of Dr. Turner, who had been in Polynesia for nineteen years, and was at that time superintending the printing of the Bible and other books in the Samoan tongue. His conversations with Dr. Turner about the work in the South Seas recalled the vow made in the Sunday-school several years before, a vow that never afterwards was forgotten. At the suggestion of Dr. Turner, he applied to the London Missionary Society and was appointed.

Soon after his appointment the Society sent him to Cheshunt College, a theological institution in which many prominent missionaries, among whom were Muirhead, Gilmour and Chalmers of China; Newport and Rice of India; and Dr. Thompson, secretary of the Society, received their early training. Dr. Reynolds, the president, spoke to the new student about the need of Greek and Latin and mathematics, and added words that were never forgotten: "But the most important thing of all is your state in relation to our Lord Jesus Christ."

When he entered college Chalmers had a very small acquaintance with literature, ancient or modern, native or foreign. While concealing his ignorance as well as he could, he applied himself with all diligence to his appointed tasks. He attended classes regularly and made thorough preparation for examinations. He was ambitious to fit himself for the work to which the Lord had called him. But James Chalmers was never a scholar; he was a born pioneer and "blazer of trails" rather than a student "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought."

As a student he was muscular and active; he was lithe but

strong. He was a powerful skater and a vigorous football player, and an all-round athlete. When the work of the day was done he was ready for practical jokes and pranks of every kind, and the only way his fellow students could secure peace was to make him the college policeman whose duty it was to maintain quiet on the premises. While he was foremost in fun and frolic, yet at the proper time he could be as devout and as earnest as any of the students or teachers. He had a village church seven miles away to serve. He walked fourteen miles on Sunday, preached to the people, and did what he could for their temporal and eternal welfare. The experience and training he received while serving as "Dean" of a village church was one part of his preparation for work in the South Seas. Among other things placed to his credit while in college was the saving of two students from drowning in the river Lea.

Those who knew Chalmers in his college days spoke of his great qualities; his intense humanity, his absolute fearlessness, his unselfishness, his boundless geniality, his good temper, his exhaustless energy, and whole-hearted devotion to the work of the Lord Jesus Christ. His manliness, his sincerity and simplicity endeared him to all and made him a universal favourite. Beneath his love of fun was a heart beating for the things of the kingdom. The president of the college said, "Chalmers gave me the idea of lofty consecration to the divine work of saving those for whom Christ died. His faith was simple, unswerving, and enthusiastic, and while he could throw a giant's strength into all kinds of work, he was gentle as a child, and submissive as a soldier."

After completing the work in Cheshunt College, Chalmers went to Highgate for a year for further preparation. As he was expecting to go to South Africa he studied the Dutch language; he took a course in medicine and did something in photography. Livingstone was in England speaking on behalf of missions and calling for the best young men in Great

Britain to go out as missionaries, and the heart of his young countryman went out towards the unexplored continent.

Whilst Chalmers expected to be sent to Africa the directors of the Society sent him to the South Seas. God's hand was manifestly seen in this change. Two days before his ordination he was married to Miss Jane Hercus, a woman of exceptional gifts and graces, a woman in every way worthy of him, a woman who greatly helped him in the work to which he had devoted his life. On the 4th of January, 1866, Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers sailed from England for Australia in the mission ship, *The John Williams*. The weather was so bad that the ship and all on board were nearly lost in the Channel. Twenty-one other ships sank in the Channel in that gale. It was necessary to put into Weymouth for repairs. The repairs being made, they were soon on the open sea and sailing southward. Chalmers was always at home among sailors. He began missionary operations at once, teaching a Bible class, and conducting a prayer-meeting in the forecastle, and preaching on Sundays. As a result of this work a number of the roughest of the crew were won to Christ. On the 20th of May *The John Williams* reached Adelaide. In August the missionaries left Sydney for the New Hebrides, having spent the intervening months visiting the churches in Australia. On approaching the island of Niue the ship struck a hidden reef and was so seriously injured that it was deemed necessary to return to Sydney for repairs. She left Sydney the second time on the 15th of November and reached Niue on the 13th of January, 1867. In spite of the best efforts of the captain and crew and missionaries *The John Williams* was carried by a strong current on a reef and hopelessly wrecked. Those on board saved little beside their lives. Their clothing and equipment of every kind were destroyed. While waiting on Niue for a ship to take them to their destination, Chalmers almost lost his life while swimming in the surf. From Niue in process of time Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers got to Samoa in a

schooner, and from Samoa to Raratonga, where they lived and laboured for ten years.

Raratonga is the largest island of the Hervey Group, and has been fittingly called the Paradise of the Pacific. There are mountains about four thousand feet high and fertile valleys between. Raratonga is covered with palms and other beautiful trees down to the sea. Prior to the arrival of the missionaries in that group, Raratonga had been the scene of the most revolting cruelty and the most degrading savagery. The power of the chief was absolute. All the property and all the lives of the people were at his disposal. He was carried on the shoulders of men because his feet were too sacred to touch the common earth. Any one who crossed the chief's shadow was clubbed to death. In time of famine or pestilence human sacrifices were offered. "Two or three natives were secured; their feet and arms were bound and they were dragged to the great altar of sacrifice on which they were presented alive to the gods, the priest at the same time confessing the sins of the people, and asking the gods to remove the calamity. When this ceremony was over the living bodies of the victims were placed upon an immense oven of red-hot stones and there sacrificed as an atonement for the sins of the people."

Licentiousness, deceit, and theft prevailed to a fearful extent; and so general and constant were the enmity and jealousy of one tribe towards another, that the majority of the people were confined to the district where they were born, only hearing vague reports, but knowing little definitely, respecting the tribes beyond them. War was their continual employment and delight. The first captives taken in battle were presented to the gods, and the head of each was taken in savage triumph, while yet reeking in its blood, to the chief of the tribe, and the bodies of such were eaten in the cannibal feasts. The people were naked, barbarous, savage heathen.

Raratonga was discovered by John Williams, the Martyr of Erromanga, in 1822. He left some teachers with the chief. In

twelve months the whole people were led to renounce idolatry. When Williams visited that island after two years, he was surprised and delighted to find that the Raratongans, who, when he had last seen them, appeared to be the most ferocious savages he had ever met, were now changed, and clothed becomingly, and in their right minds.

It was to this island forty-five years after its discovery, and after considerable missionary work had been done, that Chalmers was sent. The people had been transformed into a half-civilized and law-abiding people; the old heathenism had passed away. As might be expected, many were Christian in name only. The whole population needed to be taught, guided and helped. Although this was not the field that Chalmers desired, he went to work at once and in earnest. He repaired the houses that had been injured by hurricanes. He arranged for regular classes in the Training Institution. He took the education of the young in hand and began a system of competitive examinations among the school children of the different villages. He was instant in season and out of season in preaching the Gospel and in work of every kind that tended to uplift and benefit the souls under his charge. He wrote commentaries on all the Prophecies and upon all the Epistles, and superintended the printing-press. Mrs. Chalmers had classes for the women and sought to prepare them to become wives and mothers. Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers visited every house on the island and encouraged the people to keep their homes clean and in good order. They read and prayed in every home, and pressed the claims of the Gospel home to the heart and conscience of every one of responsible years in their field.

Strong drink was the curse of Raratonga, and Chalmers fought it with all his might. He turned policeman for a time that he might discover where the people met to drink. A law against drunkenness was enacted. At one time the king, the chief judge and his son were fined for drinking and admonished faithfully by the judges not to break the law again. The

chief judge was deposed; the king promised to do better and asked the people to pray for him.

There was work enough for two, but Chalmers would not ask for a colleague because the work in other fields was calling for men. He was busy from four in the morning until nine at night. There was no time to rest. He and his wife enjoyed excellent health and were in good spirits though they saw only one white man in two years. When not feeling very well he set off for the mountains, getting where the natives had never been, and returning the next day feeling all right. Writing of his experiences in Raratonga Chalmers said, "All work and no play is just as irksome for missionaries as for boys. I have been on every mountain top in Raratonga, and there are few valleys I have not explored. I find a mountain trip an excellent medicine, and so, when out of sorts, and not quite up to the mark for Jeremiah or Ezekiel, the Acts of the Apostles, or Ephesians, the History of the Jews from Malachi to Christ, or my Condensed History, Ancient and Modern, I throw away the pen and away I go."

Chalmers saw great changes in the people in the ten years he spent on Raratonga. He repeated the words of Holy Writ, "What hath God wrought!" Many were asking what they should do to be saved, and seeking admission into the church. A number who had been expelled because of their sin came and confessed their faults and begged to be reinstated. Believers grew in grace and in the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ. Evangelists and teachers trained by him went out to the islands yet in darkness, to give a knowledge of Christ and salvation through Christ to the people who were sitting in the shadow of death. There are few nobler chapters in church history than those that record the services of these men and women who were only one remove from cannibalism and savagery, many of whom died in harness and rejoicing that the Lord had counted them worthy of this ministry. It is plain that they were begotten of God, and that they knew God.

Almost from the very first Chalmers longed for the work for which he was peculiarly qualified. He thought that that island and the tribes that had long been evangelized might safely be left to native pastors and teachers, with only slight European supervision. He was restless and pined to enter the regions beyond. He heard them calling him and he was eager to respond. He begged to be sent to Espiritu Santo in the New Hebrides Group. He said that for years he had longed to get among the real heathen and savages, and that he was disappointed when he landed in Raratonga and found the people so much civilized and Christian. It was decreed by Divine Providence that he was to go in due time to what were considered the darkest, most degraded, and most savage tribes and land in unevangelized Polynesia; but five years were to elapse before the desire of his heart was to be gratified. "Those years he filled with honest work, and not with idle and fruitless complaining." While he was not allowed to go himself he did all in his power to select and train and equip capable natives for that dangerous service. "The quiet round of daily tasks in Raratonga fitted him for those thrilling years in New Guinea, so full of adventure, of peril, of hair-breadth escapes, of successful presentation of the Glad Tidings to multitudes who had never before heard the name of Jesus, or realized the meaning of such graces as love and peace and pardon and light."

By the year 1877 the directors of the London Society had come to the conclusion that New Guinea was the right sphere for a man with such energy and devotion as Chalmers possessed. New Guinea is the largest island in the world. It is three times the size of Great Britain, and is 1,400 miles in length. The climate and products and people vary greatly. The people lived in villages surrounded by water; that was for the sake of protection. Every village was suspicious of its neighbours and at enmity with them. Every man carried either a spear or a club. The people wore ornaments in the shape of nose-sticks,

earrings, feathers, tattooing and paint. They wore necklaces of human bones; some wore jaw-bones on their arms and other bones from other parts of the body; some had pieces of human flesh dangling from their arms. Their temples and homes were decorated with the skulls of men and women and children and crocodiles and wild pigs. The human skulls were of victims that had been eaten. The daintiest dish, the best food, was human flesh. The thing of which they were most proud was the tattooing. That was a sign that the tattooed man had shed human blood. No one had a right to that distinction till he had murdered some one. Up till the year 1872 the Stone age prevailed. No implement or utensil or weapon could be found made of iron or metal. Money was unknown and not needed. The houses had no furniture; the inmates slept on a plank and without a pillow. It is affirmed that every man was a thief and a liar. The women were the beasts of burden and jealously protected their rights to carry wood and water. The people had no knowledge of civilization and no desire to know anything about it. Their religion consisted of a dread of evil spirits and a belief in the immortality of the soul.

In the year 1872 six men whom Chalmers had trained in Raratonga and their wives were sent to open the work in New Guinea. It was arranged that Chalmers should join them and oversee and enlarge the work. One great part of his work was to explore the country and to station teachers in places that had not been occupied. He went from place to place and made friends with the natives and sought to put an end to their interminable, inter-tribal wars. In addition, he sought to introduce among them the arts and conveniences and ideals of Christian civilization. The articles of commerce most in demand were hoop-iron and tomahawks and tobacco. Hoop-iron was more precious than gold.

He built houses; visited and encouraged the teachers; translated the Gospels and hymns and taught the people to sing; he went on long exploring tours. On one of these he

visited over a hundred villages; in ninety of these no white man had ever been seen before. He discovered islands and bays and rivers of whose existence no geographer was aware. He mixed freely with the people, and was with them as friends, living in their houses, sleeping surrounded by them, and eating out of the same dish. He was never armed; frequently there was no weapon in his party. He tells of how he carried on his work. The days were not spent in hymn-singing, praying, and preaching in public. "The Gospel was working its way in bush-clearing, fencing, planting, house-building, and many other forms of work, through fun, play, feasting, travelling, joking, laughing, and along the ordinary experiences of every-day life." There was time devoted to prayer and preaching and singing, but there were many other things that required and received attention.

Many times his life was in the greatest danger. Referring to the natives of the Papuan Gulf, he said that they were a dreadful lot, rejoicing in murder and rapine. They sent him word that they would return next season and kill and plunder foreigners and natives alike. He invited them to come and told them he would be glad to see them. He went in and out among them and was not afraid. There was something in his appearance and look and voice that made them tremble and obey. He rubbed noses with them and made friends and never minded dirt or disease. In one place he said, "You must give up cannibalism," and they did. In another place he told them that they must not attack their neighbours, and they obeyed. In another place the people said to him, "No more fighting; no more man-eating; we have heard the good news, and we shall strive for peace."

Chalmers said he liked opposition and hard knocks. Danger attracted rather than repelled him, and the worse the reputation of a place or tribe the more certain he was to visit it. He was called a rash man because of the way he risked his life from day to day. To all such reproaches he replied, "Yes, I

am, but have been blessed and successful in all kinds of work for the last eleven years in this land. No use talking, I will do it again. I must do it again and again, hoping to get through all right. I am exceedingly cautious, especially when others are with me; but there is such a thing as excess of caution." Near the close of his first term of service Chalmers wrote, "During the last six years I have known little of home life, have spent much time in queer places and with as queer people, have had a good share of fever, several narrow escapes from spears and clubs, travelled many thousands of miles in boats, and many, many weary ones on land carrying my own swag, and have lost what was more to me than life—yet I have not repented leaving Raratonga, and would even more willingly now do the same notwithstanding all."

Chalmers founded a college for the training of teachers and evangelists. He gathered children and taught them. That was not the work for which he was best fitted and in which he found most delight; but he did it cheerfully because there was no one else to do it. He loved the Polynesian teachers in spite of their defects of character and limited ability, and did what he could to cheer and help them in their work. He longed to live to see a great church in New Guinea, and to see a glorious band of teachers go out from the college year by year.

The change that took place where the Gospel was preached was very great. When Chalmers began his work the people were sunk in crime; murder was a fine art, and from their earliest years the people studied best how to destroy life. They had no idea of a God of love, but only of gods and spirits who were revengeful and had to be appeased, who flew about in the night and disturbed the peace of homes. Five years later all that was changed. There were no cannibal ovens, no feasts, no human flesh, no desire for skulls. "Tribes that could not formerly meet except to fight now met as friends, and sat side by side in the same house, worshipping the true

God. Men and women, who on the arrival of the missionaries sought their lives, were only anxious now to do what they could to assist them, even to the washing of their feet." The Gospel showed itself to be the power of God to save every native who believed.

A dramatic incident in which Messrs. Chalmers and Lawes took an active part was the annexation of a great part of New Guinea by the British government. The missionaries did what they could to safeguard the interests of the natives. While assisting the government they carefully explained to the chiefs what the annexation meant, and the conditions on which it took place. They interpreted the proclamation and prevailed upon the chiefs to go on board the British ships to meet the officers of the government in person. With or without their assistance the annexation would have taken place. Their assistance prevented misunderstandings and perhaps loss of life. Referring to the missionaries, Commodore Erskine said, "These gentlemen, who first came and settled single-handed amongst those wild and cannibal tribes about ten years ago, have by their firm but conciliatory and upright dealings, established such a hold over the natives as many a crowned head would be proud to possess. I have been lost in admiration of the influence which they command over these savage but intelligent people." Speaking of Chalmers, Vice-Admiral Bridge said, "His vigilance, cheeriness, readiness of resources, and extraordinary influence over savages made his help quite invaluable. I can honestly say that I do not know how I should have got on without him. He had an equal power of winning the confidence of savages quite unused to strangers, and the respect and even love of white seamen. It is difficult to do justice in writing to the character of this great Englishman. One has only to know and to live with him in out-of-the-way lands to be convinced that he was endowed with the splendid characteristics which distinguished our most eminent explorers and pioneers."

After more than twenty years of service Chalmers returned home on furlough. When he left England his purpose was never to return. The directors had invited him more than once to return home for rest and for conference. The work on the field needed his presence and he begged permission to remain. To one request he said, "I do not see how I can possibly leave at present." He had begun to train evangelists and had begun work in the Papuan Gulf. He was expecting reinforcements from Raratonga and wanted to be on the ground to receive them and settle them in their stations. Once when he was on the point of returning home Mrs. Chalmers wrote, "On no account leave the teachers." That was her dying message. He had left New Guinea to meet her in Sydney and proceed with her to England. After visiting her grave he felt he must return to New Guinea. He could be happy nowhere but in the work. He would bury his sorrow in Christ's service. To some it would have seemed that the death of his wife was an added reason for a visit to England. But to Chalmers her last words were a trumpet-call to duty, and seven years more passed before he saw the homeland.

Chalmers was in good health and did not need a furlough. He said, "I feel happier here than I did or could do in civilization. It is mine now to live and labour for Him, more entirely His than ever. There is a great blank in life now. God help me to bear my lot patiently." He felt more at home where he was than he could anywhere else. He said, "I am asked home again, but fancy myself too uncivilized for home society, being a kind of New Guinean, and more at home with savages than veneered humanity." He was afraid of the climate at home and afraid of his ability as a speaker before gatherings of Christian people. He wrote, "I am deterred by the thought of deputation work. I dislike public speaking, and I soon sicken of hearing myself tell the same stories over again. Rather than go home engaged to do deputation work I would risk climate, savages, sea and land travelling; the

former in open boats, and the latter carrying my own swag in New Guinea."

His fears as to his ability as a speaker were wholly groundless. Few men have spoken more eloquently and acceptably and to larger audiences. He was in constant demand. Whatever other speakers were present he was the one man the people wanted to hear. In one of his addresses he said, "I have had twenty-one years' experience amongst natives. I have seen the semi-civilized and the uncivilized; I have lived with the Christian native, and I have lived, dined, and slept with the cannibal. I have visited the islands of the New Hebrides. I have visited the Loyalty Group. I have seen the work of missions in the Samoan Group. I have lived for ten years in the Hervey Group. I know a few of the groups close on the line, and for at least nine years of my life I have lived with the savages of New Guinea; but I have never met with a single man or woman, or a single people, that your civilization without the Gospel has civilized. For God's sake let it be done at once! Gospel and commerce, but remember this, it must be the Gospel first. Whenever there has been the slightest spark of civilization in the South Seas it has been because the Gospel has been preached there, and where you find on the island of New Guinea a friendly people, or a people that will welcome you, there the missionaries of the Cross have been preaching Christian civilization! The rampart can be stormed only by those who carry the Cross!"

He told his audience something of his method. "How do we preach the Gospel? No, we do not go with a black coat and a white necktie, standing in the boat with a Bible in our hand. We go as man to man, to try to live the Gospel." "It is not the preaching of the sermon so much as living the life that tells on the native heart. It is by living a divine life, by striving to follow in the footsteps of Him who came to express the Father's love, that we win the heart of the savage, and raise him up to become a true man in Jesus Christ." Chalmers

insisted that it is the life that is lived that is the greatest influence for good and the most telling sermon.

Although he greatly enjoyed his furlough, Chalmers was only too glad to leave England and resume work in New Guinea among his own people. He was constantly invading new territory and taking possession in the name of his Lord. Mrs. Chalmers was left alone for weeks and months at a time. He had something of the lion-tamer in his look. His influence on the natives was hypnotic. Going unarmed he overawed bodies of men who were pledged to take his life. His work was greatly blessed. Many broke away from the old pagan life and united with the church. To a friend he wrote, "Do not trouble about me; alone or with friends I am perfectly happy." "I am in perfect health and have all the youthful ardour I ever had, more, really more. To be away and finish visiting my stations and then on to new work—opening up new places has a strangely wonderful charm for me. I dearly love to be the first to preach Christ in a place." Besides preaching there were other things to be done. "I have to superintend certain duties every day. Now some women are washing, others are weeding, and a few girls are sweeping up. I have men repairing gates and strengthening houses; others are washing boats. We have our week of prayer now. May we be greatly blessed, and others through us."

In the year 1894 Chalmers visited England the second and last time. He was ready for any amount of work among the churches. He travelled unceasingly, speaking, preaching, kindling into a burning flame of love and zeal alike those who were fortunate enough to come into close touch with his virile, sympathetic, Christ-possessed humanity, and also the great assemblies that were controlled by his rugged eloquence and unquenchable enthusiasm for the lifting of humanity. Perhaps no missionary speaker of his generation more nobly utilized the great opportunity granted him of influencing his fellow men. "He was great on the platform, but it was when the day was

over and in some quiet home that the simplicity, the single-heartedness, the consecration, the Christlikeness of the man shone out most brightly. As he talked you saw the wild, fierce face of the cannibal soften at the story of the Cross; you trod with the intrepid missionary across the beach to the chief's hut, not knowing whether you would return alive; you sat at the Lord's Table with men and women who but a few years ago had eaten their enemies; you clung to the boat as she swung backward and forth on the surge until the wave became big enough to float you over the reef into the lagoon, beyond the reach of the thundering and dangerous surf. To have spent even one such hour with James Chalmers was a blessed memory and an uplifting inspiration for a lifetime."

While he was at home many honours were bestowed upon him. The burghers of Inverary conferred upon him the freedom of the city, the highest honour in their power. This was in recognition of his career as a missionary and his eminent services in the cause of civilization and the spread of the Gospel among the heathen. The Duke of Argyle invited him to the Castle and a service was held in the Pavilion which was very largely attended. The people were kind to Chalmers but the climate was not. It was a relief to get away from England once more and to be back among his own people and at work in the South Seas.

After his return from his second furlough Chalmers proposed to explore the Fly River. He thought that this might be his last and greatest work for Christ. Mr. Tompkins, a new missionary, went with him. It was on this expedition that Chalmers and his young associate were murdered. The facts as well as could be ascertained are these: Leaving the boat at a place called Dopima, they went ashore. Soon after they were clubbed to death; their heads were cut off, and their bodies were eaten. It was thought by some that that was the death that he would have preferred to all others.

In concluding the account of this remarkable man, attention may properly be called to —

1. His attractive and impressive personality. The notorious "Bully Hayes," after Chalmers had taken passage on his schooner, wrote him, "If only you were near me, I should certainly become a new man, and lead a different life." Robert Louis Stevenson felt a kind of hero-worship, a greater admiration than he felt for any man of modern times except Chinese Gordon. To Chalmers Stevenson wrote, "I shall never cease to rejoice that I had the good fortune to meet you. I wish there were more like you. You are the man for my complaint: you do me good. If I had known you when I was a boy and a bachelor, how different my life would have been. I count it a privilege and a benefit to have met you. I count it a loss not to meet you again." To Mrs. Chalmers he wrote, "I wonder if even you know what it means for a man of the world like me to meet one who represents the essential, and who is so far from the formal, from the grimace. My friend, Mr. Clarke, said, 'I wish I could have him for a colleague to keep me up to the mark.' I wish I could have him for a neighbour to keep me human." Chalmers charmed all sorts and conditions of men. His crews would go anywhere with him. The teachers were ready for any service he might recommend.

2. His devotion to Christ. This crops out in his autobiography and in his letters and conversation. "It must be all for Christ, and Christ for all. May I live more for Christ, all for Christ, and Christ all." "I do love Christ; He is simply, solely everything. It must be Christ all around, alpha and omega, end, between, and beginning." "I long for a quiet time with earnest Christian folk of my own kind, more real, true, burning love to Christ. I want just to be His altogether." "The temptation to settle down in quiet and act the very respectable missionary is very great. Whole-souled devotion to Christ and to His work would soon be more abundantly blessed. Mad for

Christ's sake! Cast out for Christ's sake! Where is the offense of the Cross?" "Glorious Saviour, would God we were more enthusiastic in our love, simply and solely His. Oh, to dwell at His Cross, and to abound in blessed sympathy with Him and His great work! Then would the heathen wonder and inquire."

3. His consecration to the missionary enterprise. When *The John Williams* was wrecked, he wrote, "Do not suppose for a moment that we feel discouraged. We have no intention of turning back, and leaving our work. God forbid! If possible, we shall go on now. God is our strength. All our trust is in Him!" When funds were scarce he said, "I do trust that not one station will be given up. Better that we should live on vegetables than that one teacher should be withdrawn." When his wives died he found consolation in his work. There was no thought of needless mourning. He would honour those gracious women by doing with both hands earnestly the work to which he and they were committed. He could have made money by joining the navy and assisting in the work of exploration; but he was a missionary and not open to any offer, and a missionary he must remain. He had a desire to cross the peninsula to the Huon Gulf. "I have no wish to turn explorer, but I do wish to know all that is to be known about New Guinea. But only in the capacity of a missionary would I travel." Speaking of the future, he said, "I am well aware that there will be trials innumerable, sickness and death, many dark clouds to pass through; but what are these to the assured results? Only in daring much can we hope for much, and the greater our hope the greater our success." He thought of a broken home, comforts given up, and attached people left far, far away; but he never regretted that he was a missionary pioneer, a foreloper for God. The work was worth all the toil and cost.

He told the directors the kind of men needed: "Men altogether Christ's, who will think nothing of a few hardships, and

spurn the notion that the work they undertake involves any sacrifice. I think the word 'sacrifices' should never be used in Christ's service. We need men and women willing to live amongst savages, who will joyfully endure the hardships of the climate for Christ's sake. We must show the world that the Gospel is still the power of God unto salvation, and that there are those who believe thoroughly in it, and are willing to endure much for its sake." Again, "Leave the twaddle of sacrifices for those who do not appreciate the sacrifice of the Cross. We want men who thoroughly enjoy all kinds of roughing it, who will be glad when ease and comfort can be had, but who will look on all that comes as pepper and salt, giving zest to work, and creating the appetite for more." When he heard of a new worker he said, "I hope he is a good all-round man, with no namby-pambyism. I have as much zest to-day for roughing it or enjoying comforts as I ever had. I am in better health and better able for the work than I ever was." And again, "Recall the twenty-one years, give me back all my experience, give me its shipwrecks, give me its standing in the face of death, give it me surrounded with savages with spears and clubs, give it me back again with spears flying about me, with the club knocking me to the ground, give it me back, and I will still be your missionary." What he wished in others he exhibited in his own career.

4. His incurable optimism. He carried the heart of a child through life. When he was the Great Heart of New Guinea he was still a boy. In the year 1887 he wrote a friend, "Do you ever feel old? I don't." It was this youthful exuberance that made him so hopeful for the future. He confidently expected that not only New Guinea but the whole wide world would be brought to the feet of Jesus Christ.

5. His achievements. His services as an explorer were recognized by the Geographical Society of Germany, and by the Royal Geographical Society of London, and by the various Societies in the Australian Colonies. But his work as an ex-

plorer was only an incident in his life. His main work was that of extending the boundaries of the Redeemer's kingdom. He carried the Gospel into regions and to tribes that were sitting in darkness and the shadow of death. His work was like that of Paul and Boniface and Carey and Judson and Livingstone, and his name is recorded in missionary annals with theirs. Because of his life and work the Scripture has been fulfilled,

> "They shall see to whom no tidings of Him came,
> And they that have not heard shall understand."

XIII

JAMES EVANS

The Apostle of the North

JAMES EVANS was born at Kingston-on-Hull in the year 1801. Being the son of a sea-captain and living near the sea he longed to be a sailor. His father took him on two voyages to the Baltic Sea and gave him the plainest food and plenty of hard work. The lad was satisfied with that experience and, after some years in school, was apprenticed to a grocer in Hull. His employer was a godly man and took an interest in his clerks and apprentices. He expected those who lived in his house to attend family worship, and required all young persons under his authority to attend church at least once on Sunday. If a missionary or prominent minister came to Hull to speak, arrangements were made for as many of the employees to attend as possible. Though full of fun and energy and a leader in all boyish sports, young Evans was greatly interested in missionary addresses and in sermons that he could understand.

While serving his apprenticeship it was his privilege to hear Gideon Ouseley, the famous Irish evangelist, preach, and was led to confess his faith in Jesus the Christ as his personal Saviour and Lord. Having received the Spirit of Christ he earnestly desired his associates and all others with whom he had to do to share with him in the blessings of redemption. He had the courage of his convictions and would go to no place of amusement or engage in any sports that were unbecoming a Christian. He went to work in the Sunday-school and studied his Bible, using all the helps he could find. His growth in

grace and knowledge was such that he was engaged with others to hold religious services in the villages and hamlets near Hull. It could be said of him that he was "diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."

From Hull he went to London where he obtained a good position. About the same time his family emigrated to Canada. The son was pleased with his situation and decided to remain in England. But after two years he crossed the ocean and joined his family in La Chute, Quebec. Not finding a position as a grocer's clerk, he secured a position as a school-teacher. He had no collegiate or normal training, but he had a good mind and was in earnest, and his pupils made rapid progress in their studies.

It was through William Case that James Evans was started on his missionary career, "first as a school-teacher among the Indians at Rice Lake, and then in the regular ministry, as a great flaming evangelist among the tribes in Upper Canada, and then as the Apostle of the North, in the far-away regions from Lake Superior on to the Ultima Thule of the almost unknown North, where auroras flash, and the Frost King reigns for at least two-thirds of the year."

James Evans began his life-work in an Indian school at Rice Lake, a body of water a few miles north of Lake Ontario, in the year 1828. From that time forward till his death his name was inseparably connected with the evangelization of the Indians. His biographer states that with a zeal that never flagged, a courage that never faltered, a love that never cooled, he pushed on amidst storm and sunshine, into the older provinces of the dominion, and then in later years, by canoe and dog-train, in tempests and blizzards, into the vast regions that stretch from Lake Superior away to the mighty Mackenzie River.

When he began his work at Rice Lake there was not a house on the Reservation. The Indians all lived in their wigwams. With his young wife Mr. Evans went there and tented till with

his own hands he built a log house. After that he built a log schoolhouse and began school with about forty boys and girls. Within a year twenty-two of them were reading the English New Testament, and fourteen of them were studying mathematics. That first year he mastered the Ojibway language sufficiently to enable him to translate the Scriptures, and he translated seven chapters of the Gospel according to Matthew.

In the year 1830 Mr. Evans was ordained as a minister of the Gospel. Whilst he continued to live at Rice Lake, he had charge of a band of converted Indians at Mud Lake. Besides his work among the Indians he preached frequently to the white people at seventeen places within a radius of fifty or sixty miles. In his work among the Indians his motto was, "Christianize first, then civilize." He inculcated cleanliness and thrift and industry upon all who had been won to Christ. He urged the converts to totally abstain from the use of strong drink. The fur traders introduced fire-water among the Indians, knowing that they were careless and reckless in trading when they were drunk. He incurred the hatred and fierce opposition of unprincipled men whose trade in fire-water fell off and whose dishonest gains ceased.

Mr. Evans was appointed to work among the Indians at the St. Clair Mission in 1835. He found them a drunken, idle, ignorant and degraded body of pagans. During the time of his service there the whole tribe embraced Christianity, and began to attend to all the duties of civilized life. They became total abstainers, and by their honesty and sobriety and industry won the respect and admiration of the white people who lived in the vicinity.

Three years later James Evans and Thomas Hurlburt were appointed to the Lake Superior regions. They made their long and dangerous journey from St. Clair in an open rowboat. On their arrival at the station they began at once to preach the gospel of salvation. The Indians paid good attention to the message and appeared to be favourably impressed.

Writing to an official of the church Mr. Evans said, "The sphere of labour here is almost boundless; eastward to Labrador, and westward to the Rocky Mountains, thousands of poor, benighted heathen, already lifting up their longing eyes to see the dawn of gospel day, are scattered as sheep having no shepherd. From the shores of Lake Superior, northward to Hudson Bay, and westward to Swan River and Winnipeg, the country is inhabited by the Ojibway or kindred tribes. Among these our native converts who are now lying on their oars for mission work to do might find ample scope for usefulness in spreading abroad the savour of the Saviour's name. The Indians are universally impressed with the belief that the true religion which has been received by their brothers in Canada will soon reach them, and as an old chief from the head of Lake Superior expressed himself, they are stretching their eyes to see some teacher to tell them the way. The Indians are everywhere anxious to be instructed; they are the very antipodes of those residing in the immediate vicinity of the white settlements. There, the missionary must hunt them; here, they hunt him: there, he must entreat them to hear; here, they will urge him to speak. They are not only ready to hear the truth; but they manifest the greatest willingness to be instructed. A great and effectual door is open before us. Seldom have we family worship in the evening without seeing in our little room all the Indians in the place, all devoutly kneeling with us at the throne of heavenly grace." A chief who had come from some distance told the missionaries that they would do anything he told them, and that they would gladly leave their children with them when they went hunting the next fall, if they would take them and instruct them in the white man's wisdom.

After spending some time at the Sault Mr. Evans pushed on, stopping at places where Indians were found, and preaching to them as opportunity offered. "His home was his tent in the wilderness, his parishioners were wandering Indians, without

any fixed habitations. His duty and joy were to find them in their forest homes, and tell them the story of redeeming love." It was not from choice that he wandered about in that vast wilderness. He was a man, and he loved his home as much as any other man; he was a wayfarer because of the conviction, "Woe is unto me, if I preach not the Gospel." He has been called to that work as Paul was called to his, and like Paul he was not disobedient to the heavenly vision. He thanked God that he could say,

> "I lodge a while in tents below,
> And gladly wander to and fro
> And smile at joy and pain."

His biographer tells us that he was passionately attached to his loved ones, yet leaving all at the Master's call he dwelt where, at the close of the heavy day's toiling on the waters, night overtook him, camping often amidst heavy rains or fierce storms, often with only a fish or piece of fat pork on which to dine, yet ever bright and cheerful and full of hope for the future triumphs of the Gospel of the Son of God. His labour was not in vain in the Lord. The Indians in that region were anxious to be instructed. They did not endeavour, as before, to shun the missionary, but sought as diligently for him as he did for them. As he worked he was greatly cheered with the report that a deputation of Indians was coming a distance of six or seven hundred miles to inquire for missionaries. Mr. Evans rejoiced in spirit and said, "The Lord is indeed going before us preparing the way, and our watchword is, 'Onward.'"

To his associate Mr. Evans wrote, "I am sure God has deepened His work of grace in my own soul since I arrived here. I enjoy great peace of mind. My intercourse with God is not clouded but clear and satisfactory. I am endeavouring to seek after more of the mind that is in Christ. The world is losing its charms. I would just as soon be buried in the depths

and wilds as to be in the populous city. I love society, as you know, but I trust that God knows that I love the poor benighted heathen more; and heaven is just as near the wilderness as Toronto. I have no home but heaven, and I desire none other, but hope God will enable me to wander about these dark regions till He calls me home." It was in this spirit that he lived and did his work.

In the year 1830, owing to the disturbed state of the country, he returned to civilization, and preached for a time in Guelph, Ontario. The next year he was informed that the Society had decided to open work among the Indians of the Hudson Bay Territories. Some young men were coming out from England to preach in those remote regions, and he was to join them and to be their leader. This work was done at the suggestion and chiefly at the expense of the Company.

The reason for the Company's action is not far to seek. For some years the Indians had been moving southward. The officers of the Company could not understand why at first. But it dawned on them gradually that the southward movement was not because food was scarce and the winters so long and cold, but it was because of their dissatisfaction with their old pagan religion and a desire to become acquainted with Christianity. The Indians in the North had heard of the great religion given by the Great Spirit for His children of every colour, and they talked about it in their wigwams and around their camp-fires. Their religious instincts were aroused and family after family embarked in their birch bark canoes and started for the land of the south wind to find the teacher and the Book. The Company wanted to stop this southward migration of the Indians from their rich and valuable hunting-grounds. The Indians were needed where they were to secure the rich furs that there abounded, and to serve as canoemen in the interchange of goods and furs between the remotely situated trading posts of the Company. So the officials applied to the Wesleyan Society in London to open mission stations among

the Indians of the Hudson Bay Territories. The Company promised the missionaries protection and good-will and material aid. The offer was accepted at once.

Volunteers were ready, but they needed a competent leader. The Society sought diligently for such a man in England but did not find him. "The work was to be among red Indians. The location was to be in the heart of an almost unknown continent, where the winters were long and fierce and cold; where the conveyance in summer would be a birch bark canoe and in winter a dog-sled; where the bed at night would often be only a granite rock amidst pelting storms, or in winter time only a hole dug in the snow-drift, and the temperature so low that the mercury would be frozen in the thermometer for months." In the good providence of God the attention of the Society was directed to James Evans, and he was selected for the difficult post.

The work that he had done already among the Indians as teacher and preacher, and his knowledge of several Indian dialects, prepared him for leadership in the mission that was about to be founded. He had other experiences that were not without their value. Thus he had been in New York getting some Indian translations through the press. The chief route from New York to Toronto in that time was up the Hudson River and the Erie Canal to Buffalo, and from Buffalo across the lake in a steamboat to Toronto. Being nearly out of money and being resolved to keep out of debt he was unable to travel as a first or even second-class passenger. Accordingly he took deck passage on the steamer, and slept, as he said, for three nights, on the sofest plank he could find. He was compelled to hear much profane language from the roughs who were gambling around him most of the night. He hoped to escape unrecognized, that his pride might not be wounded. But several knew him and when they asked him to go down with them to dinner he was obliged to say, "Oh, I am a deck passenger."

On the 24th of April, 1840, Mr. and Mrs. Evans and their daughter were at Montreal on their way to Norway House at the northern end of Lake Winnipeg. They would go by steamboat as far as Fort William on Lake Superior, and from Fort William by canoe to Norway House. The whole distance was about three thousand miles; half the distance would be by canoe. They shipped their goods by way of England. From London they would be carried in the boats of the Company to York Factory on the Hudson Bay, and from York Factory they would be carried overland to Norway House. The Company engaged to furnish everything necessary for the comfort and convenience of the missionaries in the Indian country, including canoes, provisions, canoemen, houses and interpreters, and all free of charge.

The travelling by canoe began at Fort William. Mr. Evans took two young Ojibway converts with him. As they had been accustomed to a canoe all their days they were of great service on the voyage. Mr. Evans was himself a man of great physical energy, and as much at home in a canoe as an Indian. He not only paddled a great deal of the time himself, but infused his own energy into all associated with him. The route taken was in a northwest direction through a great variety of rapid rivers and picturesque lakes. For a time the canoes had to make their way up streams often against dangerous rapids and treacherous currents. That continued till an actual ascent of eight hundred feet was made. The aggregate fall of waters before Lake Winnipeg was reached was about eight hundred and fifty feet.

The canoes used on that journey were from thirty to thirty-five feet long, five feet wide in the middle, and two feet and three inches deep. Though made of birch bark, they were admirably suited to the purpose. The one in which Mr. Evans travelled carried two thousand pounds; this included the three passengers and six voyageurs. In making a portage two men could carry the boat easily to the smooth water beyond.

The cargo was made up into bundles and carried by the Indians on their backs. Crossing a portage when the weather was good was a pleasant episode, as it enabled the passengers to go ashore and rest themselves by walking. In course of some weeks they reached Lake Winnipeg and travelled up its eastern shore for several days more. Winnipeg is the Indian name of the sea. The Indians gave the lake that name because of its great size, it being three hundred miles long. A most cordial welcome awaited the missionaries from Mr. Rundle, one of the young men who had preceded them, and from the gentlemen in charge of the station of the wealthy Hudson Bay Company.

At Norway House Mr. Evans found his first and only home in that great land. "From that spot which he and his noble fellow workers made to bloom and blossom as the rose, he started out on his marvellous trips by canoe in summer and dog-train in winter." Norway House was one of the inland stations of the Company. At first the Company confined its operations principally to the coasts of the bays and great lakes. But as it grew in wealth it pushed into the interior of the country where furs abounded and where there were Indians to hunt them. There were found black bears, beavers, otters, minks, martins, ermines, black and silver foxes, and other animals the furs of which commanded the highest prices in the markets of the world. Some of the posts of the Company were so far removed from civilization that the men in charge of them heard from the outside world only once a year. Sometimes seven years elapsed between the time the goods shipped from London for barter reached the stations and the furs obtained in exchange reached London.

At Norway House gathered the fleets of canoes that brought the furs and carried back the goods the Indians needed. Some of these canoes came a distance of two thousand miles. At Norway House could be seen the Blackfeet, the Blood Indians, and the Mountain Stonies from the foot-hills of the far distant Rockies. They had come down the mighty Saskatchewan

River a distance of twelve hundred miles before they reached Lake Winnipeg. There could be seen men from the great Peace and Mackenzie River districts. To those men while they were at the post Mr. Evans preached the glorious Gospel of the Son of God. He visited them in their homes on the banks of the Mackenzie and Saskatchewan, and in many other places he met them and told them of God's love as revealed in Jesus Christ. The Indians have always clustered around Norway House in large numbers. There is one of the largest and finest Indian Missions on the continent. "Some of the grandest trophies of the Cross have there been won, and some of the most useful workers have been raised up from among those once superstitious pagans to go out and preach, with eloquence and power, the blessed Gospel which has been a benediction to many others."

Comfortable quarters were provided for the missionary and his family in the fort until their goods arrived from England. They were in good hands and were busily employed, and were happy in the work. Their first desire was to lead the Indians to know God. That was not an easy task. Some said, "My father heard not this story, why then should I care for it?" Others said, "As my father died so will I die." Others refused to listen. Mr. Evans toiled on in faith and patience, and great success crowned his efforts.

Mr. James Evans was emphatically a preacher. No matter how degraded the people to whom he spoke he believed that they could hear and obey the Gospel. He believed, too, that, if they would believe in Christ, all the blessings of civilization would be enjoyed by them in due time. With the word of God in his hand he went from wigwam to wigwam and explained the plan of salvation. As often as he could he gathered the people together and preached to them. In course of time large numbers renounced their paganism and gladly accepted the Christian religion. Their conversion was genuine. The change wrought in them by the Divine Spirit was so marked

that it was patent to all. Those who sneered at first were compelled to admit that a real work of grace had been wrought. The news that "the praying master" had come extended far and wide. Soon deputations came from other places and listened with amazement and delight to the wonderful story of the love of the Great Spirit. Not only so, but many of them returned to their distant hunting-grounds and gathering their families, together with their few possessions of nets and traps, came and pitched their wigwams beside the fort and there stayed, that they might hear the truth that would make them free, and that would bring peace and comfort to their perplexed and troubled hearts.

In a short time the place near the fort that had been assigned for an Indian village proved too small for such numbers as wished to make their homes there. It was decided to locate the village two miles distant from the fort. A picturesque spot with enough room for houses and fields was chosen. Under the leadership of Mr. Evans the land was cleared and fields and garden plots were laid out. After their conversion the Indians desired a better mode of life. They had lived by hunting and fishing. As a result starvation often stared them in the face. Their homes were wigwams; so many were huddled in these that they were not conducive to comfort or decency or morality. It was a new sight to see the Indian men at work. In their pagan state they scorned manual toil. Some would have died rather than carry a bucket of water or chop wood for the wigwam fire. When migrating, the women took down the wigwams and carried them on their backs, and set them up again. Once Mr. Evans gave an Indian a contract to saw and split some wood for him. Imagine his emotion when he saw the Indian go home and bring his wife to do the work, while he sat on the fence and smoked and ordered her to hurry up as he was getting cold.

"Make the women do the work," was the cry when it was proposed to clear the ground for the village. Mr. Evans knew

perfectly well that he could never compel the Indians to assist. So, putting his axe on his shoulder, he said to them, "Come on." Those who could not be driven were easily led. So leading and encouraging them he got out of them all that he could desire. Trees fell rapidly, stumps were dug up, and the wild forest was turned into a fruitful field. Timber was cut and sawed for a number of houses. Mr. Evans was a master carpenter as well as a master farmer. These houses had doors and windows and partitions and a fireplace at the end. The Scripture was fulfilled, "The wilderness and the solitary place was glad for them, and the desert rejoiced and blossomed as the rose." It was not an easy task to keep the men at work, especially the young men. When they heard the cry of the wild geese every man dropped his axe, and ran for his gun. Instead of rebuking them, Mr. Evans took his gun and went with them.

Mrs. Evans helped greatly in the work of elevating the Indians. Her home was an object lesson and illustrated her teaching. A pagan thought it a sign of weakness to speak kindly to a woman. She is a drudge and beast of burden. If her husband shoots game he leaves it where it was shot and stalking home orders her to go quickly and bring it home. She is expected to cook a portion of it for him as soon as possible. As soon as it is cooked she places it before him. If there are other Indians present he invites them to eat with him. If there are sons in the family they are permitted to share in the feast. The women and girls must keep at a respectful distance and wait patiently till the men and boys have eaten and are satisfied; then if there is anything left they may partake, and be thankful. Often when the wife and mother is old and feeble she is put out of existence. Mrs. Evans did what she could to improve the condition of the Indian women. She sent to civilization for flax and wool and spinning-wheels, as well as yarn and thread, and organized various industries among them.

The fame of Rossville, the new village, was known far and wide. Deputations came from distant places asking for missionaries and for the Book. Some who came with the cargoes of fur heard the story and begged Mr. Evans to go home with them and tell the same story to their fathers and brothers, who were sitting in darkness in their far-away homes because no one had told these things to them. Now that the mission was thoroughly organized Mr. Evans felt that it could be left in the care of Indian evangelists and teachers, and that he could go out into the regions beyond.

The full record of his long journeys has never been written. The mission stations between Lake Superior and the Rocky Mountains, and from the Red and Assiniboine Rivers to the mighty Mackenzie, far away beyond the Athabasca and the Slave Lakes, are in a great measure the results of the labours of James Evans. For years after his death there were scores of Indians between York Factory and Fort Simpson and from Thunder Bay to the Rocky Mountain House whose eyes brightened and whose tongues waxed eloquent as they recalled him to memory. To them he was ever not only the first missionary, but the great missionary. While others did well they always gave him the first place. "He was the ideal missionary, the matchless dog-traveller, the fearless canoeist." Some of his successors imported St. Bernard and Newfoundland dogs, and were justly proud of their magnificent trains. The old Indians who remembered Mr. Evans and his wonderful train of half wolves, half dogs would smile and say, "Oh, but you ought to have seen Mr. Evans and his train and what they could do."

Four dogs made a train and could draw five or six hundred pounds' weight. The sleds were ten feet long and from sixteen to eighteen inches wide. On a long trip such as the one from Norway House to York Factory two trains would be necessary and three would be better. The Indian guides knew the route and were never at a loss as to the direction. Without any

landmarks of any kind they could travel by night and by day. Because of the snow-blindness it was often necessary to sleep in the day and travel at night. On a long tour it was necessary to take all the supplies needed, as they would find no stores or hotels or homes on the way. They took an abundance of food for themselves and for the dogs, kettles, knives and forks, tin plates and cups, bedding, fur robes and heavy clothing, axes, books and other articles too numerous to mention. Among other things they took a supply of shoes for the dogs.

They were fortunate if, when the day's journey was ended, they could find a place for the camp on the lee side of some dense forest trees, and where they could find dry wood in abundance. When such a place was found they called a halt. The dogs were unharnessed and given their liberty. Axes were taken from the sleds and dry trees were felled and cut into lengths of from ten to fifteen feet. Then the camp was prepared. Using their snow-shoes as shovels, the snow was cleared away for a space about ten feet square, the snow being piled up on three sides. Then the logs were brought in and laid in a heap and in a few minutes there would be a glorious blazing fire. Kettles were kept filled with snow till they were full of water. In the larger one the meat was boiled. While the meat was being cooked the dogs were fed. Each dog was given two whitefish. The frost was so severe that the fish were as solid as stones, and had to be thoroughly thawed before the fire. The dogs being fed, the missionary and his Indian associates prepared their own supper. They ate their meat and cakes and drank their tea. Sometimes the meat would freeze two or three times in the course of the meal. In that case it was plunged for a minute or two into a boiling pot of water. When it was colder than forty degrees below zero ice would form on a cup of tea in a little time. Supper being ended, the missionary would say, "Now let us worship God." There was no disposition to omit or shorten the service on any occasion or on any account. The missionary read a portion

of the Word of God and led in singing a hymn, then all prayed in turn. After the benediction the Indians would say, "Now, missionary, if you will get ready we will make your bed and tuck you in." When evergreen boughs could be obtained they were spread on the ground in the camp and over them a buffalo robe was spread. The pillow was placed so that the missionary's feet would point to the fire. As they wrapped him in his heavy blankets and robe they would warn him to keep as quiet as possible. Otherwise the cold might reach him and he would freeze to death while asleep. Then the Indians wrapped themselves in a single blanket each and slept all night, rising in the morning refreshed and strengthened. It was in this fashion that Mr. Evans spent night after night for weeks at a stretch.

Sometimes blizzards came up suddenly and swept the snow that had been shovelled around the camp in all directions. At such times the fire would be put out, and the camp and all within its borders would be covered with snow. The missionary and his friends would lie still and let the blizzard howl and rage above them. They were safe and warm under their blankets and robes, and slept in peace while the blizzard sang them a lullaby. In the morning everything was buried deep in the snow. The dogs had to be dug out; the snow had to be shovelled away a second time, and wood brought and the fire kindled anew. Sometimes the sleds and the harness belonging to the dogs and various other things had to be searched for. Then there was breakfast and worship; the loads were tied on the sleds and the dogs harnessed, and the journey resumed. There were doubtless times when the missionary suffered intensely, but such was his devotion to the work and such his joy in seeing Christ's cause prosper, that he counted his physical sufferings as nothing in comparison with the good accomplished.

Not only was Mr. Evans an apostle to the Indians but he was an evangelist to the white men at the posts, and they always looked forward with pleasure and delight to his coming.

He preached to them as faithfully as to the Indians, and had the joy of seeing many of the officers and other employees of the Company at the different posts become earnest followers of the Lord Jesus Christ. "The trophies thus won were his exceeding great reward, and he counted no journey too long, no hardships too severe, if only he could see men and women, white or red, brought to the foot of the Cross."

That which will give Mr. Evans his most lasting fame is the fact that he invented and perfected the Cree Syllabic Characters. That came about on this wise. The Indians among whom he laboured in the first years of his service had an abundance of grain and vegetables. If they went hunting or fishing, that was from choice. In the far North it was different. There the summers were short and the arable land limited in area. The soil afforded them only a small part of what was needed to support life. It was necessary for them to depend largely upon their fishing and hunting. But fish and game have their seasons of migration; bears and reindeer and other animals go where they can find food. Living from hand to mouth as they did, and never having any reserve of food, the Indians were obliged to take their wives and children from one fishing and hunting ground to another. If they heard that fish or rabbits were to be found twenty or thirty miles away, they removed at once. Mr. Evans tried to remedy this condition, but did not succeed. He saw other Indians reading the Word of God, and he earnestly desired that those among whom he dwelt might have the same privilege. But as they were constantly moving from place to place that was not practicable. As he meditated on the problem the thought came to him, "Why cannot a simpler, easier method of learning to read be invented, than our slow, cumbersome one with the alphabet?" He went to work on the problem at once and with all his mind and heart. He found that in the Cree language there were thirty-six principal sounds. Having mastered the sounds he devised characters to represent them. After

much experimenting he decided upon thirty-six characters. When he discovered that all the translations thus far made from the Word of God and some of the beautiful hymns could be expressed more accurately, as regards the sounds, than by the ordinary alphabet, his joy was well-nigh boundless.

Thus far what he did was done with a pen. The next step was to produce type and print his translations. But how was he to proceed? There was no type such as he needed in existence; there was no ink or paper or press or even a building in which work could be done if he had all the outfit needed. But necessity is the mother of invention. Mr. Evans went to work with such materials as he had at hand. He begged from the fur traders the thin sheets of lead which lined the tea chests. Having carefully carved out little models of his characters, he made casts of them in soft clay, and then pouring into those molds the melted lead, he secured type sufficient for his purpose. He made ink from soot mixed with sturgeon oil. He had no paper and used birch bark as a substitute. A jack-screw served as a press. With that primitive equipment he gave the Indians portions of the Scriptures and several hymns in their own language.

With these Syllabic Characters the art of reading is only a matter of a few days. Each character is a syllable; there are just as many characters in a word as there are syllables. All that was necessary for young and old to do was to master the Syllabic alphabet and then begin to read. There is no spelling; no first or second reader; no dictation lessons. It is a marvellous invention, and it has been a blessing to thousands.

The astonishment of the Indians over this invention was very great. When the Christians heard of it and had it explained they became eager students, and soon were able to read. Not only so, but they began to teach others in turn. They carried to distant hunting-grounds the knowledge they had acquired. With a rude sort of wooden pen they multiplied copies of the passages of Scripture first given them by Mr. Evans, even be-

fore he was able to begin his crude printing operations. These caused intense excitement, as they went from camp-fire to camp-fire, and from wigwam to wigwam in the wilderness. That birch bark could "talk," and above all that it could talk about the Great Spirit, and say His words, was indeed a thing of mystery and astonishment.

In course of time the story of this invention reached Europe. Scholars in both hemispheres heard of it with great interest. The Wesleyan Society had a supply of type made and sent a complete printing outfit to the missionary, and a donation of money sufficient to provide a suitable building in which the work could be done. The first books printed on birch bark and stitched together with deerskin covers have long since been displaced by better ones; but they served the purpose and were a blessing to very many. The Syllabic Characters are still in use. Methodists, Episcopalians, Moravians, Roman Catholics and others use them and find them of incalculable value.

"All honour to the man that invented them. After seeing the ease with which pagan bands could acquire knowledge of them, even when only marked with a burnt stick from our camp-fire on the side of a granite rock, and then from that little knowledge, by perseverance, learning in a few days to read the Bible with ease and delight, we wreathe our immortelles, and with thankfulness to God for giving us such a helper to the Indians and to the world, we gladly give him the name he deserves above all others who have toiled,—the name of the Apostle of the North."

Mr. Evans could not remain at Norway House indefinitely. A school was opened and another man was placed in charge. Mr. Evans was called upon to visit places far removed from the place he called his home. On some of these tours he travelled three thousand miles, and on some six thousand. On these tours he preached to hundreds who had never heard the gospel message. His ambition was to reach every post be-

longing to the Company in all that vast region and proclaim to red men and to white men the good news of salvation through Jesus the Crucified. His Journal tells something of the places he visited, the number of conversions, the children enrolled in the schools, the marriages solemnized, and the degrees of cold. He faithfully sought to discharge the duties incumbent upon him, with an eye to the glory of God in the salvation of sinners, and trusted that the fruits of his labours would appear in the day of eternity. In the winning of souls for Christ he ever found his highest and sweetest joy. In all his preaching he found "Christ Crucified" his best subject.

The white people that were scattered through his field were the objects of his constant solicitude. He spoke to many who rarely ever heard a gospel sermon. One man had not heard a sermon in thirty years. He and his wife earnestly desired salvation. Mr. Evans asked one woman if she ever prayed. She said she never did, for until that morning she did not know how to pray. He asked her what she said when she prayed. She said, "I asked God to forgive my sins for Jesus Christ's sake, and to help me to be better ; I was so sorry, and the tears ran down my face, and I could not find many words."

There were two experiences that darkened and shortened the life of this good and great man. The first grew out of his teaching concerning the religious observance of the Lord's Day. He taught the Indian Christians that they should set apart one day in seven for rest and for spiritual improvement. In so teaching he came into violent collision with the governor of the Hudson Bay Company. For more than two hundred years the Company had used the Indians in carrying goods in their canoes to all parts of the country in which they had trading posts, and in bringing back the furs from the trappers. Some of these posts were thousands of miles from the seaboard.

When it was known that some of the most reliable Indians

did not wish to travel on Sunday the governor was dismayed and angry. The summer was short in the Northern regions, and it would never do to waste one-seventh of the time in idleness. It was thought that that meant a disorganization of the business of the Company and a decided reduction in dividends. The governor sent a protest to the missionary because he rightly judged that he was the man who had preached that "nonsense" to the Indians. The governor was an autocrat whose word was law, and he would not brook any interference with his plans. Besides he was jealous of the marvellous popularity of the missionary with all classes of the community, and resolved on his destruction if he did not change his course at once.

Mr. Evans wished to reason the matter, but that was out of the question. Then he proposed that a test be made, for it was his firm belief that men could do more in six days if they rested the seventh than if they worked every day in the week. When he suggested that a fair test of the matter be made he was ridiculed and refused. The Christian Indians told the governor that they would obey God rather than man. They also asked that a test be made; their request was also refused. It now became a question of control, and the governor made up his mind that he must triumph at any cost.

Not being able to make the missionary bend to his will he began a system of persecution. Favours and privileges formerly and freely granted were suddenly and completely withdrawn. This made it very trying to the missionary and his family and greatly increased their hardships. The governor went further and invented and preferred an infamous charge against the missionary, and terrorized some poor timid women into swearing that the charge was true. The governor was judge and prosecutor. He called his perjured witnesses before him and, after going through the form of a trial, proceeded to find the accused guilty. Though condemned by the powerful governor the mission had the satisfaction of knowing that no

one of the Christian Indians believed that the charge was true. On the contrary they believed that it was wholly false. Not only so, but many of the officials quietly assured the missionary that their faith in him had not been shaken by the trial. After the governor's death the women who testified against the missionary confessed that the whole thing was a wicked conspiracy, because Mr. Evans had reproved the governor for his immoralities, and because he had taught the Christians to observe Sunday.

After the mock trial, as before, Mr. Evans went on with his work as teacher and preacher. In addition he translated portions of the word of God and some more hymns. These were printed in the Syllabic Characters and scattered abroad as opportunity offered. While pushing the work at home with all possible vigour he travelled to the most remote places, where missions were beginning to flourish. All favours were denied him, but he was not discouraged. The Indians stood by him and supplied all his needs.

Anxious to show that his teaching concerning the Lord's Day was true and to conciliate the Company, he made actual tests. At the time the Company were sending dispatches to some far-away post in their swiftest canoes and with their best men, Mr. Evans would start in his canoe with a couple of Indians over the same route. Mr. Evans and his men always rested on Sunday, and in every case they reached the end of the journey first. Later it was found that on a trip of three or four thousand miles, the men who rested on Sunday would not only get to the goal a week or more in advance of the others, but at the same time be in a far better physical condition. These practical tests confirmed the Indians in their belief. Not only so, but some of the officials of the Company saw that the teaching of the missionary was true, and they rejoiced. After the governor died no further attempts were made to travel seven days in the week.

Not content with cutting off all favours that had been shown

from the first and that were freely promised before the work among the Indians began, and trying to condemn the missionary on false testimony, the governor sent an account of the trial and conviction to the offices of the Company in London. The missionary was accused among other things of inciting the Indians to rebellion against the rules of the Company. Letters were sent to the Missionary Society demanding the recall of their agent. The immoralities of the missionary were set forth in lurid colours; he was denounced as a wolf in sheep's clothing.

Meanwhile, Mr. Evans, being ignorant of the coming storm, made preparations for a trip to Fort Chippewayan on the Athabasca, that he might confirm the faith of his Indian converts in the faith of the Gospel. Taking two Indians with him he started on his long journey. For several days they made good progress and were happy. They ran many rapids and made a large number of portages. They were well and strong, and game was abundant. In handling a loaded gun a serious accident occurred; one of the Indians was shot. The missionary and his surviving companion were heart-broken and wept like children. They buried their dead in the sand and returned to Norway House. The effect of the accident on the missionary was terrible. He was never the same man afterwards that he was before. His appearance was that of a man who had suddenly grown old. His vivacity and sprightliness were gone.

To Mr. Evans there appeared to be only one thing to do. That was to go to the tribe to which the dead man belonged, and tell the whole truth, and leave them to do with him precisely as they would. So setting his house in order and bidding good-bye to his wife and daughter he left again for Fort Chippewayan. On his arrival he gathered the tribe together and told his sad story. As most of the tribe were pagans they were disposed to take his life then and there according to their old Indian customs. But the mother of the dead man saved his life. When she saw that they were about to kill him, she

sprang from her place in the wigwam and, laying her hand upon his head, said, "He shall not die. There was no hate in his heart. He loved my son. He shall live and shall be a son in the place of the one who is not among the living." There was some murmuring, but the mother's plea prevailed. The missionary was adopted into the tribe, and took the place of the son who was dead and supported his Indian father and mother as long as he lived.

On his return home after his adoption by the Indians he received imperative orders from the Society to return at once to England, to answer the charges that had been preferred against him. On reaching England he was surprised at the coldness and neglect with which he was treated. The officers of the Society believed him guilty and were deeply prejudiced against him. Being conscious of his own integrity for a time he regarded the charges with contempt. But when he learned that good men believed them, he demanded the fullest investigation. In the investigation the truth was elicited, and the conspiracy to blast his character and to end his usefulness was fully exposed. Then invitations to speak came from all quarters. Large churches and especially the great annual meetings wished to hear his story. He needed rest, for he was weary, but he responded to the invitations as he was able. The more he talked, the more the people were interested and charmed and thrilled.

Mr. Edgerton Young, his biographer, says, "The story was so new, unique and fascinating, that they could not but be interested in it, especially when told by such a man. Other missionaries had charmed them with the stories of the gospel triumphs in other lands; but here was something from missionary fields from which but little had been heard. Mr. Evans was from the land of Eliot and Brainerd, the missionaries to the red men; and to English audiences there is a glamour of romance about everything connected with North American Indians. Then it was all so romantic, as it was from the far North Land,

where auroras flash and blaze, and the mirage and mock suns are often seen. Everything that Mr. Evans had to say was a revelation. The travelling by dogs, the sleeping in the wintry camp with the mercury frozen, carrying frozen milk that was months old, and chopping it with an axe, all these produced a profound impression." The account of his difficulties and triumphs, the invention of the Cree Syllabic Characters, the wondrous transformation wrought by the Gospel of the grace of God, electrified the people. So it came to pass that no matter how honoured were the speakers who were to divide the time with him, the people almost entirely refused to hear any one else. The next to the last address he ever delivered was delivered in his own town of Hull. The chapel was packed to suffocation. "Two of the greatest orators of the Church were to speak with him that evening. Mr. Evans was called upon as the first speaker. So charmed and thrilled was the vast audience with his story, and with the magnetism and eloquence of the man, that they would hear no one else. Neither the influence of the chairman nor the reputations of the other great speakers could prevail. Mr. Evans must go on; so said that vast assemblage. The whole evening must be his. The plea that he was not well availed not; so he talked for hours." The next evening he spoke in another town. After speaking, and while sitting in a friend's house, his ransomed spirit went to God who gave it. He died on the 25th of November, 1846.

It may be affirmed with all confidence that James Evans would have risen to eminence in any calling. The many improvements wrought among the Indians show his resourcefulness. He preached to white congregations with marvellous power. It may be affirmed with equal confidence that he accomplished great things for the extension of the kingdom of God. He put himself and all that he possessed into the evangelization of people for whose souls few men cared, and he had the joy of seeing his portion of the wilderness smile like Eden, and like the garden of the Lord. Mr. Young says that with an

unfaltering trust in God, and confidence in his happy converted Indian companions, whether they were his canoemen in summer or his dog-drivers in winter, he pushed on in his marvellous career, and whether we consider the length of the journeys travelled, or the abiding results that attended his efforts, he well deserved the title of the "Apostle of the North."

XIV

GUIDO FRIDOLIN VERBECK

AMONG the great and good men who planted Christianity and developed a new civilization in Japan Guido Verbeck bore a conspicuous part. His name will be remembered with the names of Brown and Hepburn. These constitute "the three mighties." Brown was a teacher and trained some of the men who filled the highest positions in the nation. Hepburn was a physician and treated the syphilitic, the consumptive, the victims of smallpox, cholera and hereditary and acute diseases of all sorts. In addition, he trained other physicians, and prepared a Japanese dictionary, and assisted in the translation of the Bible. According to W. E. Griffis, Verbeck was an engineer, teacher, linguist, preacher, educator, statesman, missionary, translator, man of the world, child of his own age and of all the ages, and a destroyer of the old hermit system in which barbarism, paganism, cruelty, intolerance, ignorance, sensualism, and all detestable things ran riot.

Guido Verbeck was born in Zeist, Holland, January 23, 1830. His father was Burgomaster of Rysenburg, and, although not rich, was in comfortable circumstances. The chief concern of father and mother was to fit their children for the largest usefulness in life, and to make them as happy as possible. Guido inherited his simplicity and modesty from his father, and his love of poetry and music from his mother. He had a good voice and sang well. He played on the piano and organ, the violin and guitar and harp.

The head of the house was a Lutheran, but as there was no Lutheran church in Zeist the family worshipped with the Moravians. At the proper age Guido was confirmed in the

Moravian church and admitted to the Holy Communion. It was from the Moravians that he received his missionary spirit. It was a common thing for him to see a teacher in the school that he attended receive a call to go to Labrador, or Greenland, or the West Indies. He saw the veteran missionaries when they returned to place their children in school. As a child and boy he was impressed by the lives of these heroes of faith. The sight of Gutzlaff, the famous Chinese missionary, made a profound impression upon him.

As soon as the Verbeck children were old enough they were sent to school. They studied Dutch and French and German, and picked up English. Guido spoke all four fluently and accurately. Dutch was his mother tongue, but he expressed his deepest feelings in German. On finishing the course in the Moravian School in Zeist, he entered the Polytechnic Institute of Utrecht, to study engineering. Railroads were being built, and engineering was looked upon as the coming profession. He had some experience in a foundry, casting bronze, and brass, and artistic ironwork.

The home life of the future missionary was one of culture and refinement and religious instruction, and he always looked back to it with gratitude and delight. The house was full of children, and there was some work for each and an abundance of play for all. In the summer they worked in the garden; in the winter they skated on the ice; in the evenings there was music. In such an atmosphere it is not strange that a young man should dream of great and noble deeds, for to him life was beauty, light, and goodness.

On the second day of September, 1852, Guido Verbeck left his home in Holland and came to America. He went first to Tanktown, Wisconsin, and while there worked in a foundry. Tanktown being too small a place to settle in he left for Brooklyn, New York, hoping to find a position in that city. Soon after he went to Helena, Arkansas, to serve as an engineer. In Helena he suffered much from congestive fever and chills,

and was reduced to a skeleton. What money he had, he spent in paying doctor's bills and for nursing. In his sickness he vowed that, if the Lord would restore him to health, he would consecrate his life to the missionary cause. As soon as he was able to walk he returned to Wisconsin, where he had some relatives, and spent the winter of 1854–1855 in the foundry.

The year of Guido Verbeck's illness Commodore Perry entered the Bay of Yedo and negotiated a treaty with the Japanese. The news of this treaty reached Wisconsin in course of time, and soon after our hero gave up his position in the foundry and entered Auburn Seminary to prepare for his missionary career. After completing the seminary course he was ordained, and later was appointed a missionary to Japan by the Reformed Church of America.

Until the middle of the nineteenth century Japan was a hermit nation. In the year 1624 all ships having a capacity of 2,500 bushels were burned, and no craft except those of the size of ordinary junks were allowed to be built. Japanese were forbidden to leave the country. The law provided that if any tried to leave secretly they should be put to death. If any Japanese who had resided abroad should return they should be put to death. If any Japanese were driven out to sea, they were not welcomed back if brought home on foreign ships. The Japanese wished no commerce with other nations. They ceased trading with the Philippine Islands, with Siam and Annam, with the Spice Islands and India, and restricted the trade with China and Korea. What little foreign commerce there was was confined to Hirado and Nagasaki, and for a time to Nagasaki only.

Ever since 1615 the Dutch had dealings with Japan. There was a Dutch factory in Nagasaki, and once a year a Dutch ship brought in books and other articles of commerce and ideas. For more than two hundred years the Dutch supplied Japan with something of the culture of Europe. The Dutch furnished the Japanese almost the only intellectual stimulus they received,

and were the sole teachers of science, medicine, and pharmacy. Long before Commodore Perry's visit the Hollanders advised the government of Yedo in favour of international intercourse. The ideas that filtered into Japan from the outside world through the Dutch at Nagasaki prepared the Japanese for Commodore Perry's visit and for the surprising results of that visit.

The Japanese carefully guarded the entire coast. Their policy was to keep out all foreigners and all foreign ideas. The coast near Nagasaki was in charge of a noble named Murata. His title was Wakasa no Kami. Wakasa posted his troops at advantageous points and surrounded the harbour with a cordon of boats. Sometimes by day or night he went out in a boat to inspect in person the means of defense and guard. On one of these excursions he found a book floating in the water. The type and language and binding were different from anything he had ever seen. He inquired of a Dutch interpreter concerning this book and learned from him something about its nature and contents. He learned further that there was a translation of it into Chinese. Lord Wakasa sent to Shanghai for a copy and began at once the study of the New Testament. Thus, while Guido Verbeck was in Auburn Seminary preparing to go to Japan, God caused the heart of this nobleman to hunger and thirst for a fuller knowledge of the Book he found in Nagasaki Bay. In later years these two men were brought together, to the great joy of both.

The call for missionaries to labour in Japan came to America on this wise. On signing the treaty with the Dutch, some of the Japanese officials said to the Dutch envoy that they were ready to allow foreigners trading privileges if a way could be found to keep opium and Christianity out of the country. There happened to be three American Christians in Nagasaki at the time. These men saw that it was ignorance pure and simple that led the Japanese to class Christianity with opium, and they agreed to write to three Societies in America and urge

them to send missionaries to Japan who should teach the Japanese what true Christianity was.

In response to this appeal three men were selected and sent. One of the three was Guido Verbeck. There was special fitness in his selection. Japan and Holland had long been on friendly terms. As a result of Commodore Perry's visit Japan had entered into friendly relations with America. Verbeck called himself an Americanized Dutchman, and represented both nations. His knowledge of the Dutch language was of the greatest value to him, as he was going to Nagasaki where there was a Dutch colony.

On the 7th of May, 1859, the three missionaries and their families left New York for the Orient. Shortly before sailing Mr. Verbeck and Miss Marion Manion were married. At the present time one can go from New York to Nagasaki in three weeks; then it took twice as many months. The ship went by way of the Cape of Good Hope and reached Shanghai on the 17th of October. It was on the 7th of November that Verbeck reached Nagasaki, being one hundred and eighty-seven days on the way. The next day he went ashore and walked on the sacred soil of the Everlasting Great Japan. He found three other missionaries in the city. They had been there a few months only at the time of his arrival. John Liggins and M. C. Williams had been in China, and as soon as the way was open they crossed over and began work in a quiet way in Nagasaki. Mr. Verbeck was their guest until he was able to rent a Japanese house for himself and wife.

More than three hundred years before Verbeck's arrival Francis Xavier entered Japan as a missionary of the Catholic church. Xavier did not remain much over two years, but his associates and successors carried on the work with great success. There were between a million and two million converts to Roman Christianity. For a time no attention was paid to the missionaries by the government. Then there was a period in which they were favoured; then they were opposed and per-

secuted, and efforts were made to extirpate Christianity from Japan. The rulers believed, or pretended to believe, that the aim of the missionaries was to bring Japan into subjection to some foreign power. The missionaries were ordered to depart from the country, and their churches were pulled down and burned. The converts were required to recant; those that refused were beheaded or driven into the sea and drowned or exiled; some were thrown into boiling hot springs, emblems of the eight Buddhist hells. In the year 1840 there was a decree that said all those coming into Japan from Portugal should be punished with death, whether they be ambassadors or common sailors, and even though they should be those who mistook the way or who were driven by the tempest out of their course; yea, every such person shall perish, even though he be the King of Portugal, or Buddha, or a Japan god, or the Christians' God Himself; yea, all shall die. The rulers of Japan hoped to eradicate the very memory of Christianity, which, to the common people, had become the synonym of sorcery. Many Christians fled to Formosa and China, or, outwardly recanting, kept alive their faith even until the return of their teachers in 1858.

The Buddhist priests were opposed to Christianity and to any foreign religion. The government at Yedo assigned the work of exterminating "believers" to the Buddhist priests. They resorted to torture, imprisonment, crucifixion, and impalement of Christians on bamboo crosses. All over the land, in city, town and village, by ferry and in market, there were the anti-Christian edict boards. The edicts said, "The Christian religion has been prohibited for many years. If any one is suspected a report must be made at once." To one who informed on a father or brother or on a Christian who had once recanted, or on a catechist, or on a family that sheltered any of these, three hundred pieces of silver would be paid. In the south of Japan thousands were required to trample on the Cross once a year: that was to show that they were not Christians.

At the time of Perry's visit there was no strong government in Japan. Feudalism was still prevalent. In the provinces the nobles were largely in control. The Shogun or Tycoon had his court in Yedo, and the Mikado had his court in Kyoto. The Shogun was the political ruler, and the Mikado the spiritual ruler. It was with the Shogun that Perry dealt: it was the Shogun that signed the treaty. Whatever may have been the Shogun's private opinion about the wisdom of signing the treaty and opening certain places for trade, he knew, and his advisers knew, that it would be madness to resist the Americans. Perry's fleet showed that.

The signing of the treaty was resented by the nation, and brought on a conflict between the Shogun and the Mikado. The most intelligent men in Japan saw that the nation could not have two heads. Some of the scholars had been studying Japanese history. They discovered that the Mikado had descended from the gods, and that the Shogun was an upstart and usurper. The partisans of the Mikado raised the cry, "Honour the Mikado, and expel the barbarians." To the majority of the Japanese, Europeans and Americans were "hairy-faced barbarians," and fit only to die in a dog's place. The soil of Japan must not be defiled with their presence. When Yokohama became a place of foreign residence and trade, the men who had long hated the Shogun and the foreigners went to work with sword and spear and torch. They wanted to embroil the Shogun with the foreigners: their hope was that they would be able to overthrow the Shogun and to drive the foreigners into the sea. In the civil war of 1867–68 the Shogun's forces were overthrown and he retired: the Mikado came out from his age-long seclusion and became supreme in all parts of the empire. Much blood was shed and many lives were lost in that struggle. In a few years the Mikado found it expedient to sign the treaties that were so odious to the nation.

On reaching Japan Verbeck wanted to preach. His natural gifts admirably fitted him for work of that nature. But he was

unable to preach then and for years afterwards. He did not have the language, and besides, the law did not permit preaching to the Japanese. But he possessed his soul in patience and did what he could. He studied the language, sold Chinese Bibles, and prayed for a better day. He felt confident that fruit would appear sooner or later. He had two proverbs, "Knowledge is power;" and "Truth is mighty and will prevail."

Meanwhile, the Spirit of God was at work on the Japanese. There were earnest seekers after truth in different parts of the country. One of these was Wakasa, the noble who found the Bible floating in the Bay. He and three others had been studying the Chinese Bible obtained from Shanghai. While he read and studied there were some things he did not understand. He knew nothing of the time or circumstances in which the Bible was written. He did not know whether John the Baptist was the name of a place or of a person, whether Jesus was an Englishman, a Dutchman or a Spaniard. He sent his younger brother to Nagasaki, ostensibly to study medicine, but really to inquire about the truth in the Book. His brother met Verbeck and became his pupil. Later Wakasa sent one of his retainers to inquire concerning what he could not understand, and to procure other books.

Verbeck began his work as a teacher with a class of two young men, one of whom was Ayabe, the younger brother of Wakasa. Verbeck prepared a page of helps each week. His pupils took these helps home and studied them diligently. If there was anything in the text or in the helps they did not understand they asked him, and he endeavoured to make all clear and plain. That was the day of small things, but the missionary believed that, if he were faithful in a few things, the way would be opened for him to do larger things. While teaching those two young men he was anxious to do something for his own countrymen. He found it difficult to be a pastor and a missionary. He preferred to be what he was called to be, a missionary of Christ to the Japanese.

After the signing of the treaties the danger to foreigners was very great. The foreign ministers and consuls, the merchants and missionaries were warned against the two-sworded men. Several Europeans and their Japanese servants were murdered. The secretary of the American Legation was cut to pieces in Yedo. The British Legation was attacked and two marines killed. When the troubles thickened Verbeck was urged to fly for his life, for he and his family were certainly in danger. He left Nagasaki for Deshima, an island in front of the city, and later crossed over to Shanghai. He spent his time in Shanghai to good advantage in studying the Chinese characters. At the first opportunity he returned to his work in Nagasaki.

The hatred of foreigners led to some fighting between the Japanese and the Dutch and French and Americans. This armed conflict was a turning point in the history of Japan. The leaders saw that they could not fight on equal terms with the foreigners, and they came to respect them and to introduce foreign machinery and appliances. They went to school to the foreigners that they might learn the secret of their power.

This change of attitude led to the opening of doors on all sides to the missionaries. Verbeck was suddenly brought into touch with all sorts and conditions of men. He was invited to go to other provinces to teach. All Japan was in a state of ferment. A new hunger for knowledge had seized very many; a new day had dawned.

The first teaching by Verbeck outside of that done in his own house was done in a school opened by the government of Nagasaki to train interpreters. He was engaged to teach two hours a day for five days in the week, and to receive a salary of $1,200 a year. In a little while he had a hundred pupils. The sons of nobles and the sons of Samurai flocked to the school because Verbeck's name was already magnetic, potent, and to some magical. There were two works that every pupil studied: one was the New Testament, the other was the Con-

stitution of the United States. Two of the pupils in that school became cabinet ministers in later years.

While conducting the school in Nagasaki, Verbeck sent two young Japanese to America to be educated. These were the first of a great host who went abroad to learn what the Western nations had to teach the East. Verbeck himself sent five hundred young men to America. He gave them letters of introduction to his friends and aided them in a thousand other ways. It has been said that no other one thing did so much to create a good feeling between the Japanese and other nations. The reports of what these young men found in the West astonished the people at home and changed their views of the "hairy barbarians" and their civilization.

An event that might almost be considered epoch-making in the history of missions in Japan was a visit to Verbeck by Wakasa. This nobleman had been in communication with the missionary for four years. Now pupil and teacher met. Wakasa told Verbeck that he had never seen or read or heard of such a person as Jesus Christ. He said he was filled with admiration and overwhelmed with emotion, and taken captive by the record of His nature and life, and declared that he was ready to believe all that Jesus taught. Not only so, but he asked for baptism for himself and his brother and servant. He was told that there was no magic in the ordinance, and that if he were baptized he would be committed to a life of service for Christ. Wakasa did not wish the fact of his baptism made public, as if it were known he and his entire family would be put to death. On the 20th of March, 1866, Wakasa, Ayabe and Motono were baptized. After their baptism they sat around the table of the Lord and celebrated His death for the sin of the world. On his return to his home Wakasa informed the prince to whom he owed allegiance about what he had done. The prince took little notice of the matter, and the convert escaped punishment.

Invitations to visit different provinces of the country poured

in on the busy missionary. He was invited to visit the prince of Kaga, the prince of Satsuma, the prince of Tosa, and the prince of Hizen. These were among the foremost princes of the nation, and all wished their country to go forward on foreign principles. They did not want Christianity; they wanted to learn the secrets of national power and greatness, and they believed that the missionary, more than any one else, could teach them. One prince wanted Verbeck to buy a steamer for him, such was his confidence in the integrity of the man of God.

In the political changes that took place about this time Nagasaki became an imperial city. One result of this was that a second school was established. The two stood side by side, and Verbeck taught in each on alternate days. A considerable number of his students were from the nobility. In later years some of them became diplomatists, cabinet ministers, and premiers of the empire. Among the most notable were Prince Iwakura and his brother, Count Okuma, and Kentaro Yanagiya.

It would be a mistake to think that Verbeck had no trials and annoyances. His home was entered by burglars and many articles of value were stolen. A document containing the vilest charges was circulated. It was believed that a Buddhist priest who had been his pupil was the author. It was represented that missionaries came to Japan to seduce the people from their fealty to the "God-Country," and to corrupt them generally. Instead of answering railing with railing, and reviling with reviling, the missionaries sought to show that they had gone to Japan to do the people good and only good, and that continually. Verbeck made no reply to the scurrilous charges against him and his associates: the charges fell to the ground of their own weight.

One of the principles adopted after the Revolution of 1868 was couched in these swords, "Wisdom and ability to be sought after in all parts of the world." This principle opened

the way for the entrance into Japan of a great army of teachers, engineers, physicians, scholars and experts in every department of human energy and achievement. Military instructors, and men who could teach them how to reclaim waste land, and how to improve their live stock, and advisers in all departments were welcomed and liberally supported. These helped until the nation was able to build and manage their own ships, create their own armies, and manage their own financial, industrial, postal, and railway systems.

But we are not to think that the Japanese had lost their hatred towards Christianity. The ignorant and fanatical portion of the population regarded Christianity as witchcraft, and in alliance with foxes and badgers. The edicts said, "The evil sect called Christian is strictly prohibited. Suspicious persons should be reported to the proper officers, and rewards will be given." About four thousand Japanese Christians were ordered distributed among the various provinces. "They were to be employed as labourers or kept as prisoners, during the space of three years. If during this time they repented, they were to be set free; if not, they were to be beheaded. The Christians were torn from their homes, tied together like so many bundles of fire-wood, and, arrayed in the red suits of criminals, were distributed throughout the empire."

At the close of the Revolution the Mikado, or Emperor, moved from Kyoto to Yedo, and made Yedo the capital. The name Yedo gave place to Tokio. The Emperor occupied the palace of the Shogun, whose power had vanished. As soon as the government was established in Tokio it was decided to open a school for three hundred pupils. It was a band of students that overturned the old governmental system and set up the new. They wanted to make education the basis of all progress, and they wanted Verbeck, their former teacher, to take charge of the new school. They invited him to leave the safest and quietest place in Japan and to come to the nation's centre and capital. He regarded the call as providential and

broke up his home and took a steamer for Yokohama. He had been in Japan ten years; in that time he was preparing for any work the Lord had for him to do. Now his opportunity came, and it far transcended all his hopes and dreams. The work he did in Japan helps us to understand why the Constitution of 1889 was so liberal in its provisions. The seeds of liberty were sown broadcast by the missionary who in a true sense represented William the Silent and Hugo Grotius and George Washington.

The school which Verbeck organized and over which he presided for a number of years was the beginning of the Imperial University, now one of the great schools of the world. On the 22d of March, 1871, Verbeck wrote, "Our college is as prosperous as could be expected. There are a thousand students, less four." More than two hundred had been turned away for lack of room. There were twelve teachers beside the president, three each for the departments of English, French, and German.

Besides his work in the college, Verbeck was the trusted adviser of the government in nearly every step it took. The Japanese trusted him absolutely, and he proved worthy of their confidence. The princes wanted him to engage teachers for their schools in the provinces. He was consulted by all sorts of people on all sorts of subjects. His biographer, who was also one of his associates in the college, wrote of his varied activities as follows: "I saw a prime minister of the empire, heads of departments, and officers of various ranks, coming to find out from Mr. Verbeck matters of knowledge, or to discuss with him points and courses of action. To-day it might be a plan of national education; to-morrow, the engagement of foreigners to important positions; or the dispatch of an embassy to Europe; the choice of a language best suited to medical science; or how to act in matters of neutrality between France and Germany, whose war vessels were in Japan waters; or how to learn the truth about what some foreign diplomatist as-

serted; or, concerning the persecution of the Christians; or, some serious question of home policy." Busy as he was, Verbeck found time to translate Blackstone and Wheaton and the Code Napoleon, Bluntschli's Staatsrecht, Two Thousand Legal Maxims, with Commentary, the Constitutions of the United States and of Europe, forest laws, compendiums of forms, and hundreds of other legal and political documents.

Popular as Verbeck was with the authorities and loved as he was by his students and associate teachers, he was always guarded by the police. If he went out for exercise or on business, he had an escort of police; if he rode, they rode; if he walked, they walked. Two teachers were assailed on the street; they had dismissed the police, thinking there was no danger. There were reactionaries ready to kill any foreigner who might fall into their hands. This continued until the Emperor gave out that all foreigners were his guests, and were to be treated as such.

The great embassy that left for Europe and America in 1871 was planned by Verbeck. He selected the personnel of the embassy, the route, and the subjects that were to be studied. About half of the seventy members of the embassy had been his own pupils. Prince Iwakura, a court noble of immemorial lineage, Okubo, the brain, and Kido, the pen, of the Revolution were the leading members. Verbeck hoped that Christianity would be tolerated as a result of this visit of so many intelligent and influential Japanese to the nations of the West. He hoped, too, that the cause of female education would be furthered. The Japanese government hoped that the extraterritoriality clauses would be eliminated when the existing treaties would be revised. They wanted to be free to enact such tariff laws as they desired, and to be free to deal with aliens on their own soil.

The eyes of the embassy were opened in the lands of Christendom. They saw that they had been living like frogs in a well, and knew nothing of the great ocean. "They saw

themselves as others saw them. They compared their own land and nation, medieval in spirit and backward in resources, and their people untrained as children, with the modern power, the restless ambition, the stern purpose, the intense life of the Western nations, with their mighty fleets and armaments, their inventions and machines, their economic and social forces, their provision for the poor, the sick, and the aged, the peerless family life in the Christian home. They found further yet, a free church divorced from politics and independent of the state; that the leading force of the world was Christianity, that persecution was barbarous, and that toleration was the law of the future, and largely the condition of the present."

Before going to Japan, Perry spent months and gave unusual care to the selection of presents. He took a telegraphic outfit, a locomotive, steel rails, electric appliances, plows, sewing-machines, dictionaries, lamps, locks, and many other articles. While his ships were in the Bay of Yedo, he strung a mile of telegraph wire, and had the people send and receive messages. He built a short railroad and gave the people a conception of how the people of the West travel. He took the people through his battle-ships and explained them. At that time the only craft in Japan were the junk and the sampan; all seaworthy ships had been destroyed. The jinricksha had not yet been invented by a Baptist missionary. There was no public post-office and no public school. It did not take the members of the embassy long to ascertain how far behind the Christian nations they were, with all their pride and conceit. They felt as the Queen of Sheba did when she saw Solomon in all his glory; their spirit died in them.

When the embassy was in Washington it was received by President Grant. When concessions respecting the treaties were requested, Hamilton Fish, Secretary of State, inquired about the attitude of the government towards Christianity and about the treatment of Japanese Christians. There was a disposition on the part of the embassy to create an impression

that the laws against Christians were not enforced. Mr. DeLong, who had been in Japan as an American Minister, happened to be in Washington at the time and submitted the facts in the case. The embassy was given to understand that so long as Japan regarded Christianity as an evil religion, and persecuted those who embraced it, she need not expect any sympathy from the nations of the West. The embassy was told the same thing in Europe. People followed the carriages on the streets of Brussels and demanded the release of the exiles. The embassy telegraphed back the facts and their impressions, and the anti-Christian edicts disappeared from public view like snowflakes on the river, and the exiles were recalled to their homes. This was not religious liberty or even toleration, but it was a long stride in that direction. It was given out, no doubt to please the fanatical reactionaries, that the edicts were removed because the people knew them by heart.

Joseph Hardy Neesima was in America during the time of the embassy's visit, and was invited to accompany the embassy as an interpreter while visiting the schools and colleges of the country. He did so to the satisfaction of all concerned. He was invited to return to Japan and was assured of a good position under the government. He declined the invitation and returned to Andover Seminary to complete his theological studies. On Neesima's return to Japan as a missionary, he began to preach in public to his countrymen. That was the first preaching of the kind in Japan. Neesima's course was reported. The official in charge had made Neesima's acquaintance in America, and when he heard the report said, "If it is Neesima, it is all right." The way was thus opened for others to preach in public. The Constitution promulgated in 1889 gave full religious liberty. Missionaries are free to go where they please and preach the Gospel, and those who hear are as free to accept it as are the people in any other part of the world.

Verbeck's connection with the government came to an end

in 1877. The Emperor honoured himself and the nation by conferring a decoration on the man who had served them so long and so effectively. The decoration was of the Order of the Rising Sun. "The central circle contains a fine large ruby, and is surmounted by pointed rays of gold filled in with white enamel, the colours being those of Japan, and the symbol that of the sun shining in his strength." This was the first piece of jewelry Verbeck ever owned. He prized the kind intention of the donor as much as the decoration. He regarded the honourary degree of D. D., received from Rutgers' College in 1874, in the same way.

When the Nobles' School in Tokio was projected and a suitable man for the presidency was needed, it was natural that the projectors should think of Dr. Verbeck as the one man to determine its course of study. He felt that he had other work and more fruitful work to do, and declined the generous offer made him. While he declined the presidency, he consented to lecture regularly on ethics and occasionally on political subjects. In doing so he helped to shape the minds that were to shape the future of Japan. It may be that he did as much good as if he had been the president and in full charge of the institution.

As soon as the ban on Christianity was removed, Dr. Verbeck devoted all his powers to the building up of a Christian nation. To his mind the faithful preaching of the Gospel was the most important thing in Japan at that time. Other things were necessary, but this most of all. Besides preaching at home, he went on long preaching tours through the provinces. His character, his knowledge of the human heart, his mastery of the language and his familiarity with the literature of the people, his service to the nation and his decoration by the Emperor, gave him access to all classes and gave effect to his preaching. He held audiences spellbound for hours. In addition to preaching, he taught in the Union Theological Seminary, lecturing on Christian Evidences, Homiletics, Pastoral Theology, and Intro-

duction to the Old Testament and the New. He assisted in revising the Old Testament, and translated the Psalms, and wrote a History of Missions in Japan. He was in demand for all kinds of special religious services, such as dedicating church buildings, and conferences on union and other subjects.

Dr. Verbeck was fourteen years in Japan before his first furlough, and then he was absent only six months. The work needed him and he was unwilling to leave it. He returned home several times to report progress and to recruit his wasted energies. While at home he spoke much and studied questions relating to his work in Japan. On his return to the field he was always cordially welcomed and was always glad to be among his own people again. He wrote after one furlough, "Here I am at work again almost as if I had not been away at all,—four lectures a week, each requiring six hours of preparation, and preaching on Sunday,—I assure you it is a pleasure to have regular work again." Though he was never robust and though he laboured as few men have laboured, by being temperate in his habits, he enjoyed good health.

Although Dr. Verbeck called himself an Americanized Dutchman, he was really "a man without a country." Because of his long absence he lost his residence in Holland. When he applied for citizenship in America he was told that there was an insuperable legal obstacle in the way. He could not be naturalized in Japan. He stated the facts to the government. In view of his invaluable services and his love of Japan and the Japanese, he was given a special passport for one year, with the privilege of having it renewed each year as long as he lived. Though he had spent nearly forty years in Japan, he was a pilgrim and a stranger.

In the last year of his life he aged perceptibly. It was evident that his vitality was exhausted. Because of his failing strength he was forbidden by his physicians to go out on preaching tours, but he was permitted to preach in Tokio. This he did to the last. On the 10th of March, 1897, he fell

asleep. The city government gave the family a perpetual lease to a lot in the cemetery. A company of soldiers escorted the body to the grave. The Emperor paid the expenses of the funeral. Verbeck died honoured and loved and lamented by the Japanese, and by the foreigners in Japan, and by all people everywhere who were interested in the furtherance of the Gospel and who knew of the work that he had done under the leadership and loving favour of Jesus Christ.

In the closing years of his life he was cheered with the thought that his labour had not been in vain in the Lord. The Gospel was running very swiftly, and many of his pupils were filling the highest stations both at home and abroad. One witness of what took place in Japan said, "Mission schools were crowded with the sons and daughters of high and low. Statesmen, men of wealth, governors, and lower officials became patrons of Christian schools and sometimes opened their homes for religious services. From all quarters came requests to hold meetings in schoolhouses and theatres; audiences numbering several hundred, sometimes 1,000 and 1,500 were readily got together, and they would listen to a succession of speakers through four or five hours, or even longer. 'We have seen the power of God to-day,' was a frequent ejaculation. Witnesses of these scenes will never forget them. In every three years the church was doubled."

Among the things that contributed to Verbeck's success as a missionary were these:

1. His absolute devotion to Jesus Christ our Lord. His ambition was that Christ might be magnified by his life or by his death. His sole and supreme aim was the advancement of the kingdom. One who knew him well said that a compliment seemed to give him pain rather than pleasure. "He always changed the subject. He wanted the people to think of Jesus Christ, not about himself." He was honoured uniquely by the Japanese, but all his honours were laid at the feet of his Lord. Once a year at least he had an audience

with the Emperor; several times a year he was invited to state entertainments; the authorities of the University and of the Nobles' School never failed to give him an honourable place on occasion of the annual public services; his former acquaintances and connections treated him with the highest respect when and wherever he met them. That was all very gratifying, but it was in Christ's service that he found his highest delight; Christ's approval was the prize he coveted most. He wrote, "I am only a missionary, and joyfully accept the situation. That the work is congenial to me and that my heart is in it, I need not mention."

2. His exceptional modesty. He wished no mention of his services. He wished to remain in the background, and was willing that others should have the honour for what was done. He was concerned about results, and left his reputation to take care of itself. He made a special request that nothing should be said of his relation to the famous embassy to the West. His biographer states that increasing honours made him increasingly humble.

3. His genuine and growing love for the Japanese. He knew their strength and their weakness, their virtues and their failings. Because he loved them he ever sought to do them good. He won their confidence and respect and admiration by his unselfish and whole-hearted devotion to their best interests. He studied and observed their rules of propriety; he acted the part of a Christian gentleman always; he was their benefactor, teacher and friend. He prayed for them till the end came. He made it a rule of his life never to ask a favour from any Japanese. He came to minister, and not to be ministered unto.

4. His studious habits. He was constantly seeking to equip himself better for the work to which he had dedicated his life. He gave special attention to the language; he could speak it almost as easily and as accurately as if he had been born in Japan—but he was never satisfied and never ceased to study

it. While some were reading books of small value, he was reading the masterpieces of Japanese literature. His superb knowledge of the people, their literature and history, commended him to all with whom he had dealings of any kind.

Writing of him after his death, *The Independent* said, "We have here an illustration of what a man of strong nature and fine culture can do when he has the courage to use his concentrated powers. Dr. Verbeck has impressed his stamp on the whole future history of renovated Japan. The country which will give impulse and direction to all Eastern Asia will feel his influence and will hold his name in reverence through all the centuries of its future history. This plain, modest, forceful, learned, devoted missionary will be remembered as are St. Augustine in England, St. Patrick in Ireland, and Ulfilas, the missionary to the Goths. The race of Christian heroes does not yet fail, nor the opportunity to serve the world." W. E. Griffis closes his biography with this sentence, "Without him, Japan will not seem like itself; because of him Japan will grow less like itself, and more like the kingdom of heaven."

XV

HORACE TRACY PITKIN

HORACE TRACY PITKIN was born in Philadelphia, October 28, 1869. His father inherited a strong religious nature. He was given to hospitality; his generosity was unbounded. Giving himself in early life to missionary work among the Cherokee Indians, he felt later that he was called to support with his means the work others were doing. He was a good business man and prospered. His mother was a lineal descendant of Elihu Yale, the man after whom Yale College was named. She was a rare character. The springs of her life were hid with Christ in God. In the smallest details of life her requests were made known to God, and His peace was hers.

Like Moses, Horace was a goodly child. He was gifted with rare graces, and without effort won the love and admiration of all with whom he came into contact. Every summer until he went to China was spent at the old Yale homestead in New Hartford. He lived much out-of-doors, fishing, rowing, sailing, driving. Thus he became a healthy, active, strong boy. It could be said of him, as was said of Timothy, that from a babe he knew the Sacred Writings which are able to make one wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus.

His education began with a governess in the nursery and was continued by tutors. Later he attended the Latin School in Philadelphia, and later still he attended Phillips Academy at Exeter, where he was prepared for Yale. As he manifested a good degree of mechanical ability his father bought him a set of tools and taught him the elements of electricity. At one time his ambition was to take up for his life-work the study of

electricity and its application to the needs of the times. In the providence of God his thoughts and purposes were turned in another direction.

On entering Phillips he united with the church. He told the minister of the church that he wanted to begin his career there as an avowed Christian. He was one of the charter members of the Endeavour Society in the Phillips church and its first president. Under his leadership several societies united to banish the saloons from the place. He had the courage to identify himself with the Christian Fraternity, though it was not popular. He did what he could to make it popular and useful and influential in the school. His was a very wholesome religious life and experience. There was no cant or pretense about it. He was jolly as well as good. "He seems to have felt that his influence for Christ and the church would be greater if he were not ultra sanctimonious." At Exeter he showed himself a boy of high-bred, manly instincts, brave and courageous, without thinking of it. He was popular in the best sense of the term. He was fond of music and a good musician. Possessing large means, he squandered nothing on personal vices, for he had none, while snobbishness was foreign to him. He had all the ambitions and love of life and its pleasures that other young men are born with, but he was an earnest Christian and every one knew it. He was sneered at by some because of his goodness, but he abode in his principles and won and kept the respect of all right-thinking people. The pastor of the Phillips church said: "Of all the young men who have been under our church care here, I can think of none who has been among us a more beautiful and helpful presence."

Some words spoken by an uncle led him to thinking of the ministry as the highest calling to which he could devote his life. After much thought and prayer that he might be guided to do just exactly what God wanted of him in the matter, he came to the conclusion that he must enter the ministry. He

put away at once that which had been the ambition of his life and began to prepare to preach Christ. While engaged in the work of preparation his thoughts were turned to the foreign field. He put himself in God's hands, and held himself in readiness to go anywhere in all the world where God wanted him. Many of his friends were opposed to his giving himself to foreign missions, and pleaded with him to remain at home. But he was true to his convictions, and before he was ready for China every obstacle was taken out of his way. Like Paul, his chief concern was to please God.

In the autumn of 1888 Horace entered Yale. From the very first he engaged actively in Christian work in the university; he taught a class in a mission Sunday-school and subsequently became the superintendent. He assisted in a rescue mission. He did with his might what he found to do. One of his associates said: "I have known more gentle, more lovable men, greater scholars, deeper thinkers, but never have I known one with such power of translating faith into action." With him to believe was to do. With all his intensity of interest in Christian work, he was a healthy, whole-souled being. His laugh was spontaneous and irresistible. There was nothing of the recluse, or bigot, or wiseacre about him. On the contrary, he was fond of fun and opposed to affectation. He was liked by both men and women, and respected by both. A classmate said: "Of all the blessings of my college course, I count my intimacy with him as by far the greatest."

While he was in Yale he became a missionary Volunteer. The decision was made at Northfield. "Why did I make it? Simply because I could not see why I shouldn't. The question came, not 'Why purpose to go?' but 'Why not purpose to go?' The presumption is in favour of foreign missions. As I saw nothing that stood in the way of my accepting the challenge, I did accept it, believing that God had used my reasoning powers to that end." He resolved to equip himself spiritually and intellectually, and to go unless the way should

be finally blocked. That decision was owned of God. Instead of two Volunteers the band grew till it numbered twenty-four. The band was one of the most vigorous organizations in the university. The members met each week for study and for prayer. That was not all. He sought to extend the missionary spirit among the young people in the churches in the four counties about New Haven. He spoke frequently before churches, Sunday-schools and Endeavour Societies. He secured between four and five thousand dollars for the mission boards.

The year 1892 he entered Union Theological Seminary. He undertook at once to deepen the missionary spirit. As a result of his efforts some very able men became Volunteers, and a missionary revival developed. A sentence of Mackay of Uganda impressed him: "I must be more terribly in earnest where I am, knowing that soon I must go elsewhere." He had money and gave it freely. He recognized the fact that he was a steward of God's manifold grace. He learned that it was more blessed to give than to receive. After two years in the seminary he spent one year as a travelling secretary among the colleges of the West. His labours were most acceptable and most fruitful. He felt he was engaged in the grandest work in the world. He received no salary, and bore all his expenses.

As his seminary course drew to a close he applied to the American Board for an appointment. He said: "My study had shown me the true depth and glorious responsibilities of the missionary service, and I know perfectly that God wanted me to work for Him in the uttermost parts of the earth. There has been no call from the cloud, but the facts of my life and the results of study inspired by and carried on under God have been a sure and certain call to His work in the waste places." He stated that he was able to go at his own charges, but that he thought it would be well for some church to support him, and promised to give as much as his salary to the Board. His

credentials were satisfactory, and he and his wife were appointed missionaries to China.

On the 7th of March, 1897, he and Mrs. Pitkin reached Shanghai. They were assigned to Paotingfu. On arriving at their destination he applied himself to the study of the language. He accompanied the older missionaries on their preaching tours. He taught the boys and girls to sing. His mechanical ingenuity found vent in a hundred ways. He repaired clocks and pianos and took pictures. He used to go from house to house with a fund of good spirits that refreshed one and all.

When he was prepared for full work the Boxer uprising began. In that uprising he and many others perished. He and his associates might have escaped if they had been willing to leave the Chinese Christians alone in their troubles. When the clouds gathered and darkened the sky he said: "It is a grand cause to die for. Jesus shall reign, but we do hope a long life may be for us in this work." A few days before the end he said: "We are not reading anything but the Bible these days, and are giving ourselves much to prayer." To one of the helpers he said: "You hurry and hide away in the country; we cannot escape—if God wills us to go to Him it is well." To another still: "It is no use for us to plan, we are in God's hands. He will do what is best." To his faithful assistant he said: "Laoman, tell the mother of little Horace to tell Horace that his father's last wish was that when he is twenty-five years of age, he shall come to China as a missionary." Soon after he was beheaded. He did what he could to protect the young women left in his care. He died as any hero might be proud to die.

Chauncey Goodrich of China said: "If I were asked to give my estimate of Mr. Pitkin, I should say that he was a block of granite covered with flowers. He impressed me as having a bed-rock of firmness and strength, united with remarkable gentleness, sweetness and sensitiveness. My blessed brother, as I sit half dumb I wonder if some other sons of

wealth may catch your spirit of sacrifice, and with hearts that leap with joy at the privilege, make a like consecration of time, and strength, and money, and all, to the highest, the most difficult, and the most blessed work on the planet." Robert E. Speer said: "The supreme glory of Horace Pitkin's life was the exaltation of principle and duty into the supreme place. Not pleasure nor ease, nor popularity, nor gain, but righteousness and service, were the dominant interests of his heart and will, and these he followed though they led him under the shadow of the Cross."

The classes in Yale of which he was a member have united in placing in Yale's new Memorial Hall a beautiful bronze medallion, set in marble, in memory of their beloved classmate. At the commencement exercises the tablet was presented by one of his classmates on behalf of all, and accepted by President Hadley in behalf of the university. It was a memorable occasion, worthy of the noble Christian martyr whose brave service was recalled, and worthy of the great university that so honours the memory of one of its manliest graduates, whose short life illustrated what is best in the training given in that institution. The inscription on the slab is as follows:

In Memory of
HORACE TRACY PITKIN
Born in 1869 at Philadelphia
Graduated in 1888 at Exeter Academy;
at Yale in 1896
Three Years Missionary in China, Killed
at His Post in Pao-ting-fu by the
Boxers, 1 July, 1900.
"Whosoever shall lose his life for my sake
and the gospel's, the same shall find it."

XVI

ZENAS SANFORD LOFTIS

WITHIN three months of the time he reached his field of labour on the border of Tibet, Dr. Loftis was in his grave. It may occur to some to ask, To what purpose was this waste of life and money? But who knows certainly that his life was wasted? Bishop Hannington was murdered by the savage Mtesa before he reached Uganda; but did Bishop Hannington die in vain? He touched the lives of tens of thousands for good, and gave a tremendous impetus to the evangelization of the Dark Continent. In like manner Dr. Loftis influenced a great host of Christian people who, had he lived and prospered, would have cared little for him or the work in which he was engaged. Like Samson, many a man achieves more in his death than he does in his life. Woodrow Wilson has said this: "Life lasts only a little while, and if it goes out lighted with the torch of glory, it is better than if it lasted upon a dead level a thousand years." George Eliot said that the greatest gift the hero leaves his race is to have been a hero. That Dr. Loftis was a hero no one who knew him will be disposed to question for a moment. He gave himself unreservedly to his Lord, to be used in the redemption of Tibet. His death created a tie between that land and America that will not be broken till the last Tibetan alive has heard the word of truth, the gospel of salvation.

Zenas Sanford Loftis was born in Gainesboro, Tennessee, May 11, 1881. When he was seven years of age his parents moved to a farm in Kansas; there the boy worked in summer as he was able and attended school in winter. Later the

family moved to central Texas; and there again Zenas attended school. In his spare time he learned the printer's trade and studied photography. At the age of thirteen he became a Christian and was active in the church and Sunday-school. Upon the death of his father, in 1898, he was thrown largely upon his own resources. The next year he entered the department of pharmacy in Vanderbilt University, from which he was graduated in 1901. He was the honour man of the class and won the Founder's medal. After his graduation he lived in St. Louis and was engaged in the retail drug business and in manufacturing laboratories. While he lived in St. Louis he supported his widowed mother. It was while he was doing slum mission work and teaching in a Chinese Sunday-school that he felt called to become a medical missionary. He offered himself to God to serve Him in that capacity and set about trying to secure a medical education. Returning to Nashville he entered the medical department of Vanderbilt University, working outside school hours to earn money to pay expenses.

While he was studying medicine he prayed to God night and morning that he might be sent to the most difficult and needy field in all the world; he wanted to go where no one else was willing to go. In the summer of 1906 he was sent by his college to the Southern Students' Young Men's Christian Association Conference in Asheville, North Carolina. It was at that conference that he heard of Tibet and its needs. The fact that it was a closed land and so remote and difficult of access led him to pray that he might be sent there. Until that time he had no particular place in mind.

In the summer of 1903 the Foreign Christian Missionary Society, of Cincinnati, sent Dr. Susie C. Rijnhart and Dr. and Mrs. A. L. Shelton to open a mission on the border of Tibet. Dr. Rijnhart had been in Tibet some years before. Her husband was murdered there; her only child died and was buried in a cracker box in a glacier in the foot of the Dang-la mountains; she herself escaped by one of the greatest miracles on

record. On reaching civilization there was one passion in her soul, and that was to return to Tibet and give these people the Gospel, because they needed it so much. Dr. Rijnhart and Dr. and Mrs. Shelton proceeded to Tachienlu and began to heal the sick, to preach the Gospel, and to teach the children. In a year or two they were joined by Mr. and Mrs. James C. Ogden of Kentucky. Soon after this, her health having failed, Dr. Rijnhart withdrew from the field. In consequence of this another physician was needed. Dr. Loftis learning of the need applied for an appointment, was accepted and sent to join the little group up on the roof of the world. In the meantime, the mission had been moved five hundred miles farther west, and to the very border of Tibet proper. Dr. Loftis left Nashville for Tibet on the 18th of September, 1908. The Vine Street Christian Church of Nashville undertook his support.

The direct route to Tibet is by way of San Francisco, Honolulu, Yokohama, Nagasaki, Shanghai, and Nanking. Dr. Loftis made it a point to visit the missions in each of these centres and to learn all about them that he could in the time at his disposal. It was necessary for him to spend considerable time in Nanking. As he was going through China, he needed enough Chinese to make his wants known. Besides, it was in Nanking that he collected his outfit. In his association with Dr. Macklin of Nanking he learned much about Medical Missions in the Orient.

In visiting the different missions along the way Dr. Loftis saw that they were all terribly undermanned, and that the missionaries were all overworked. The missionaries he met were delighted with him and expressed the wish that it were so that he could stop with them and help in the work. His one regret was that he could not multiply himself into a hundred, so that he could work at all the stations where he was needed.

Leaving Nanking with the blessings of the missionaries upon him, Dr. Loftis went up the Yangtse in a river steamer a thousand miles, and then over the rapids and through the gorges

another thousand miles in a house-boat. He went by water as far as Yachau, touching at Hankow, Ichang, Chungking, Luchau, and Kiating. The Chinese believe that the upper reaches of the Yangtse are infested with devils, and numerous sacrifices by the boatmen are made to appease the evil spirits. To the missionary it appeared to be specially prepared to keep out the messengers of the Cross. From Yachau he went forward by sedan chair and on horseback to Tachienlu and Litang and Batang, his destination.

While on his journey Dr. Loftis found opportunities for doing good. On an itinerating trip in Nanking he found a man who had taken a half a dram of opium and was fast becoming unconscious. He gave the would-be suicide a dose of apo-morphine and strychnine, and waited results. In a little time the patient said, "I am very sick;" apo-morphine has a habit of making one sick. The mother and wife of the man saw that his life was coming back and they fell at the feet of the doctor, their eyes full of tears, and their tongues eloquent with thanks and praise. To another man who was suffering the doctor gave a dose of quinine; the next morning the patient was convalescent. The doctor found him picking off lice, and knew without asking that he was better. Another man, still, had a bad finger. The end had been cut off, leaving the bones sticking through. The doctor amputated the finger. He used cocaine in performing the operation, and to the great astonishment and pleasure of the patient there was no pain. Dr. Loftis saw a leper woman begging at the side of the road. At first he thought the object was a bundle of rags, but on investigation discovered it was a human being. At that moment his wish was that he might have "the Master's healing touch."

The inns along the route were something of a surprise to the new missionary. If the Chinese and Tibetan keepers ever knew anything of cleanliness or sanitation or comfort they must have forgotten it. In one place the hogs were drinking swill in the dining-room, others were stretched under the table asleep. In

another the inn was peculiar in one respect; the vermin were about five times as voracious as any that he had previously met. The cracks in the walls were literally filled with their eggs and larva. Bedbugs, fleas and lice were much in evidence; some were even bold enough to attack him while he was writing. In another place the filth was indescribable. Two beings more like fiends than human beings crouched on the floor. One was a woman in middle life, and dressed in the dirtiest and coarsest rags imaginable. The other was a man who was dirty beyond belief. Of another inn he wrote, "The first floor is a stable and full of animals. My room is just above. The walls are of mud and full of vermin. Every now and then a bug drops down, or else knocks off part of the mud ceiling on me. There is a single hole in the roof through which light and air may enter. The room is innocent of chairs or tables. I am seated on a kind of bench made by placing a door on some leathern bags of rice, and have my two suit-cases arranged as a table. My only light is a flickering candle." In another the only stairway was a notched log, that led to a dark, dirty, miserable room whose only window was a hole in the mud roof. The walls were of rough dried mud, the cracks of which were filled with a choice assortment of vermin all with well-developed appetites. The filth of the inns in which he was obliged to find shelter might be fitly described in Byron's words concerning the ocean; it was "boundless, endless, and sublime, the image of eternity."

The Chinese inns were little if any better than the Tibetan. In one he was given the best room, and found it better than being out in the rain. "It is back at the end of the house, and overhangs the river, which is only a few feet away. The room is perhaps twelve feet square. Two windows or rather two sections of the wall open out on the river, giving plenty of much-needed air, for when I came in I could scarcely see for the smoke of the kitchen fire just in front. The furniture consists of four verminous beds covered with straw or matting, a

bench, and a table of boards in one corner. The floor is dirty, and the walls black with smoke. Finding a flight of stairs running down beneath my room, I went down to investigate what might be below me. I found one of these foul-smelling pits of human refuse. It is three feet wide, six feet long, and several feet deep, filled with an abominable rotten mess which is literally alive with maggots, and gives an odour that is suggestive of anything but balmy breezes and Arabian perfumes. My cot is opened on the top of one of these filthy beds, and I trust that the bugs do not climb the legs and get me to-night."

When Dr. Loftis thought of the work to which he was going and the wonderful natural scenery through which he was passing, he lost sight of the discomforts and inconveniences from which he suffered more or less at times. He said that neither Rider Haggard nor Jules Verne ever in their wildest flights imagined any country that could compare with the one through which he was passing for wonderfully interesting things. As he was going up the Yangtse he wrote in his dairy, "Let me say that the glorious things of this day have amply repaid me for the unpleasantness of the house-boat trip. The lice, fleas, bedbugs, filthy inns, smoke, bad food, bad beds, and all else, fade into insignificance when I think of the compensations. Again I render thanks to God the Maker of all this, and to Christ my Master for allowing me the priceless privilege of serving Him in this wonderful part of His footstool."

When he stopped for dinner a crowd invariably gathered around to see the "foreign devil" eat, tearing his food with a knife and fork. A stranger is the centre of attraction and is followed about as if he were a whole circus parade, or a two-headed calf, or man-eating gorilla, or some other freak of nature. But in all that long journey he was not robbed nor assaulted nor molested in any way. The people knew that he had money and valuable supplies; they knew that compared with them he was a multi-millionaire; but they allowed him to pass through their country in perfect peace.

A pleasant episode of the journey was the visit to a Tibetan king. The great man went out to meet the missionary and ushered him and his travelling companions into his guest room and gave them tea to drink. The king lived in a Chinese house, wore Chinese clothes and a queue, and spoke good Chinese in a low, pleasant voice. He insisted that the missionary and those with him must remain for dinner. On leaving he treated them as royally as he could; he presented them with a large measure of rice and a fat fowl. He escorted them to the outer gate of his grounds and with a profusion of polite bows and good wishes took his leave.

As the missionary company approached Tibetan territory they saw everywhere the emblems and instruments of idol worship. The Tibetans, like the Athenians of Paul's day, are very religious. Every family is supposed to give at least one son to the priesthood. Dr. Loftis described one shrine which he passed. It had many prayer-wheels and idols; it had a prayer-drum full of written prayers, and by turning this drum one can offer innumerable prayers at one time. At another place he saw a priest turning a cylinder that contained a half million prayers or more. He was offering up prayers by the million for Tibetan women who wished to become the mothers of sons. In one temple he saw hundreds of little lamps burning before idols and heard the priests beating drums and chanting, "O Mani Padme Hum," over and over. He turned away sick at heart at the sight of all of that, and the many obscene pictures on the walls, and went back to the inn to read and rest.

In Litang there is the largest lamasery outside of Lassa; it contains 3,700 lamas within its ample walls. The missionary and those who were with him were lodged in the lamasery. A few years ago it would have cost a man his life to enter that city, and later would have meant his death if he had tried to enter the lamasery or to exhibit too much curiosity about it. The domes of the lamasery are plated with copper and over-

laid with gold one-eighth of an inch thick. One room was a hundred and forty feet by a hundred and eighty. In that room there were lamas muttering prayers, counting beads, and turning small hand prayer-wheels. On the walls were scrolls made of silk or fine linen and paintings in bright colours. Many of the paintings were so obscene that they would not be allowed to come into the United States. In one part of the Holy City Dr. Loftis met and interviewed the abbot who is said to be a Living Buddha. He was a fat, jovial, good-natured fellow weighing about two hundred and twenty-five pounds. The abbot talked freely to the missionary and drank tea with him and told him many things about the Kanjur, which is one of the sacred books of Buddhism. This great work consists of one hundred and eight volumes, and each volume weighs nearly as much as a man can carry. He saw the abbot again dressed in his robes of office and surrounded with hundreds of lamas, all sitting cross-legged, as Buddha was in the habit of doing. He heard the hum of the lamas as they chanted their prayers, the slow dignified clashing of the cymbals following the lead of the abbot, and from the darkened corners came the blare of trumpets at regular intervals. The scene was most weird and caused the cold shivers to run up and down the back of the listener.

The mountain passes over which the road led were from fourteen to seventeen thousand feet in height. The scenery is not surpassed anywhere in the world. At one point Dr. Loftis counted one hundred and twenty-five peaks each over 20,000 feet high. Monster snow-capped mountains stretched away to the north, south, east, and west, for hundreds of miles, some of them as high as Mt. Everest.

One object of profound and pathetic interest was a lonely grave by the roadside. The marble slab over it bears the inscription, "William Soutter, Missionary to the Tibetans, died November, 1898." William Soutter and another missionary were passing that way and put up at a miserable, dirty, gloomy

Tibetan inn, and there this man of God went to his reward. His grave is one of the outposts of the conquering army of our King, and marks the last resting place of one of His pioneers. The lofty, snowy Gehnyi stands as a sentinel over it, the little mountain stream passing a few yards away keeps up a mournful dirge, while the wind sighs across the plains and among the rocks, like the wailing of a lonely spirit. As Dr. Loftis stood beside William Soutter's grave he said, "May thy bones rest in peace, O servant of God, and may thy lonely grave inspire those who follow thee to fight harder, and with clenched teeth enter the conflict to remain to the end. Oh, my Master, if it is Thy will that I fill a lonely grave in this land, may it be one that will be a landmark, and an inspiration to others, and may I go to do it willingly, if it is Thy will." It may be that coming events had cast their shadows before, and that Dr. Loftis in that moment had a premonition of what awaited him on the border of Tibet.

While on the house-boat on the Yangtse Dr. Loftis spent a day reading the entire book of The Acts and making an outline of Paul's travels. He found that a helpful thing to do, and it showed the brave old missionary of the first century in clearer light than he had ever seen him before, and he admired more than ever the man who braved dangers by sea and land for the sake of the Master whose he was and whom he served. He wrote, "My prayer is that I may imbibe more of the spirit of this grand apostle, and prove as steadfast and loyal as he did, even though I cannot do the great work that he accomplished."

On the 17th of June Dr. Loftis reached his destination. It took him four months to go from Nanking to Batang and a month and a half from Nashville to Nanking. He made the journey in a month's time less than those who knew the route expected he could. Mr. Ogden went out two days to meet him, and Dr. Shelton one day; the women and the children went out to the edge of the town and added their welcome.

On leaving Nanking Dr. Loftis repeated the words of Moses, "If Thy presence go not with us, carry us not up hence." All the way he was cheered and protected and strengthened by the Divine Presence. The Master who said to him, "Go," said also, "Lo, I am with you always." "He has answered my prayers in a marvellous way, to reach the field of my choice, and now that I am here I hope to prove worthy of His love and blessing. I give Him thanks and credit for it all, and want Him to use my life here as He sees best for the advancement of His cause in this needy part of the earth."

At the dinner which was prepared for him and to which all the missionaries in Batang were invited Dr. Loftis said, "I have come a long distance, but I have found my own folks at last." He expressed his gratification that he did not stay at the coast; but had come on to where the people were so much more the bond-servants of sin. He wrote to the friends at home that they could not have sent him to any other field in the world that would suit him better. He added, "I am more and more pleased with the place and the prospects. I am very thankful for being here, and would not exchange mission stations with any living man." A day or two later he wrote, "I am exceedingly well pleased with my field. The Sheltons and the Ogdens are about the finest people for this country that you could find. If you can find any more like them, please let us have them." He found the Tibetans filthy and degraded, but a picturesque and interesting people.

The best accommodations that Batang afforded were prepared for the doctor before his arrival. Suitable modern buildings had not been erected because it was impossible at that time to secure a plot of land for the mission. Dr. Loftis had what he called "two splendid rooms" in the same building with the dispensary and chapel. These rooms were on the second floor of a mud house, but were clean, light and well ventilated. The missionaries had some furniture made, the women supplied towels, rugs, a cot, and had put a vase of flowers on the

table. The stable and hog-pens were below, as in all Tibetan homes, and at night he was lulled to sleep by the tinkle of the bells on the horses and mules, and by the roar of a mountain stream not far away. He wrote home, "I am very thankful to be here and hope in some way that I may bring some light into the darkened lives of those poor people for whom our Saviour died."

The Sunday following his advent was a high day in Batang; it had been anticipated for three years. The Tibetans were taught in the Sunday-school and picture cards were distributed; the Gospel was preached; and the Lord's Supper was observed. The Holy Supper never meant so much before to the young physician who had come so far to make Christ known to myriads who had never so much as heard His name. The afternoon was spent in singing psalms and hymns and spiritual songs. The day was one of unusual profit to all in the mission.

Dr. Shelton and Mr. Ogden went out on a long tour among the villages and among the black tents of the nomads and left Dr. Loftis in charge of the dispensary. The first one to seek aid was a man whose shoulder was dislocated. The Tibetans knew nothing about dislocations. When the shoulder had been put back in its proper place those who saw what had been done praised the skill of the foreign doctor. The next case was that of an attempted suicide. A mother and son were drunk and quarrelled. To get revenge the son swallowed a large dose of opium and was apparently dying. Dr. Loftis administered apo-morphine and two hours later left the patient a sicker and sadder and wiser man. The mother kotowed to the great doctor. The next day the son was about, and sober and penitent. A man suffering from tuberculosis came a twenty-four days' journey to be told that it was too late; that all the medical skill in the world could do nothing for him. A baby twenty days old was brought to the dispensary. The child was wrapped in coarse filthy rags; its body was covered

with ashes; the little one had never been washed in its life. The doctor had no hospital and the most he could do was to give some medicine. A boy who had been beaten by his master told of his suffering. In four days the boy was dead. A mud house fell and killed three and wounded two; the wounded applied for assistance. A man received a thousand stripes from a piece of bamboo; the thigh was greatly swollen in consequence. While he was doing what he could for these people, Dr. Loftis prayed, "O God, help me before it is too late to be instrumental in saving some of these struggling souls who are sinking into a hopeless death, while we are helpless except in Thine own strength."

One sight was unspeakably shocking. A slave woman belonging to the doctor's landlady died of syphilis, being nearly rotten. The Tibetans throw the very poor into the river. The doctor was curious to see what the lamas would do in this case. They came at night and taking the body doubled it up into as small a space as possible, and then crushed it into a rough box that had no cover. They poured in some tsamba and water and then taking a coarse woolen rag threw it over the box and tied it there. One of the lamas swung the box on his shoulder, and the procession started for the river. Some dogs scented the body and followed. After muttering some prayers on the bank of the river they threw in the box and its contents. The doctor saw all this and then returned to his room and wrote, "So this is what takes place in the very house in which I live, and not only that, but in the same building where our chapel and dispensary are; the very place where we try to tell of Jesus who died, and where we try to be an example of Him in His teaching and healing. God grant that we may soon bring the light into some of their darkened lives."

While caring for the sick and the dying, Dr. Loftis contracted typhus fever and smallpox. Dr. Shelton was with him day and night from the first and did all that any man

could do; the other members of the mission prayed that the doctor might be spared for the great work that he wanted to do. On the 12th of August the spirit of Dr. Loftis went home to God, and the mourners went about the streets. The Chinese governor asked if there was anything in the world that he could do. He sent ten men to dig the grave, and then sent ten soldiers dressed in their best uniforms and with a captain to command them, to carry out the body to its last resting place. The grave faces the road that leads to Lassa, the last great pagan stronghold that has as yet never been entered by a missionary. On the stone that marks the grave are the words, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." These words are written in English and Tibetan and Chinese.

> "The stately ships go on
> To their haven under the hill;
> But oh, for the touch of a vanished hand,
> And the sound of a voice that is still."

As Dr. Loftis stood beside the lonely grave of William Soutter he expressed the wish that if he should fill a grave in that land his grave might be a landmark and an inspiration to those who should march past it, as they moved forward in the conquest of the world for our King. As the end approached and as the splendours of eternity fell upon the brave young doctor in that upper room in Batang, and as he saw the King in His beauty and the smile of approval upon His face, he doubtless felt as young McCall, another missionary who died at the beginning of his career, felt, "Lord, I gave myself, body, mind and soul to Thee, I consecrated my whole life and being to Thy service, and now, if it please Thee to take myself, instead of the work I would do for Thee, what is that to me? Thy will be done."

On reaching Batang and studying the situation Dr. Loftis wrote to friends in America, "This is certainly pioneer work.

We are just where the missionaries in China were a hundred years ago, and where Livingstone was when he laid down his work. We are just at the beginning. Do not be disappointed if our results do not count up as they do in Central China or in Bolenge. If we pave the way for others we will do a large work. As the station here is asking for another man, I make bold to offer a suggestion. Do not send us a fellow who does not know what hardships are, or who cannot stand the hardest kind of life without growing sulky or sick. A fellow who is not looking for tough propositions will be sadly out of his element here. After studying the problems of the Central China stations, I have decided that we have all they have, and more. It takes too much time and expense to get a man here for him to turn out a failure or a blank. I may not do much, but if I know myself I will not cry 'enough.'"

> "To the tough hearts that pioneer their kind,
> And break a pathway to those unknown realms
> That in the earth's broad shadow lie enthralled,
> Endurance is the crowning quality,
> And patience is the passion of all great hearts."

When the story of Bishop Hannington's death reached Oxford twelve hundred undergraduates met to hear a detailed account of his murder by the savage king. As the service was about to close one speaker said, "Who will take Hannington's place?" Two hundred rose in their places and said, "We will." The news of Dr. Loftis's death had scarcely reached Nashville when Dr. William Moore Hardy, a member of the same church, went up to the telegraph office and wired the Foreign Christian Missionary Society saying that he would take his place if he were deemed worthy. Dr. Hardy took his place; others have volunteered since and have been sent on to Batang. At the Rochester Convention of Student Volunteers there was nothing that made a deeper impression than the story of Dr. Loftis's death in far-away Tibet. That story is a challenge to

thousands of young people to spend their lives where they are most needed, and where they will count most for the kingdom of Christ Jesus our Lord.

> "The greatest gift the hero leaves his race
> Is to have been a hero. Say we fail,—
> We feed the high traditions of the world."

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